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MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Here is a name new to readers of this magazine. Mrs. Banning's first RED BOOK story appeared in the last issue. There's another to come next month—after that, others. At the moment, however, this note is to call your attention to the November story,

“Victuals and Drink”

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Painted from life

Edna Crompton

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The Private School's Contribution— Nonconformity, Progress

By S. P. CAPEN, L. L. D.

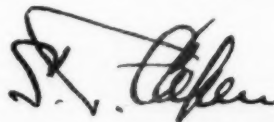
Chancellor of the University of Buffalo

It is common to refer to the "American school system". There is of course no such thing. Each state has a separate system of public schools. In some states the central machinery for control and support of public schools is so rudimentary that there is actually no state system at all, but rather a group of independent community systems. However, in their organization and in their general characteristics the numerous agencies for public education resemble one another so closely that it is substantially accurate to designate them collectively as the American public school system.

But the education of the American people is not exclusively carried on by public institutions. Schools of all grades as well as colleges and universities founded and maintained by private benefactions exist along side of the public schools. They present a much wider variety of types of organization and of purposes than do the public schools. In no true sense of the word may they be regarded as a parallel system. But by reason of their very diversity, they make an indispensable contribution to the training of future citizens. Perhaps there are a few militant advocates of public education who would like to see the Private Schools entirely supplanted. The wisest friends of American education, however, would regard this as a serious calamity. Indeed, education under private auspices has recently received a new lease of life. There are now more Private Schools than ever.

Viewed in the largest social sense, what contribution does the Private School or the Private University make that cannot be expected in the same measure from the public institution? The question can be answered by a single word—Nonconformity. And progress depends on nonconformity. There is constant pressure in a democracy to make things uniform. Our public institutions of government or social welfare must all be of a common pattern. We must wear the same clothes, have the same loves and hates and prejudices, or suffer the penalty of strong public disapproval. This pressure is more powerful at some periods than at others, but to a certain degree it is always present. We have just been passing through a period when it has been particularly potent. Now both the preservation and the development of democracy depend upon the continued presence of individuals and of institutions that dare to be different.

This is at once the opportunity and the justification of the Private School and College. Education is not a static thing. It changes from generation to generation. It *must* change as social conditions change. And before important changes can be made in the general plan of education, there must be innovators and experimenters. The private institutions are peculiarly suited to these roles. From among the ranks of the private educational institutions, from the kindergarten to the university, have come the leaders in nearly every great educational reform of the past seventy-five years.





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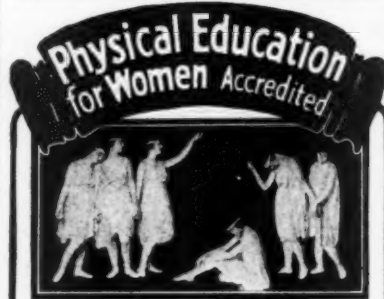
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"Why Mrs. Blakely —How Do You Do!"

He had met her only once before. Some one had presented him at a reception both had attended. He had conversed with her a little, danced with her once. And now, two weeks later, he sees her approaching with a young lady whom he surmises is her daughter.

"Why, Mrs. Blakely, how do you do!" he exclaims, rushing forward impulsively. But, Mrs. Blakely, accustomed to the highest degree of courtesy at all times, returns his greeting coldly.

And nodding briefly, she passes on—leaving the young man angry with her, but angrier with himself for blundering at the very moment he wanted most to create a favorable impression.

DO you know what to say to a woman when meeting her for the first time after an introduction? Do you know what to say to a woman when leaving her after an introduction? Would you say "Good-bye, I am very glad to have met you"? Or, if she said that to you, how would you answer?

It is just such little unexpected situations like these that take us off our guard and expose us to sudden embarrassments. None of us like to do the wrong thing, the incorrect thing. It condemns us as ill-bred. It makes us ill at ease when we should be well poised. It makes us self-conscious and uncomfortable when we should be calm, self-possessed, confident of ourselves.

The knowledge of what to do and say on all occasions is the greatest personal asset any man or woman can have. It protects against the humiliation of conspicuous blunders. It acts as an armor against the rudeness of others. It gives an ease of manner, a certain calm dignity and self-possession that people recognize and respect.

Do You Ever Feel That You Don't "Belong"?

Perhaps you have been to a party lately, or a dinner, or a reception of some kind. Were you entirely at ease sure of yourself, confident that you would not do or say anything that others would recognize as ill-bred?

Or, were you self-conscious, afraid of doing or saying the wrong thing, constantly on the alert—never wholly comfortable for a minute?

Many people feel "alone" in a crowd, out of place. They do not know how to make strangers like them—how to create a good first impression. When they are introduced they do not know how to start conversation flowing smoothly and naturally. At the dinner table they feel



constrained, embarrassed. Somehow they always feel that they don't "belong."

Little Blunders That Take Us Off Our Guard

There are so many problems of conduct constantly arising. How should asparagus

be eaten? How should the finger-bowl be used, the napkin, the fork and knife? Whose name should be mentioned first when making an introduction? How should invitations be worded? How should the home be decorated for a wedding? What clothes should be taken on a trip to the South?

In public, at the theatre, at the dance, on the train—wherever we go and with whom we happen to be, we encounter problems that make it necessary for us to hold ourselves well in hand, to be prepared, to know exactly what to do and say.

Let the Book of Etiquette Be Your Social Guide

For your own happiness, for your own peace of mind and your own ease, it is important that

you know definitely the accepted rules of conduct in all public places.

It is not expensive dress that counts most in social circles—but correct manner, knowledge of social form. Nor is it particularly clever speech that wins the largest audiences. If one knows the little secrets of *entertaining conversation*, if one is able to say always the right thing at the right time, one cannot help being a pleasing and ever-welcome guest.

The Book of Etiquette, social secretary to thousands of men and women, makes it possible for every one to do, say, write and wear always that which is absolutely correct and in good form—gives to every one a new ease and poise of manner, a new self-confidence and assurance. It smooths away the little crudities—does amazing things in the matter of *self-cultivation*.

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Take advantage of the important special-edition, low-price offer made elsewhere on this page. Send today for your set of the famous Book of Etiquette. These two valuable volumes will protect you from embarrassments, give you new ease and poise of manner, tell you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

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Three great fears that haunt the fireside

THREE GREAT FEARS
Walk with men from their offices to their homes, and sit with them by their firesides at night.

They are as old as the race, and yet new in the experience of every individual member of it.

They break rudely into conversations of husbands and wives, causing sudden silences. They thrust themselves between the faces of men and their little ones with quick stabs of apprehension.

Three gnawing fears:

- the fear of the loss of health
- the fear of the loss of the job
- the fear of a dependent old age.

Youth laughs at all three fears. Health seems boundless then; the job a mere game; and old age lost in the far, dim future.

The fear that seems foolish at 21 is very real at 35

But many a man comes to himself with a start in his early thirties or forties.

"I am not progressing as fast as I ought," he says to himself. "Other men are passing me." And he begins to ask very earnestly: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

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Mother Is Waiting

By *ANGELO PATRI*

Decorations by *ARTHUR E. BECHER*

"**M**OTHER is waiting." We said that first as little children. It was good to visit foreign lands behind the red barn and the far orchard, but soon the strangeness palled upon us, there came a hint of fear, and we remembered with a lift of joy that at home among beloved and common things, Mother was waiting. Hastily we called Towser and raced to Mother's arms.

Always, through good days and bad, Mother waited. That thought stayed us, a mighty wall of defense. We sallied forth now and again, to try our strength, secure in the faith that, win or lose, we were conquerors in her spirit whose strength was the strength of ten.

When school, the place of alluring adventure, opened to us, we trod its halls with high heart and courage undaunted. What

if the big fellow threatened? Suppose the blue speller did floor us? And if we didn't get the right answer and had to stay in? Mother was waiting, and we'd tell her all about it, and the sky would clear again.

School ended, we took our modest share of honors, and the boys and girls crowded about with laughter and handclaps, and invitations to join in the frolic. We liked it all. We were glad and proud, but wistful too. Our eyes strayed to the fringe of older folk, and we said: "Thanks, thanks. Just a minute, and I'll come. Mother is waiting." And we hastened away to show and share the fortunes of the day.

The years passed, and responsibilities doubled and trebled. Duties pressed and doubts beset us. Hope led us far afield,



and often we were back behind the red barn or in the far orchard, and the longing to turn and flee was almost too strong to be fought down.

Dimly then we began to understand what Mother's waiting had meant to us. Vaguely we sensed its power. No passive, idle posture in this waiting. It was the greatest driving force in our lives. It had pushed and pulled and prodded us forward. It had cleared the road for our hesitant feet. It had encouraged and cheered and inspired our efforts. It was a flaming hungry passion that knew no ease until its end had been accomplished.

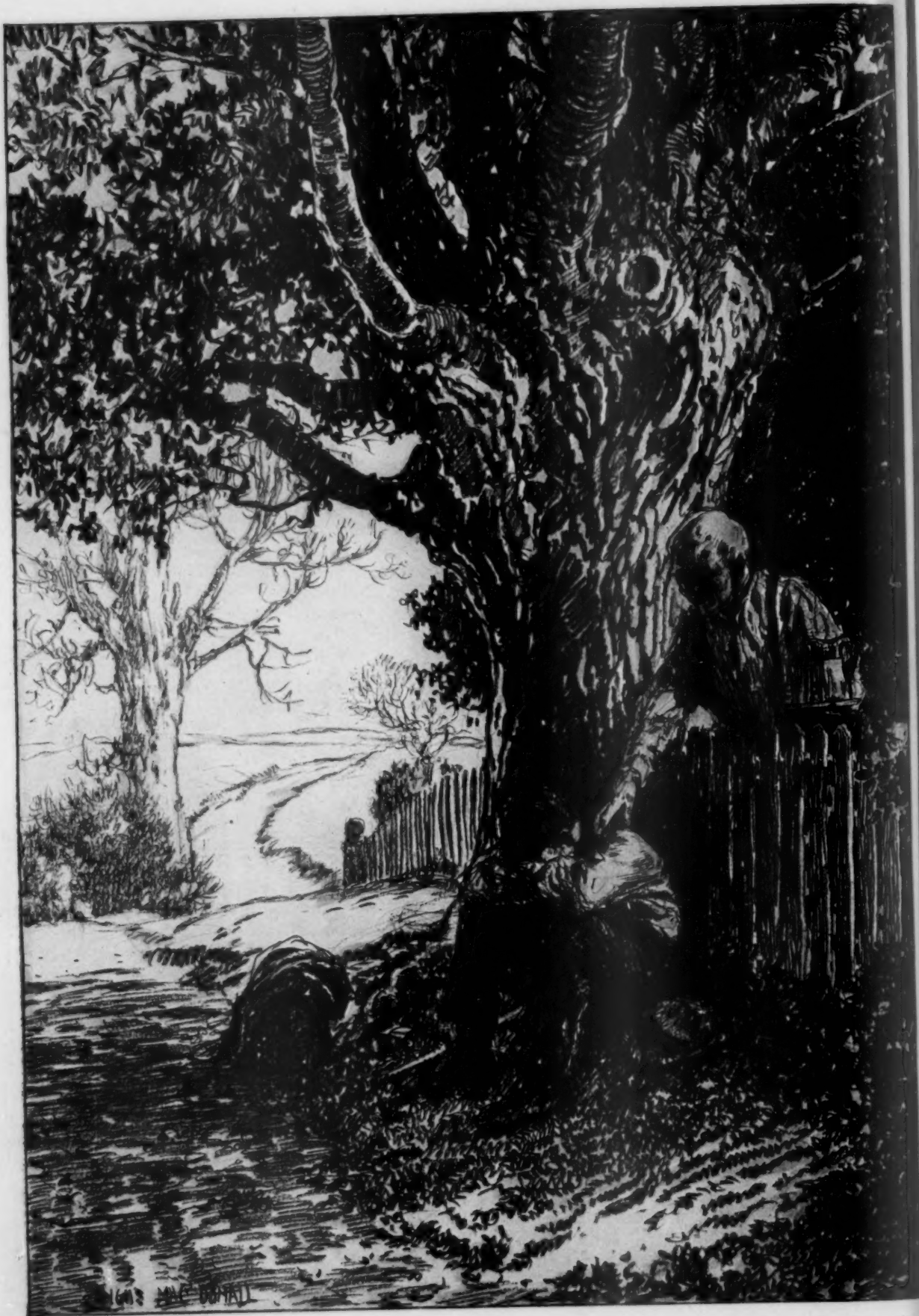
We must go forth and perform wonders. We must explore the unknown lands, sail the uncharted seas and bring back treasure to lay at her feet, for Mother was waiting.

That expectant, impelling waiting was the trumpet-call that dominated our lives.

And how lightly we accepted it! With what a casual air we took it as our right! How crude, how stupid we were! Only now, when her waiting is almost over and a chill dread clamps our hearts, do we realize a bit of the wonderful, beautiful consecration of the life of the mother who waited for us.

Mothers are the same the world over. Their days are spent in waiting, and their nights in watching. Blithely their children come and go, bringing triumphs to be shared and wounds to be healed; and if they but carry the light of love in their eyes, the mothers are content.

"They shall not be ashamed that wait for me."





Advice

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Decoration by ANGUS MACDONALL

My boy, be easy with your friend.
To him be very glad to lend;
Make smooth his way whene'er you can;
Don't tell his faults to any man.
Spare him your censure; shut your eyes
To little flaws which may arise.
But in your search for fame or pelf,
Do not be easy with yourself.

For others have a gentle way;
Forgive their sins whene'er you may.
But with yourself be strict. Make sure
That fault of yours shall not endure.
See in yourself each trifling flaw,
And make yourself obey the law.
O'erlook the wrongs which others do,
But never blind yourself to you.

Although deceit might win your fight,
Compel yourself to do what's right.
Of others' weakness never speak,
But do not let yourself be weak.
Have pity for the many woes
Which every man about you knows;
But when a trial comes to you,
Be glad that you can see it through.

Keep conscience always as your guide
And by its whisperings abide.
Be lenient and kind of heart;
Utter no speech which leaves a smart.
But always wheresoe'er you turn,
Remember, with yourself, be stern.
Be strict in all you say and do,
Not with your neighbors, but with you.

Nature's Green

Palmolive takes its color from the palm and olive oil blend which is responsible for its mildness. It is as much nature's own color as the green of grass and leaves.

Remember this when you are enjoying its wonderful cleansing qualities and marveling at its mildness. Palmolive is a modern, scientific blend of the most perfect soap ingredients that the world has been able to discover in 3,000 years.

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*Palm and olive oils
—nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap.*



Reflecting Beauty Secrets of the Past

Women of ancient Egypt knew that cleanliness was the first aid to beauty. But they knew, too, that cleansing methods must be mild, gentle.

Famous Egyptian beauties solved the problem by using palm and olive oils. The same rare, natural oils are blended in Palmolive Soap today.

How it acts

This gentle, thorough cleanser never leaves skin dry and rough.

The smooth, creamy lather actually soothes as it cleanses. Yet it removes every trace of dirt, perspiration, and surplus oil accumulated in the tiny pore openings.

Your skin is kept free of imperfections which result from pore-clogging. It remains fresh, soft, radiantly clear.

How to use it

Never sleep without cleansing the skin.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

Wash with this mildest soap at bed-time—massaging the creamy lather well in. Then rinse very thoroughly. Dry the skin well, and—if necessary—apply cold cream.

Mornings—just an invigorating rinse in cold water to bring the fine, natural color to your cheeks.

Supreme quality—low price

This scientific combination is within the reach of all—at the price of ordinary soap. Palmolive Soap is produced in such enormous quantities that the price is brought extremely low. Thus 25c quality costs but 10c.

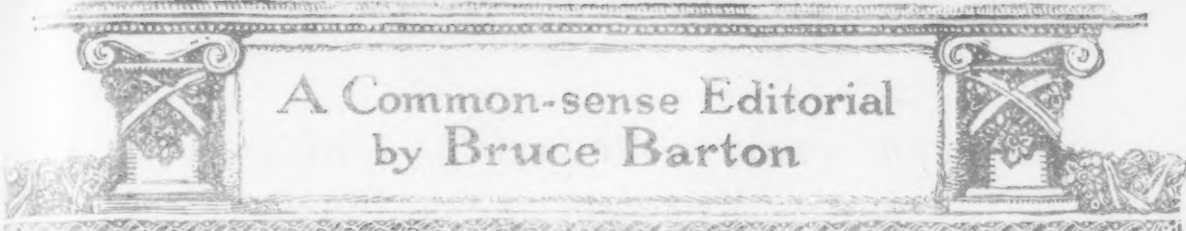
Everyone can afford this thorough, gentle cleanser—for every toilet purpose, hands, face, and the whole body.

Supply yourself today with a cake of Palmolive Soap. Once you experience the effects of its profuse, creamy, smooth lather no other soap will satisfy.

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A Common-sense Editorial by Bruce Barton

A Tap on the Jaw

HE had fought a hundred and twenty-five battles and was champion of the world. So he retired to take life easy on his farm.

But the promoters lured him forth to fight another man, offering him the salary of the President of the United States. I was one of the several thousand who paid their money at the gate.

The betting was two to one on the champion. He stepped into the ring with a jaunty smile, and why not? He had longer experience and a longer reach and was fighting before a friendly crowd. Surely, we thought, this will be easy for him; and we were still thinking it, when all of a sudden he was down on his knees.

There was nothing brutal about it. He seemed to have slipped. We could not believe, as the referee began his slow, measured count, that he would not jump to his feet again. Could such a little blow put a man out? Why, it was hardly more than a tap on the jaw!

I said as much to my neighbor. (Fate is always kind to me at such affairs, setting me beside some stranger who is wise in records and inside stuff.)

"He seemed in perfect condition," I exclaimed, "and he's been leading a clean, healthy life down there on his farm!"

"Clean life, sure," my neighbor answered. "But it takes a lot more than that. A man can't go away from the ring for a couple of years and expect to stand up under punishment when he comes back. You can't take them taps on the jaw, my friend, unless you're taking 'em every day."

I have been something of a listener to speeches and something of a reader of books; but nowhere have I encountered a more profound observation on life than fell from the lips of my untutored friend.

You can have just about so much from the grab-bag of life, but you can't put both hands in. You can say to yourself: "I will run away from worry. I will retire and enjoy myself." And Fate answers: "Retire if you like, but the worries that are small today, because you are in the thick of the fight, will loom very much larger when you have nothing else to think about. The price of ease is softness; make no mistake about that."

And the prayer of the wise man, I take it, is, "Lord, keep me supple," not, "Lord, keep me safe. Put some disappointments in, along with my fair share of good cheer and good luck—some losses, some hard nuts to crack."

For these are taps on the jaw, which a man can't take unless he is "taking 'em every day."

Before you wash precious silks and woolens make this test

BECAUSE we know from long experience that the most delicate silks and woolens can be safely washed, we ask you to avoid possible dangers by making a simple yet conclusive soap test.

Here is the test:

Before risking your precious garments, ask yourself:

"Would I be willing to use this soap on my face?"

That is the whole test for any soap, no matter of what kind or form. If the soap is pure enough and mild enough to be used *safely* on your skin, it is *naturally* safe for

the most delicate white and colored fabrics. If you suspect it might be too strong, we urge you to be cautious.

It is not by mere chance that Ivory Flakes is one of the very few soaps for delicate fabrics which can stand this test.

Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap—the very same Ivory Soap that women everywhere use daily to protect and preserve lovely complexions. The only difference is in the *form*.

Since Ivory Flakes is pure, mild and gentle enough for the skin—yes, even for a baby's skin—it is, of course, safe for any fabric which can stand the touch of pure water. Just whip up the rich Ivory suds, as directed on the Ivory Flakes box, and dip the garment into it with perfect confidence.

In addition to having a real margin of safety beyond other soaps for the more delicate things, Ivory Flakes is economical enough for use in washing the heavier articles that need care and the protection of pure soap—linens, blankets, draperies, and so on.

If you will accept the offer made in the lower right-hand corner of this page, we shall gladly send you a sample of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments."

Full size packages of Ivory Flakes are for sale in grocery and department stores everywhere.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer

Silkiness Preserved in Washing Angora Wool

TWO lace wool shawls made of soft Angora yarn were bought in England several years ago. One was worn and was washed over and over with Ivory Flakes, in spite of warnings against water. The other shawl was put away. After a while they were compared. Their owner says there is not the slightest difference—in texture, color, softness—and declares this is the highest tribute she can pay to the safety of Ivory Flakes.

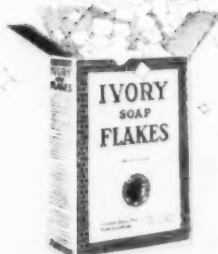
(Shawl and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



Tissue-thin Tan Crêpe WASHED PERFECTLY

THIS delicate blouse of tan crêpe, with its lovely embroidery, "was too costly a garment unless it could be washed," says its owner's letter to us. "I laundered it with Ivory Flakes with most gratifying results." She has washed it with Ivory Flakes six times, and the colors and texture are as fresh-looking as when it was first bought.

(Blouse and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



Free—This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 28, JF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1923. VOL. XLI, NUMBER 6

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

Illustrated by
Arthur William Brown

And now Mr. Tarkington invites you to attend the wedding of Muriel and Renfrew, the two most delightful young people in his whole gallery of youth. This story reveals the great novelist at his literary best—a best that has twice won for him the famous Pulitzer Prize and put him on every list of the ten greatest living Americans, and in all lists of the country's most distinguished citizens.



Here Comes the Bridegroom

By

BOOTH TARKINGTON

EARLY on a warm and perfumed June morning made for brides and birds, the lark's first caroling to the new sun (or it may have been an early rising Ford) awakened young Renfrew Mears for the last time from slumber in the house of his parents; for he was to be a bridegroom at noon that day. His waking thoughts were of his Best Man, about whom Renfrew had a definite anxiety, well founded upon the Best Man's having insisted (with the ring in his pocket) upon hiring a taxicab for a trip to Beloochistan and the Italian Lakes, after the bachelor dinner the preceding evening.

Across the street, Miss Muriel Elliott was awakened by the same lark, if lark it were. At noon she was to be Miss no more forever; and her first thoughts were filial, being of her dear old father. Yet they were not wholly tender. Mr. Elliott, at the wedding rehearsal, the afternoon before, had missed his cue for giving her away and had stood looking up at the Gothic beams of the church, motionless in a bland daydream. "If he does it today," thought Muriel, "I'll throw something at him, right there!"

The bridegroom's mother awoke with the thought of a small

medicine chest which the bride had promised to keep always at hand for the preservation of Renfrew's health. Mustard plasters had been overlooked by some inexplicable oversight and must be added to the chest before the ceremony.

The bride's mother awoke to a nervous certainty that she had forgotten something she had meant to tell the caterer; but she couldn't think what it was.

The bridegroom's father awoke thinking how impossible it was to believe that this was his boy's wedding-day; the time was so short since his own wedding-day. (But he forgot to mention his thought to his wife. After all, the time had been long enough for him to acquire the habit of forgetting to mention such thoughts to her.)

The bride's father awoke to thoughts so sentimental that presently he found his eyes in danger of becoming a little watery; but he brightened up as he shaved, realizing that all the fuss would be over tomorrow and the house could quiet down again. Besides, Renfrew was a fine, steady young man, of the most amiable disposition in the world. It wasn't like seeing your daughter marry somebody you didn't know anything about, as so many daughters do!

TWO other awakenings, one in each of the well-shaded and substantial houses, may be mentioned: that of Miss Daisy Mears, nine-year-old sister of the bridegroom, and that of Master Robert Elliott, similar in age, the fat little brother of the bride. These two were to march together up the aisle, following the bride and her father; they were to carry sweet flowers with them, and were to look pure and dignified—a difficult matter. Robert awoke thinking of cake ices he had seen in sculptresque preparation and had secretly tested, wielding a heavy forefinger to the damage of the sculpture. But Daisy awoke to build fairy pictures in her mind's eye; pictures in which the bride was nowhere, obliterated by a magnificent flower-bearing personage much like a stately Queen of Sheba lately prevalent in a movie Daisy had attended. And at ten o'clock her conception of this personage, exquisitely curled, made an appearance in the front yard, to permit public admiration of pomp in pink chiffon, white silk stockings and bright little buckled black pumps. The public, however, consisted principally of a small next-door neighbor, little Elsie Thremer, who came to the hedge between the two lawns for conference.

"Why, my dear! Aren't you invited?" Daisy asked, in what she believed to be her mother's most fashionable manner.

"Of course I am," Elsie replied, and her lovely, placid eyes showed her astonishment. (In the matter of personal beauty, if not of the present moment's high adornment, she had greatly the advantage of Daisy.) "Why, I told you yesterday Mamma said I could go to the wedding!"

"But my dear! Not like that?" the airy Daisy exclaimed. "Isn't that the very frock you wore to Lawrence Coy's party muncie an' muncie an' muncie ago?"

"Well, what of it?" Elsie inquired, not unreasonably. She was charmingly and appropriately dressed for the purpose of attending a wedding. "I look all right, don't I?"

Daisy laughed with an increased airiness; for her fast approaching importance had gone to her head.

"Well, what if you do or what if you don't?" she said. "The main thing is, I got so much on my mind I hardly got time to notice!" And she plagiarized a desire she had several times heard on the lips of her elders of late. "My goodness, but I do wish it was all over!"

"What for?" Elsie asked. "What for do you wish that? What'd be the good of getting up a wedding just to have it be over?"

"Oh, but my dear!" Daisy exclaimed with a gesture that carried aloft both of her small and expressive hands. "My dear! Just think of me!"

"What for?"

"What for? Why, my goodness! Just think of me marchin' up the church aisle with the whole town a-lookin' an' a-lookin' an' a-lookin' at me! Oh, my dear!"

"Well," said Miss Thremer, reassuringly, "Robert Elliott's goin' to march with you, isn't he?"

"Isn't it terrible?" Daisy moaned. "Just think of me havin' to march with that ole fat thing!"

"What I meant," her neighbor explained, "—I meant Robert'll be all dressed up an' everything, too. Of course when you march up the aisle the people on your side'll look at you, but the people on his side'll look at him."

"Look at Robert, you mean?" The idea was evidently a new

one to the mind of the bridegroom's sister, and after a momentary pause of incredulity, she made plain her conviction of its preposterousness. "Why, my goodness, Elsie Thremer, what would anybody look at Robert Elliott for, unless they wanted to get sick or somep'm?"

"They'll haf to, Daisy. On his side the aisle they'll haf to look at him, and on your side they'll haf to look at you. They can't help it."

"My goodness! People can look where they want to, can't they?"

"Not in church," Elsie insisted. "In church you haf to look where you got to. On Sunday don't you haf to look at the minister, or else at the families in front of you?"

"This isn't Sunday," Daisy reminded her. "I only wish it was! If it was Sunday I wouldn't haf to march up that aisle with everybody in the whole world goggin' at me. I guess you never did these things, Elsie, else you'd know more about it. I do wish it was over!"

"I bet Robert does, too," her friend said, glancing across the street to where Master Elliott, noticeably betailed and haberdashed, had made his appearance in something of the driven manner of a person physically urged forth from a house. "I bet Robert wishes it worse'n you do, Daisy!"

"Robert? I just guess he doesn't! All he thinks about is how much he'll get to eat when we have the food afterward. He hasn't got everything on his mind like I have." And Daisy added casually, as Robert slowly sauntered toward them across the street: "My, but I hate him!"

Robert paused at the gate. "Wha' chu doin'?" he inquired critically. "Showin' off in your skimpy little ole pink suit?"

Excitement had already given Daisy a high color, but upon this uncalled-for insult, indignation deepened the tint. "Look here!" she exclaimed in a shrill voice. "Don't you dare to set one foot inside my father and mother's yard. I got disgrace enough already for one day to haf to march up that church aisle with you; I don't want everybody seein' me in your fat ole companies anywheres else!"

"My heavens!" Robert retorted hotly. "You don't think I want to march up that church aisle with you, do you?"

"You do," said Daisy promptly.

"What!"

"Course you do! But I warn you right here, Mr. Robert Elliott, it's the last time you'll ever get the chance! Why, I wouldn't march up that church aisle with you again if they gave me a hunder dollars!"

"I wouldn't march up it with you *this* time," the ungallant Robert retorted, "not unless they took and made me!"

"I wouldn't do it again," Daisy shouted, "—not if they said I had to do it or either get burned to death!"

"And I wouldn't," Robert informed her, also shouting, "I wouldn't if they were goin' to take and drown me!"

"They ought to!"

"Ought to what?"

"Ought to drown you!" Daisy explained, still shouting.

"Drown me?"

"Yes, they ought! They ought to drowned you long ago! They ought to drowned you when you were little, an' saved the money for all the food you ate ever since!"

But this was going too far. Robert advanced from the gate threateningly. "Look here!" he said. "You look here! You aren't goin' to be allowed to just run over everybody around here!"

"Don't you dare come near me!" Daisy warned him.

"Yes, I will, too! You think you're so big in your skimpy little ole pink suit, I'll—I'll take an' I'll—"

"What'll you do? I'd just like you to dare say what you're goin' to do so much!"

"I'll take that skimpy little ole pink suit an' bury it in a hole I'll dig in the ground!" said Robert, still advancing. "I'll take that skimpy little ole pink suit—"

BUT Daisy lifted up the voice she used in emergencies: the whole volume of sound within her power. "Mamma!" she shrieked. "Mamma! Mom-muh!"

Then, as Master Elliott halted, greatly disconcerted, Mrs. Mears looked down from a window upstairs.

"Children! Children! What are you doing? Is that the way to behave on the wedding-day?"

Robert hastily turned back toward the gate, hoping to get out of sight before matters should go farther; but he was not to be spared.



"I will," he said with sudden decisiveness. "I'll do it, Mother. I'll do that first, and then I'll put on my hat."

"Mamma! Mamma!" Daisy cried appealingly, as if for protection; then she pointed at the retreating invader. "He said he was goin' to tear my new dress right off o' me an' dig a hole in the ground and bury it in it!"

"I did not!"

"You *did*! Didn't he, Elsie?"

"Yes, he did," Elsie said promptly.

"Why, *Robert*!" Mrs. Mears exclaimed.

Robert could not defend himself; he could only continue a dogged flight, but he sent over his shoulder a threat in a husky whisper calculated just to reach his enemy without being heard in the higher reaches of the air. "You wait! I'll fix you!"

"*Mom-muh!*" Daisy screamed instantly. "He says he's goin' to fix me!"

"Robert!"

But Robert fled to his own yard and disappeared among shrubberies.

"Oh, Daisy!" Mrs. Mears exclaimed reproachfully. "What a way to begin the wedding-day! Quarreling with the bride's brother! Come into the house."

"I guess I better," Daisy said, in parting explanation to Elsie. "I certainly got enough on *my* mind. You'll get to see me again when I march down the aisle, but heavens knows I don't hardly expect to live through it!" And with a deep sigh, she went into

the house, then ascended the front stairs and opened the bridegroom's door.

Renfrew, in a dressing-gown, turned nervously from his mirror. "What's the matter, Daisy? What was all that rumpus in the front yard?"

"Robert Elliott," she explained, simply. "I want to ask you a special favor, Renfrew."

"You do? Then hurry and ask it, Daisy."

"In the first place," she said, "I don't want to march up the aisle with that horrible ole thing."

"You don't?"

"No; as a special favor I want you to fix it so's I don't haf to."

Renfrew looked distressed and in his nervousness disarranged his smoothed hair with a hand already tremulous in stage-fright. "We can't change anything now," he said. "It can't be done. Everything's all settled, and such matters can't be altered at the last moment."

"It isn't the last moment," she said. "There's over more'n an hour yet, and if I haf to walk up the church aisle with that ole thing, the whole wedding'll be spoiled."

Her manner was what is sometimes called intense, and had its effect upon her brother. At any other time, of course, he would have laughed at her; but he was every instant approaching the moment when he would make the first great public and cere-

monial appearance of his life; and the consciousness of this approach was strongly upon him. In fact, the consciousness was growing stronger and more demoralizing with the passing of every second of the approach. Briefly, he was not quite himself, not entirely in command of his usual faculties. Few bridegrooms are.

"Spoiled?" he repeated apprehensively. "Spoiled?" What do you mean, 'the whole wedding'll be spoiled,' Daisy?"

"It will," she said with conviction. "The whole bizness'll just be ruined if I haf to march up the aisle with that awful ole thing!"

"But why?" he asked. "Why, Daisy?"

"Because it just certainly will, Renfrew!" she stated emphatically.

Her brother's forehead, usually of an unfurrowed surface, now showed the corrugations of increasing nervousness. "I can't understand why you don't tell me why, Daisy?" And, his state of mind being what it was, he added: "Is there some reason you think it may be ruined you don't like to tell me because you think it might upset me?"

The question was unfortunate. In reality, Daisy had no particular objection to "marching" with Robert: merely, she was excited, felt self-important, and wished to talk in an important manner, as of important things, with important people. Naturally, therefore, she replied in the affirmative. "Yes, that's exakly the way it is," she said. "I guess if you had everything on your mind I got on my mind, you *would* get upset!"

He became instantly haggard. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "Has something gone wrong they don't want to tell me?"

"It isn't so much it *has* gone wrong," she said, frowning. "It's more like it's *liable* to go wrong."

"What is?"

"I mean the wedding," she explained.

"But *why*, Daisy? My goodness! Why don't you tell me?"

Thus he pressed her in a manner of imploring, but with no enlightening result, since Daisy had nothing but the vaguest improvisation to offer him. "Well, there's reasons why I better not," she said, at a hazard, and then, not to lose in impressiveness: "But you better look out, Renfrew: this whole wedding's liable to be just ruined!"

"Good gracious!"

"It is," she insisted, without any idea of what she so darkly hinted. "I guess it can't be stopped now, anyway, and so you might as well—"

She paused, as her mother's summoning voice was heard from another part of the house. "Daisy! How often must I call you? Daisy!"

"Well, I guess I haf to go see what she wants," Daisy said in an annoyed tone, and turned to the door.

"But look here—"

"What, Renfrew?"

"What do you *mean* saying all this, and that I might just as well? I might just as well *what*?"

"Oh," said Daisy, "I meant I expect it's prob'ly too late now, an' you might just as well give up." Then, as her mother's voice continued to be heard, growing sharper with repetition, Daisy shouted, "Good heavens, Mamma, give me a *minute*, please!" and hastily departed, having done more to the bridegroom's nerves than she knew. He hurriedly finished dressing—too hurriedly, in fact—and went to seek her, intending to persuade her, or, if necessary, to force her to clear up her unbearably threatening mysteries. But she had left the house.

"Yes, I thought it better to send her on ahead," his mother said. "Your Aunt Mattie preferred to walk to the church, and Daisy's in such an excited state I thought she'd better go with her. The walk may cool her down a little."

"But Mother!" Renfrew exclaimed. "Why is she in an excited state? What is it you're keeping from me?"

"What?"

"She told me something was certain to go wrong. She said—"

"Who did, Renfrew?"

"Daisy did," said Renfrew. "She told me—"

Mrs. Mears began to laugh. "Daisy told you?" she inquired. "Daisy informed you that something is 'certain to go wrong'?"

"Your hat," he said. "Take it! And look here—there's something we forgot. I'm supposed to fee the Bishop for you. We forgot all about arranging—"



"Yes. But she wouldn't tell me what it is. Mother, what is it you're keeping from me?"

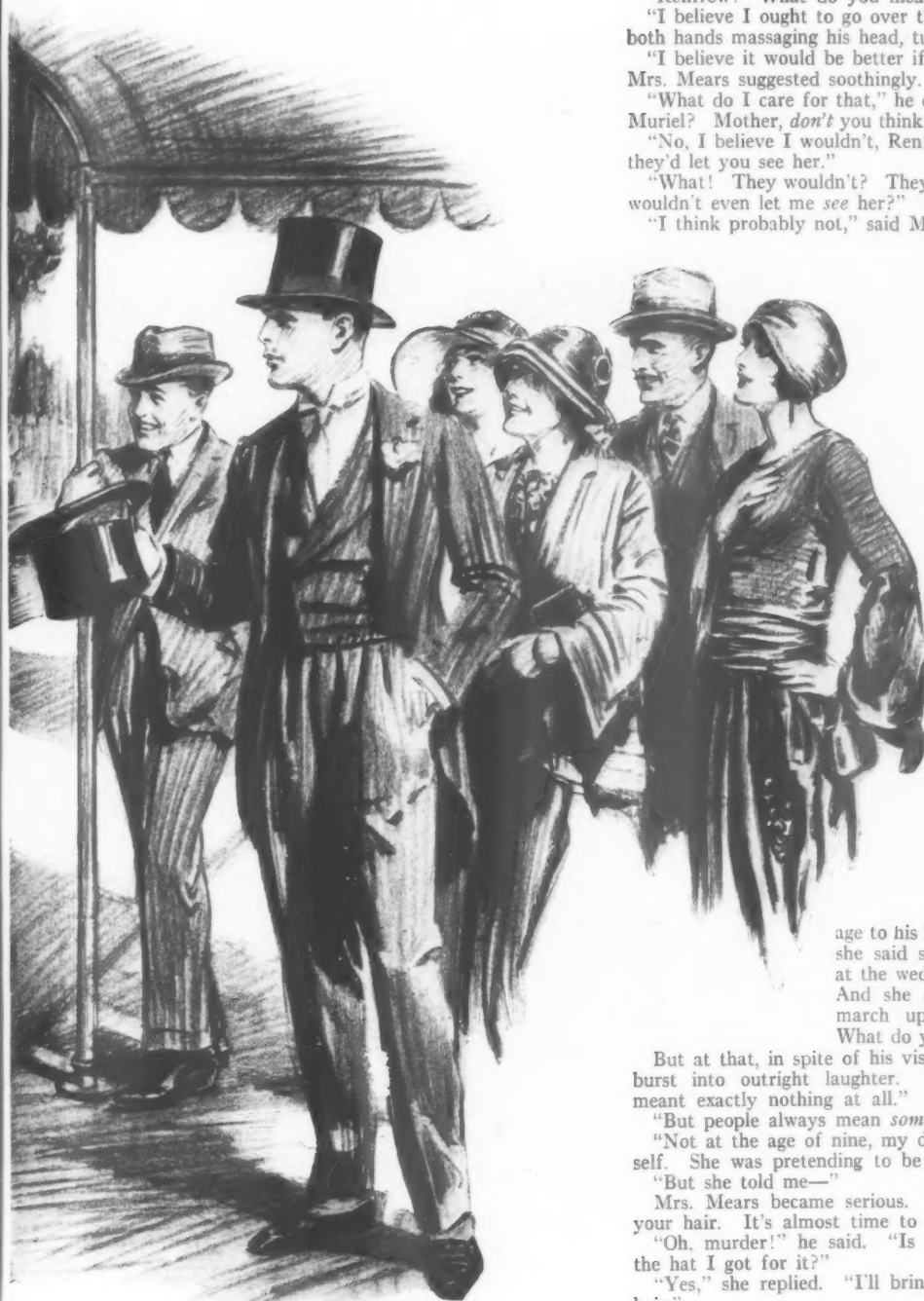
Mrs. Mears looked at him with some commiseration. "I think it must be your waistcoat, dear."

"What!" he cried, and his amazed stare at her took on the wildness of his sudden fear that she was delirious. "You say you're keeping my waistcoat from me? Mother, aren't you well?"

"I think so," she replied calmly. "I only mean that *somebody* seems to be keeping your waistcoat from you, since you aren't wearing one, and I always thought, especially with that type of coat—"

"Good heavens!" he cried, looking down at himself. "I forgot it! Why, what a terrible thing to do! Suppose I'd gone

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to the church like this!" And he rushed back to his room. Half a minute later he returned to his mother with the question: "Now will you tell me why Daisy is in such an excited state?"

"I think it must be the wedding, Renfrew. People who are going to be in a wedding do sometimes get a little excited."

"Yes; that's just what I'm talking about, Mother. She said—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "you told me, dear. Daisy said something was 'certain to go wrong.' Don't you think she's a little young to be a very good prophet?"

But the corrugations upon her son's fair brow only deepened; he was not in a condition to be easily reassured. "Mother, has something happened to Muriel, and you're all keeping it from me?"

"Renfrew! What do you mean?" said his mother.

"I believe I ought to go over there and see," he said, and with both hands massaging his head, turned to the door.

"I believe it would be better if you'd go and brush your hair," Mrs. Mears suggested soothingly. "You've ruined it."

"What do I care for that," he cried, "if anything's happened to Muriel? Mother, *don't* you think I'd better go over there?"

"No, I believe I wouldn't, Renfrew—especially as I don't think they'd let you see her."

"What! They wouldn't? They wouldn't let *me* see her? They wouldn't even let *me* see her?"

"I think probably not," said Mrs. Mears. "They're just about getting her dressed now, I imagine."

"She's *able* to be dressed?" he demanded. "You think—"

"I think you'd better try to calm down a little, Renfrew. You're getting yourself all upset over nothing."

"Over nothing!" he repeated. "You call it 'nothing' to be going to be married in a few minutes and then have your own family keep something from you about the bride!"

"Renfrew!" his mother exclaimed. "Don't be so absurd. Muriel's perfectly all right."

"But how do you *know* she is?"

"Because I do! The idea of your getting into such a nervous state merely because a nine-year-old child—"

"But she said—"

"Did she say anything about Muriel?"

"No, she didn't *say* it. But perhaps she meant—"

"Just what was it she said, Renfrew?"

Renfrew did further damage to his hair. "Let me think. She said—she said something was sure to go wrong at the wedding, but she wouldn't say what. And she said it was because she had to march up the aisle with little Robert. What do you *think* she meant, Mother?"

But at that, in spite of his visibly intense anxiety, Mrs. Mears burst into outright laughter. "Nothing!" she cried. "Daisy meant exactly nothing at all."

"But people always mean *something*," he protested.

"Not at the age of nine, my dear. Daisy was only airing herself. She was pretending to be important."

"But she told me—"

Mrs. Mears became serious. "Renfrew," she said, "go brush your hair. It's almost time to start for the church."

"Oh, murder!" he said. "Is it? Do you know where I put the hat I got for it?"

"Yes," she replied. "I'll bring it to you if you'll brush your hair."

"My hair?" he said. "My *hair*?"

"Yes, dear! Go and brush it and I'll bring your hat to you."

"My hat?" he said. "You'll bring my *hat*?"

"Yes, dear. But first go and brush your hair."

"I will," he said with sudden decisiveness. "I'll do it, Mother. I'll do that first, and then I'll put on my hat."

"I think I should if I were you," she returned. "Brush your hair first and then put on your hat."

"I will," he assured her earnestly, as he went out of the room. "It's what I intended to do all along, Mother."

"And you'd better hurry a little, dear."

"I am," he called back to her. "I'm already hurrying, Mother. I've been hurrying all morning."

BUT in his own room, before his mirror, with his brushes in his hands, he stood facing his reflection and omitted to apply the brushes to his hair. That is to say, he (Continued on page 165)

OWEN JOHNSON, the distinguished author of numerous novels of New York's ultra-smart society, has never conceived a tenser situation than the one that confronts his heroine in the present work.

Blue

Fancy yourself for a moment in Rita's place: Would you fling love to the winds for the family's sake? Would you place honor as second on the list of virtues to be guarded? Would you—could you under any circumstances whatsoever—give yourself to a man whom you hate? Read Rita Kilblaine's answers to these vital questions she was suddenly called upon to answer—then judge her.



The Story So Far:

TO the house of Majendie had come a double crisis: Alonzo, head of this old, wealthy and aristocratic New York family, and president of a great banking institution, had ventured an important *coup* at the wrong moment, and collapse was certain next day unless enormous funds could be found to save him. His weak butterfly wife had declined to risk her fortune to aid him; and the men he thought his friends had also failed him or turned against him.

It was this same afternoon that an exigency of another sort came to Majendie's beautiful widowed daughter, Rita Kilblaine. In a similar financial emergency some years before, Rita had saved the family fortunes by marrying Silas Kilblaine, a coarse new-rich Westerner who made Rita pay dearly for her bargain; and his death had brought a release welcome indeed. Since that time she had thought her feeling for men seared over—until the year before, on a visit to Montana, she had met Dan Haggerty, a young, extremely forceful and wealthy man, whose wife was insane in a sanitarium. And now Haggerty had come to her in New York and sought to win her.

"I have held you in my arms," he reminded her when she told him he must not come again.

"That is a dangerous thing to remind a woman of," she had replied. And later: "Circumstances forced me to sacrifice my youth and my illusions, and I suffered bitterly. Now I have the right to revenge myself on life. Men interest me, yes, but not as men. If they seek me out, if once I see in their eyes that look of possession, everything in me revolts! I have warned you. My dear Dan, believe me, the only sensation I am capable of is the sensation of combat, the fictitious, feverish excitement of a duel, which I am certain to win, and that sensation ends when I have won. That is why, Dan Haggerty, you will never have me."

But after he had left, and Rita's father had told her of his imminent danger, she learned also that the man who had forced the corner in International Motors that was crushing her father was none other than her too ardent suitor, Dan Haggerty. A few minutes later Rita was at the telephone, summoning Haggerty to see her at nine that evening. (*The story continues in detail.*)

TWO hours and a half to wait! Rita's first movement was one of incredulity. It seemed to her that she was going through an experience that had been lived, and that the present was some phantasmagoria of her brain, a trick of the memory. It was not possible that the great crises of life could be repeated! Such things didn't happen!

"I am letting my imagination run away with me," she said to herself impatiently. "What if he is caught in the corner? Even if he loses a million—two millions? We can weather it—Cora and Mother and I. It'll be a hard moment, but it isn't disaster. Besides, with his position and his friends— If necessary I shall go to Gunther personally. Come—there's no use of getting into a panic. I'm acting like a child!"

She rang and ordered a fire lighted and drew a chair before it. "It's quite chilly tonight," she thought, without realizing why her hands had grown cold and clammy.

She glanced at the clock. It had hardly moved.

"Am I trying to deceive myself, I wonder?" she mused, holding out her hands to the flame. "Let me think."

If there were no danger, why had her father come to her with such a warning? It was not his way—no, not at all like him. Her fears returned, assumed vast, indeterminate proportions, like lengthening shadows. Beneath her reasoning lay her woman's intuitions; and about her, over her, blocking all escape, was something vague and ominous—the shadow of Haggerty. What, exactly, did that portend? Haggerty—was her fate in his hands? Did he know? Was it planned, deliberately planned? At first she rejected the idea. But her mind continuously reverted to it. Had he played this game, this game of millions, just for her? He was capable of it. There was a certain audacity and magnitude about such a thought that appalled her and yet left her with a little excited thrill, her vanity aroused. If it was so, she would

e Blood

Everyone who recalls Mr. Johnson's novels "The Salamander" and "The Woman Gives" will turn with keen anticipation to this story which Everett Shinn has so brilliantly illustrated.



There had been moments when she had felt his arms around her—once when he had picked her up and forded a stream—when she had been terrified at the sudden instinct of surrender which had pervaded her.

EVERETT SHINN

beat him, even at his own game, with his own weapons, somehow! But—if she didn't?

She remained a long while motionless, staring into the flames, feeling at once curiously caught up in the whirligig of time, transported back over intervening years, flung once more against a situation that had been met, resurrected now out of the buried past.

"Well, if I've done it once, I can do it again," she decided; but as the resolution came into her mind, her whole body shook with a quick nervous repulsion.

At this moment the door opened, and her little nephew Rodney Majendie came scampering in for his privileged half-hour. He was a boy of seven, straight as an Indian and almost as dark—graceful, clean-cut, a true Majendie.

He came in eagerly, storybook in hand; and for a moment she strove to concentrate her disordered thought upon "The Swiss Family Robinson." But the effort proving too great, she put down the book and said:

"Aunt Rita has a bad headache. She'll have to beg off tonight."

"Not just one little chapter?" he pleaded mournfully.

"No, not tonight. Come here."

She held him before her, looking so strangely and so steadily into the eyes that were the eyes of the father and the grandfather, the eyes that held the future of the Majendie name, that he began to squirm uneasily.

"I wonder if he'll be worthy of it!" she said to herself, thinking of all that might lay ahead for her to do. Then she held him a moment closely in her arms, kissed him and sent him away. . . .

His father had died six years before, and she had never quite recovered from the rebellion and the shock. They had grown up together, only a year apart—rode, hunted, fished as two chums. In the father, with all his magnetism and charm there had been a certain weakness that was not in her nature. His marriage had been a *mésalliance*. She had fought against it to the last, and then suddenly accepting the fact, had striven to avert the tragedy she foresaw. A year later, ill-mated and disillusioned, her brother had seized the opportunity of the breaking out of the war to seek his freedom in the Lafayette Squadron. Six months later he lay dead and unclaimed in No Man's Land.

All the pride and devotion of father and daughter were now concentrated on the little Rodney, the last to bear the name. They had bought him from his mother, who had driven a hard bargain, returning hatred for hatred, forcing them to humble



Her father had returned. At last she could act. She nodded to Captain Daingerfield and rose.

themselves before she gave her consent to the agreement she coveted. At any rate, that was over—he at least would be brought up in the old Majendie house and taught the code of *noblesse oblige*.

It was characteristic of Rita's relations with her father that never once now did either refer to the tragedy, each too proud to disclose the extent of his sorrow, guarding it as something too sacred even to be shared. In all the decisions she had been forced to make, she had always kept this privacy; even her brother had never known the reasons which had determined her marriage.

In each generation of Majendies there had always been one who had led the rest,—sometimes a man, more often a woman,—who repaired the errors, enforced the sacrifices, guided the destinies of the family: one leader so acknowledged because in him or in her was the capacity for absolute and unquestioning sacrifice.



"My headache is really too bad," she said. "I'm going to make my excuses. Don't rise. Good night."

That strain had been clear in Rita from early childhood—a childhood marked by an excess of pride that often, before a woman's tact had taught her to conceal, showed itself in an arrogance that gave her few friends among her own sex. It is only necessary here to repeat one incident to indicate this attitude of mind.

When Rita was but thirteen years old she was invited to luncheon at the home of a schoolmate, Aloise Gunther, who a little too ostentatiously paraded her guest through the newly acquired magnificence, cataloguing the price of each treasure ravished from European traditions. The little Rita listened with a smile of superior disdain until the inspection had ended in the great gallery of portraits of English and Italian aristocrats. Then she said:

"You must come tomorrow and see *our* house."

And the next day, conducting her guest into the great dining-

room where were hung the family portraits,—her father by Sargent, her grandfather by Gilbert Stuart and the great-uncles of the Spanish branch by Goya,—she was heard to remark:

"And these are the portraits of our *own* ancestors."

A little too contemptuous of feminine moods and pettiness, Rita made her friends among the chums of her brother,—Dick Daingerfield, Tom Larabee, Larry West,—playing their games, sharing their fatigues, matching their skill. One passion she had of her own sex, the love of gardens and of the soil. The great oaks on the Newport estate, which Commodore Majendie of Revolutionary fame had set out, were to her a precious heirloom and with an almost Oriental quality of ancestor-worship, she defended them against the vagaries of modern landscape architects.

The tragedy of her brother brought her still closer to her father, with an instinct to protect him, comprehending his loneliness, his weakness and his need of a stronger will to fall back upon. With youthful precocity she divined the vacuum which separated her parents, and judged them through prejudiced eyes, laying all the blame on the shoulders of the mother. Yet, characteristically, no open word of criticism passed her lips, often as she rebelled at the undignified actions of a woman who still played at youth and surrounded herself with companions befitting the

age of her children. This Rita tolerated with a little disdain. She knew her mother without illusions, and her satisfied need of the appearance of evil. What she could not forgive was the quality of weakness that was in her, that could be content with this trifling at life. She felt that her mother was "bad form," and to her this was the unpardonable offense.

When Rita was introduced into society at the age of eighteen, her birth, her fortune and her charm naturally drew about her a host of suitors. In her own mind, she had planned, as she did all things, deliberately, to marry at the age of twenty-five. Her attitude toward men was a curious one. She sought their company by preference, quickly attracted to friendships, yet fiercely resenting the slightest overstepping of the limits. The quality of surrender inherent in the first love of a young girl was something repellent to her sense of freedom. The moment a man approached her with the eyes of a lover, it seemed to her that he was seeking to subdue something in her, and her instincts rose up in combat. Perhaps if she had been less sought after, her inclinations might have been different, but the daily pursuit of her by men, gen-

unely or for a motive infatuated with her, kept her in this *intransigent* attitude of mind. If she still had contemplated marriage, it was because she hated old maids.

In the full flush of this adulation, confident in her privileged power to direct the future, she suddenly was confronted by the specter of the family ruin.

The Majendies (the name had been "De Majorendi") had come to America from Spain by way of Holland in pre-Revolutionary times. One branch had remained in the South; the other had emigrated to the colony of New Amsterdam and settled among the great landed *padroons* along the upper river. Until the middle of the eighteenth century the family fortunes had reposed upon their holdings in real estate and certain banking ventures. In 1850, at the death of Commodore Majendie, six children were left to divide the estate; and the new generation, faced with the competition of new financial forces, began to abandon its attitude of aloofness. Carlos Majendie had formed a connection with one of the older banking institutions of the city, but his interest was not so much an active one as a policy of larger returns for his investments. His son Alonzo, however, confronted with certain financial curtailments, had completely abandoned the traditional Continental antagonism toward business, and thrown himself wholeheartedly into the career of making money, induced perhaps by a desire to meet the rising scale of wealth of the great industrial families, preferring to profit by a privileged financial outlook, rather than to resort to judicious family alliances.

Never more than a fortunate lieutenant, utilized by stronger and more audacious men for personal and social reasons, he committed the mistake of believing that he was what he appeared to be. So long as he had been content to follow, his fortune rose in steady accretion. Where Gunther or Forsheim or Slade made a million, he duly received his hundred thousand. Too close familiarity with the ease of the financing operations that signalized this period of expansion led Majendie into the gambler's fatal predilection for risking all on one great *coup*. He ventured for himself at a moment when the sky seemed innocent of the slightest suspicion of storm. Initial success led him to double his risks in order to double the profit that was on his fingertips. At this moment, from the depths of that great ocean of unrest and uncertainty, the imagination of a people, a tidal wave of suspicion reared itself, and in a week every paper profit was swept away, and he found himself desperately facing total annihilation.



It was this crisis which had confronted Rita Majendie, when without hesitation or outward display of emotion, she married Silas Kilblaine.

Kilblaine had come to America as a stowaway, in the early fifties, worked his way out West and "hit it rich," as the expression goes, in the early exploitation of the silver and copper fields that produced the aristocracy of the pick and shovel. A multimillionaire at forty, he turned all his savage energies into the

As he wrote, he continued: "I am making out a check. As president of the Sea Line Trust, I shall open an account with the Fidelity for five million dollars. If that is not enough, I'll double it."



jected her, the spectacle of open infidelities. She could have procured a divorce a dozen times over, but she refused. To her, divorce was a confession of failure. To his attitude of unrelenting persecution she opposed the set mask of inflexible pride. No word or look ever betrayed to the world the purgatory she endured. Yet, as she had confessed to Haggerty, only her pride had survived this daily inquisition. What the sensitive proud girl had to endure behind the secret doors that are closed to the world, only a woman can understand. When he died, she performed all the outward expressions of widowhood with ceremonious punctilio, and she faced the world with the same set and inscrutable smile, with the same lively and graceful exterior, from which she believed the animating spark had long since been extinguished.

When, two years after the death of her husband, she met Haggerty, she believed two things had been exhausted in her—the capacity for feeling and the capacity for suffering. Yet already time and the full abundance of her youth were working within her.

If Haggerty had been simply a man of great strength, he could never have attracted her. But it was the idealist she perceived in him that first interested her, the discovery of the boy and the dreamer, that gave

him the longing to enjoy life and the need of creating greatly.

For the first time, in the setting and the quality of the unexpected, romance appeared to her. Every woman holds in her imagination somewhere this belief in a waiting romance. That it is forbidden, transitory, to be paid for in after heartaches, in no wise deters her. She herself creates it, rears it in her illusions and buries it in her memory as her birthright—a moment's halt in an oasis, along the arid journey of life.

She met Haggerty on a visit to the ranch of a friend in Montana, on a trip that had been suddenly and casually decided upon. She had met him by accident on a ride she had taken alone, yielding to a sudden desire for solitude. He had come upon her riding over the hills, and they had made their own introductions, riding together for hours, contrary to all her circumspect traditions. From the first moment their eyes had met, she knew he would love her as no man had loved her before, implacably, unrelentingly—gentle and tempestuous, despotic and generous; and for the first time she went eagerly forward, not knowing whether she loved, but knowing that consciously something in her was determined to be loved by this man. The world of the green solitudes and unrestricted stretches was not the world she had been brought up in. To it she would never return. It was a moment, an accident set apart from her life. But the very unreality of this existence made her moment of romance the more real.

That he was married he had told her at their first parting, directly, brusquely, in a way she could not fail to understand; and looking into her eyes, he had added:

"Now I'll ride here tomorrow afternoon, and every afternoon while you stay."

(Continued on page 156)

riotous and pagan enjoyment of life. Tolerated and feared for his great wealth, a passionate lover of horse-racing, a gambler who won or lost a hundred thousand at a sitting of poker,—the one game that could satisfy the appetites of those early buccaneers,—his attitude toward women was that of a Turk.

Twice married and divorced, it suited his grim instincts to carry off the prize others coveted. He did not love Miss Majendie, and he knew that the woman he bought hated him with a dumb, concentrated fury. Perhaps nothing else could have revived a flame in the gray ashes of his passions. He had no friends, and he wanted no friends. He had the profoundest contempt of the society which accepted him only because it feared him. In such a man, libertine and tyrant, the only emotion left to old age is the enjoyment of inflicting pain.

He married Rita Majendie, then, with his thumb to his nose, as a last insulting gesture to society. She was the figurehead he needed to dress his table and to adorn his box at the opera, and he delighted in humbling and breaking the spirit of the proud woman who had coldly and deliberately made the bargain to continue a brood of aristocrats. A year after their marriage, he added to the public and secret humiliations to which he sub-

These memoirs of a gentleman persuaded by poverty to a life of crime are the mature work of a real and rare genius in the writing of so-called detective-fiction. "Loot," "Plunder," "Ransom," "Find the Woman"—these and other strong and distinctly individual stories have won for Mr. Roche a fame which the present series will notably enhance.

The Last Episode

By

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

SHE had been crying. As a matter of fact, she was weeping now. Bravely she was endeavoring to hide her emotion. Indeed, emotion is not the word, for that word connotes a certain agitation that was lacking in her manner. It was as though the tears she shed were but the aftermath of psychic storms; as though a dam had burst, and these tears were the trickling drops that followed the flood.

Sheer hopelessness was written upon her face—that despair of youth so infinitely more tragic than the despair of age. And she was pathetically young. In years, perhaps, she had reached maturity, but hers was the type of face that mirrors the innocence of childhood. Neither time nor experience can ever age such folk. Increasing knowledge does not change their incorrigible faith in the goodness of God and the decency of men. You have seen them: white-haired old ladies who still believe in fairies, and who look upon misfortune as an accident that really has not happened.

But even these can suffer. Perhaps indeed, though faith triumphs in the end, they suffer more than the calloused of soul. I, a cynical violator of the laws of man, wanted to go over and pat her hand, and wipe away her tears.

I smiled as I pictured myself doing this. Her young escort would doubtless resent such an action, for I have not reached the age when I may venture such benevolence. I am young—not as young as the youth who accompanied her, but still of an age when women sometimes glance my way. Partly, too, my smile was sardonic. I was not the person to offer chivalrous sympathy to weeping maidens, with or without escort.

At this very moment the police of New York were searching for me. As I have recounted in a previous chapter of my memoirs, one Swede Thomassen, a brutal murderer, had been killed in my apartment by the White Eagle, that great Frenchman whom I would rank as the foremost criminal genius of his time, did not truth compel me to admit that I have defeated him on numerous occasions.

The newspapers were filled with accounts of the finding of Thomassen's body, and with tales of the extraordinary efforts which the police were making to find Robert Stickney, the tenant of the apartment. The White Eagle's part in the killing was not suspected. Indeed, the newspapers did not condemn Stickney. They said that he had rendered a service to society in ridding it



Had I earned the money I had given her lover, the kiss would have been worth it.

of the monster Thomassen. Nevertheless the police naturally desired to interview Mr. Stickney. His continued absence from his home aroused suspicions, quite inevitably. And if Mr. Stickney were captured by the police, it would transpire, possibly, that he was a gentleman of fortune, who, rebelling against the laws of society, had become a professional despoiler of the too numerous profiteers which the war had created.

Now, I, John Ainsley, had no wish to disclose my identity, my means of livelihood. In fact, that means of livelihood, I hoped, had been abandoned. I had made my stake. I had secured a passport from the State Department which had been visé by the properly accredited representatives of foreign nations. That passport bore my own photograph, but the signature written across it was not that of Stickney or Ainsley. Under a new *nom de guerre*, I intended to sail for Australia. In a couple of years I would return. I would go to that native town of mine where the Ainsleys were known and respected, and would take up again the life that I had led before the war and the crash of my fortunes.

Five days had elapsed since the discovery of Thomassen's body. And during those five days I had secluded myself in the rooms which I had taken in a modest hotel, leaving them only for furtive visits to haberdasheries and clothing-stores of the unfashionable sort, in order to acquire a wardrobe to replace the one left behind in Mr. Stickney's apartment.

But I was always a restless person. This quality of activity accounted in part for my departure from the ways of adherence to the law which had characterized my family. Tomorrow, at five in the morning, the *Celeste* sailed from her dock in Brooklyn for Sydney. Passengers had been invited to go aboard the night before. My baggage was already in my stateroom. It would have been a simple matter for me, having paid my hotel bill, to step into a taxi, drive downtown and across Brooklyn Bridge, and so to the steamer.

But I would not see New York again for at least two years. It would take me that long so to establish myself in Australia that if, in the years to come, some one should ask if John Ainsley really had made a fortune in the island continent, it would be possible to point to a background of trading or speculation that would still any doubt.

I felt the pangs of homesickness before I had left my country's soil. I wanted to drink in, for the last time, the vital air



of Manhattan, to see the hurrying people. And so, despite the fact that ten thousand policemen were armed with a description of Robert Stickney, John Ainsley dined at the Trevor.

Of course, that description was not dangerously accurate. It was a composite attained by comparison of the impression my features had made upon a negro janitor, an elderly woman who had cooked for me, and the renting-agent who had leased the apartment to me. Still, it was a time when I should have taken no risks whatsoever. And certainly it would be madness of me to add to the risk already run by intruding upon the young couple who sat at a table in the alcove diagonally across the Trevor dining-room.

Who was I, bearing my burdens, to think that I could lift the weight from another's shoulders? And yet she looked like a girl whom I had known a dozen years ago, a girl with whom I had gone to school. I had not been in love with that playmate of my youth, but seeing one who resembled her aroused the senti-

ment that lurks within the breasts of nearly all of us.

She was a pretty girl. I have no sympathy for homely women. Her hair was golden, her complexion pink and white, her mouth sweet and gentle, and her nose was straight and small enough to add a touch of roguishness to her countenance—although, indeed, her present mood held no gayety.

Her companion was about twenty-four. He was a good-looking youth, and on an occasion when he was less harassed than now, his face would have seemed ingenuous. But at present it wore the mask of tragedy. This was no lovers' quarrel; this was no grief of the ordinary sort which they were sharing. Only some desperate turn in the tide of their affairs could reduce these naturally buoyant young people to their present condition of despair.

Well, under all the circumstances, it was no business of mine. I summoned my waiter, paid my check, and started from the room. It was necessary for me to pass their table. A waiter, carrying a tray, blocked my path. And I heard the girl say: "Frank, you *won't* kill yourself?"

Now, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, the person to whom such a question is addressed has not the slightest intention toward self-destruction. But there is always the thousandth case. And if I were to name the qualifications which go to make up the character of that thousandth case, I should first put pride.

This boy had pride; it was legible in his lips, in the gleam in his eyes, the thin line of his nose. Such a person might readily be proudly unable to see any way out of a difficulty but the doorway to death. And so, acting as always in my life, upon the impulse of the moment, I dropped into the seat beside him.

These alcoves in the Trevor were furnished with broad benches whose cushions would accommodate two persons on each side of the table. The girl and the man sat, as though for the extreme of privacy that the recess afforded, against the wall, opposite each other. There was plenty of room for me beside the youth, but not much welcome.

For a moment he did not speak. Then his face flushed. I raised a hand to stop his angry expostulation.

"I want to talk to you," I said curtly.

The anger died out of his face, to be replaced by a grimness hardly credible in one so young.

"If you try to arrest me here, I'll kill you first," he said quietly.

My heart warmed to him—not that I care for people who threaten murder, as a general rule, but I could understand his sense of outrage. To be disgraced in the presence of the girl whom, I gathered, he loved, was unendurable to him. I smiled at him. "Do I look like a detective?" I asked.

"If you're not, why do you intrude upon us?" he demanded.

"I'm a friend," I told him.

"I never saw you before in my life," he asserted.

The girl's face lost the expression of horror that the youth's words had brought to it. She reached across the table and touched his hand.

"Let him explain, Frank," she pleaded. "It can do no harm."

I bowed to her. She was lovelier, seen close to, than at a distance. I turned to the boy.

"She's worth dying for," I told him. "Equally, worth living for."

"Your opinions are undesired and singularly impertinent," he said.

"But my intentions are of the kindest," I retorted. "Young man, don't be a fool. Men in fear of arrest, and threatening suicide, are silly to think of conventions. Look at me. Do I

As I backed my man into the apartment, I saw Tirrell struggling with another man. A savage blow sent his opponent to the floor.

seem the sort to do an unconventional thing without a reason?"

"Let me hear your reason," he replied.

I looked at the girl. She nodded an impatient permission and I lighted a cigarette.

"Circumstances govern," I began. "One leaps into a stream, hazarding one's own life in behalf of a total stranger. One is acclaimed, and the drowning person gasps eternal gratitude. One ventures upon the privacy of persons whose faces tell of danger equal to that of the drowning man, but because the danger has no material manifestation, one earns a rebuke for insolence.

"I have been watching you two young people. Passing by your table I heard you,"—and I looked at the girl,—"ask him not to kill himself. Here is danger. Am I such a coward that I must refuse to obey the ordinary dictates of humanity and save a life?"

The young man sneered. "Strangers give their lives for strangers, but not their money."

"How much?" I asked. And I am proud to say that I meant it.

"Ten thousand dollars," he replied. "I suppose you have that much in your pocket?"

"I have," I told him calmly. As a matter of fact, I had at least three times that amount in cash upon my person. Also, I had, in letters of credit and in securities that would be as readily negotiable in Australia as they were in New York, something like three hundred thousand dollars more.

"And I suppose that inasmuch as you would risk your life to save a drowning man, you will gladly hand me over the ten thousand dollars which will save me."

His lack of belief was understandable.

"Wait a bit," I suggested. "Before I leap into the river to save the drowning man, I assure myself that he is really in danger, not merely hysterical from fright. Suppose you explain your predicament to me?"

The boy's eyes were contemptuous, but the girl anticipated his refusal. Again she touched his hand. I would have given a great deal to have had some one like her touch me in that manner.

"Explain to him, Frank," she pleaded. "It can do no harm. He is not a detective."

I bowed to her. "Thank you," I said.

The youth touched the girl's wrist with his own strong fingers. It seemed that the contact with this delicate flesh gave him strength.



"I'm a thief," he said harshly, turning and facing me squarely. I nodded. "And discovery—"

"Is certain by tomorrow morning," he declared.

I glanced around the restaurant. The hour was late. Most of the patrons of this *table-d'hôte* resort had left for the theater or the dancing places. Nevertheless I shifted in my seat so that my back was presented to the opening of the alcove. I produced a pocketbook. From it I withdrew twenty five-hundred-dollar bills.

"Thousands, if you prefer that denomination," I said lightly.

His eyes widened; a whistle of amazement came through his clenched teeth.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Does that matter?" I asked.

"Do you suppose I can accept such a gift?" he whispered, as though the sight of the money had hurt his vocal cords.

"Is death easier?" I inquired.

"Why?" he asked again.

I shrugged. "You're about twenty-five," I guessed. "Let us assume that I did not always have a pocketbook filled with money. Let us suppose that if a stranger had been my friend, had done for me what I am offering to do for you, that—well, there might



also takes fliers in anything that comes along, although he prefers things from the Orient. I have known him to invest—or speculate—in Oriental pearls and a South American coasting schooner on the same day.

"I am his only employee. His office consists of one room on the ground floor of a dilapidated old building on West Broadway. He has no regular office hours. He spends much of his time in restaurants where seafaring men may be found. So I know nearly as much of his affairs as he does. Also I have a key to his safe. In that safe he frequently keeps as much as fifty thousand dollars in cash. This is in order that he may not lose any bargain because of delay in getting his hands on the actual money needed to close a deal.

"He is a great gambler. He frequently tells me of the big poker-games in which he plays. He also bets heavily on the races."

"A comprehensive description of his activities," I commented. "What is he like, personally?"

"He is a man of about sixty-five. He is thin and shabby. He wears Congress shoes and a very low turned-down collar with a narrow black string tie. He has a short white beard, and his upper lip is clean-shaven. He wears a silk hat. He is a bachelor. He is also the meanest man that ever lived.

"I was working, three years ago, for a ship-brokerage firm. Mr. Garbon did some business with us, apparently liked me, and asked me to work for him. He promised me that he would take me into partnership. Whenever I remind him of his promise, he evades the issue. Times are not too good. I have not been able to leave him.

"But neither his broken promise nor his character justify my theft. I am simply telling you the whole story. Several times I have been with him when he placed wagers on the races with a couple of handbook men named Harris and Poganni. Yesterday an acquaintance of mine gave me a tip on the races. He has given me many tips before, but I never played them. Always his tips have been correct. Today I asked Mr. Garbon when he was going to make good his promises to me. I have been engaged for two years to Rose Peters."

The girl touched his hand again, and I knew that she was his fiancée.

"Mr. Garbon laughed at me. He told me that if I didn't like my job I could quit. He left the office about ten, saying that he would not be back until morning. I suddenly went insane. That's all there is to say about it. I opened his safe, took out ten thousand dollars, and placed it, at five to one, with Harris and Poganni, on the horse that my friend had told me about yesterday. The horse finished fifth.

"That's all. Do you still want to give money to a thief?"

Now, if one judges Tirrell by his bald confession, one finds little extenuation. But I saw the girl. I knew how the broken promises of his employer must have galled the youth. And I am not one to say that one error makes a criminal. I handed him the twenty bills.

"Put it back in the safe, and all will be well," I told him.

He was too proud to break down, although his lips quivered. The girl put her hands before her eyes. I myself felt a lump in my throat. It was worth ten thousand dollars to gain the feeling of godlike benevolence that I possessed at that moment.

"What can I say?" asked Tirrell.

"Nothing," I answered. "Only, for the sake of Miss Peters, who seems to be standing by you—"

The girl lowered her hands. "I told him that even if he went to jail," she said proudly, "I'd marry him."

"He won't go to jail," I assured her.

"And so help me God, I'll never do anything again that's wrong," vowed Tirrell.

I rose to leave, but the young man clutched at my hand. "I don't even know your name," he cried. "And besides, I want you to go with me to the office. I want you to see me put the money back in the safe."

He had restrained himself so long (Continued on page 103)

have been a girl, as there is a girl with you. I might have been able to see her again, to have her hand touch mine, as yours has just been touched." I heard my voice change, grow gruff and harsh. "Take it and live, or refuse it and die. Do I have to beg you to accept what I do not need?"

"I said that I was a thief. I am," he said. "Tomorrow morning my employer will find ten thousand dollars missing from his cash-box. If I am alive, I will be captured and sent to jail."

I tapped the notes in my hand. "Unless—" I suggested.

"My salary is forty dollars a week. It will be years, if ever, before I can repay this loan."

"I never lend; I give," I told him.

He looked at me. I am no sentimentalist, but I tell you that I saw a soul cross from hell into heaven. But still he hesitated.

"You must know exactly the sort of person to whom you are making the gift," he said. I liked him because he made no pretense; he did not cringingly swear that it was a loan, a sacred obligation.

"Go on," I encouraged him.

"My name is Frank Tirrell. I'm a sort of confidential clerk for Phineas Garbon. He is a trader and speculator. The bulk of his operations have to do with jute, hemp and kapok. But he

The author of this memorable story is a Southerner who tried two other professions—civil engineering and law—before he discovered his remarkable talent for fiction-writing. Moreover he is conspicuously versatile as a writer: sports-stories, detective tales and negro comedies have each added to his fame. And here he reveals real genius in the writing of an unusual and dramatic love-story.



A Pound of Cure

By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

DR. WILLIAM S. HALE, who prided himself upon being an extremely introspective young man, was busy introspecting. He stood at the north window of his corner office gazing thoughtfully out into the gray December day with its biting sleet, glazed pavements and crazily skidding traffic.

His figure, tall and sinewy, blended perfectly into the severe background of his consultation-room. The room and the man impressed one as being unworthy a second glance—until that second glance was inevitably taken. There was a compelling suggestion of power in the rather-too-slender frame of the man, just as there was a richness to the office which, while unobtrusive, was yet inescapable. They seemed to belong, one to the other: the grave young man and the office with its walls covered in dark green burlap and its furnishings of dull mahogany.

There were two doors to the consultation-room. One gave into a white-tiled operating-room which was lavishly equipped with strictly modern appliances. This room, in turn, opened upon a hospital room which was fitted with a cot bed, dresser and two chairs.

The second door of the private office gave access to the equally

handsome and equally severe room in which the Doctor's secretary worked. Beyond that was a large waiting-room—a room constantly filled with patients who waited uncomplainingly, waited interminably, for the few valuable minutes of the brilliant young surgeon's time which would eventually be vouchsafed them.

But just at the moment, Dr. William S. Hale was unmindful of his professional duties. He was engaged in studying himself; and the task—deliberately undertaken and diligently pursued—was driving him to highly disturbing decision. Having once reached that decision, however, William Hale was no person to procrastinate. He clasped his hands—interlocking those long, delicate fingers which were graceful as a woman's and strong as chilled steel—and put his verdict into words:

"I'll do it!" said he. Instantly he turned from the window, crossed to his desk and touched the buzzer. The door of the secretary's office opened, and a young lady appeared, notebook, engagement-book and pencil in hand.

She seated herself wordlessly, totally oblivious to the self-consciousness of the Doctor's manner, and to the queer shy blush



He and Ruth attended social affairs where he was made much over by young, pretty and eligible women. He found himself regarding them critically. Not one of them could compare with Ruth.

glimpsing certain highly attractive and intensely feminine attributes to which he had hitherto been blind.

Nor was the result of his survey entirely displeasing. Small as she was, Ruth Marbury undoubtedly possessed a perfect figure, and Doctor Hale was as responsive to feminine perfection as an artist. She was, indeed, more than beautiful. The coldly critical might instantly catalogue her as impossible; there was no single feature—unless it was her twinkling brown eyes—which could be called perfect. Yet the ensemble was delicious. She was spirited, piquante—and Doctor Hale knew that she was infernally efficient, unusually tactful and possessed of a real brain.

"Miss Marbury—" He started easily enough, but somehow the rest of the sentence would not come. Being a highly introspective young man, Doctor Hale realized that he was embarrassed.

The girl sensed this constraint and looked up in some surprise. Then she detected the soft blueness of his eyes. She waited.

He lighted a cigarette and tried futilely to revert to his professional manner. "Many patients waiting?"

"Three."

"My engagements?"

"McQuarrie at four o'clock."

He glanced at his watch. "Nearly two hours off." Again a rich flush dyed his cheeks. "Miss Marbury, do you know my age?"

This time she made no attempt to conceal her surprise. "Why, yes sir. You're thirty-two."

"Exactly—thirty-two." Now that he had shunted the conversation into the desired personal channel, he appeared more at ease. He seated himself. "Kindly put down those books and that pencil. I wish to talk with you for a few minutes upon a rather—er—intimate matter."

She obeyed. But now her own ease of manner had departed, and she sat rigid, staring at him.

"I am thirty-two years of age. If I may say so, without wishing to exaggerate, I stand extremely well in the surgical world. Within the past two years patients have come to me from a score of States. My professional associates—pardon me for this seeming egoism, Miss Marbury, but it is leading to a definite end—my professional associates have been kind enough to hint that I might make this town a second Rochester, Minnesota."

which dyed his cheeks and robbed them of their habitual severity. Nor did she notice that his eyes, usually a cold gray, had softened to a delicate blue.

For a few moments silence held, a silence punctured only by the raucous street-noises which filtered up from below. The girl's trim figure did not move; she knew that he was probably deliberating a matter of considerable moment, and was careful not to break his train of thought. And so, while she waited, he took advantage of this opportunity to study her—marveling that after three years of intimate business association, he was now

He paused. The girl could see that he was horribly ill at ease. She understood the shyness beneath his frigid exterior, and hastened to relieve his embarrassment.

"You have progressed farther than most surgeons twice your age."

"Exactly. And I am thirty-two. I merely touch on that fact, Miss Marbury, in order to reach the logical conclusion that I am on the threshold of what should be a brilliant career. Of course,"—deprecatingly,—*"it may be that I overestimate my ability and my present standing—"*

"That is impossible, Doctor Hale."

He flushed with pleasure. "Thank you. But to resume: in order to attain the position in the professional world which should, in due course of events, be mine, it is necessary that I direct my course with meticulous care and a rigid adherence to certain rules of conduct which I have laid down for myself. For several years, Miss Marbury, it will be incumbent upon me to devote the whole of my energies to labor and ceaseless study. I must permit no distractions—all of this being based on the premise that I will not be satisfied with anything less than—than supremacy."

Once again his voice droned off. The girl was possessed of an uncomfortable presentiment that she was in some way connected with his self-exposition. Certainly he had never spoken this way before. In their three years of contact he had been scrupulously impersonal, his manner rather taciturn than otherwise. Only her observance of the blue tint which came sometimes into his gray eyes had told her that there might be warmth beneath the chill mask.

"I have determined to reach the very top, Miss Marbury, if it is within me to do so. But as I have said, I am extremely introspective. That follows, I presume, from the fact that I am a surgeon. At any rate, introspection serves only one worth-while purpose: it enables a man to familiarize himself with his own weaknesses. That is what it has done in my case."

Another awkward silence. Hale smiled—a wide, boyish, infectious grin. "It is probable—at least I flatter myself—that you did not suspect me of being so utterly human as to possess weaknesses, did you, Miss Marbury?"

She laughed. Somehow this sharing of a personal secret seemed to bring them closer together, to remove some of the restraint which had divided them from the moment she entered the office. "Frankly, Doctor Hale, I have always thought of you as a surgeon rather than as a man."

He winced—ever so slightly.

"Which indicates that I am a stranger to you. I am, in fact, rather too intensely masculine. That, I might say,"—and he leaned forward earnestly,—*"is my greatest weakness."*

Her forehead corrugated. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Of course not. What I should have said is that my weakness is women." He saw a faint flush dye her cheeks and made a quick gesture. "Don't get the wrong impression, Miss Marbury. I am not, and never could be, a philanderer. But women are my weakness. Being introspective, I know that I am absurdly unable to resist a pretty woman. And I have a horror that I shall some day marry one."

She threw back her head, so that the curve of her slender throat was disclosed to his gaze, and a clear laugh rippled through the room.

"And just why should you object to marrying a pretty woman?"

He rose abruptly. "I object to marrying *any* woman," he said rather violently. "The word *marriage* is anathema to me."

She became serious again. "But surely, Doctor Hale, since you have escaped the snare thus far—"

"That's it precisely. I've exhausted my powers of resistance."



One of these days I'm going to fall head over ears in love with some girl—and marry her."

"And then?"

She was keenly interested, leaning forward with her flowerlike face cupped in the pink palms of her dainty hands. "It isn't very clear why—"

"I'm afraid of two things in marriage, Miss Marbury: one is unhappiness, and the other is contentment. I despise temperament; yet I am temperamental—not foolishly, but in a rather sane, normal way. In marriage I should either be superlatively happy or unutterably miserable. I have studied this question carefully and from every angle. I have observed my acquaintances, both as man and physician. I have seen dozens—hundreds of young couples embark upon the matrimonial sea surfeited with

Ruth sparkled with appreciation of the flowers. He sat silent and worshiped—her proximity was electric.

trospective—possess the ability to know myself. And no matter how carefully I select a wife, no matter how I adore her, I have sufficient common sense to realize that I am no different from other men; there cannot be any ground for believing that my marriage will succeed where others fail. Don't get the idea that I am opposed to marriage in general. I merely mean that it would be ruinous to me.

"Of course I might—I say *might*, mind you—be the hundredth case, the happy one. No ma'am!" He smashed his right fist into the palm of the other hand. "It's not for me. I'm no different from other men—my marriage would be no different from theirs.

Which is why I have determined to avoid all possibility of succumbing to my weakness for a pretty face."

Ruth Marbury had forgotten herself. She was staring raptly at the intense, eager countenance of the man before her. For the first time she was visioning him with the mask lowered, seeing the boyish passionate intensity of him. True, she smiled inwardly and with some slight feeling of superiority at his quaint philosophy.

"Yes, you're right, Doctor Hale. But you're wrong, too. Love is a natural, normal, healthy thing; marriage and family responsibilities are a logical and proper consequence. And since you confess your weakness for women, it strikes me that the best thing you can do is to permit yourself to fall very much in love with some eligible, personable young lady, marry her—and convince yourself that yours is the one exception to your own melancholy rule."

"Never! I'll not make an idiot of myself. Do you suppose I could ever look a girl in the eye, knowing life and human nature and myself as I do, and tell her that our case will be the exception to the rule—that we will be genuinely happy where others are merely contented? No! I may marry one of them—I may sacrifice my chances of a national career. But I'll never stultify myself by telling any girl that I know she and I will be eternally happy. I may make love to her; I may *hope* for perennial bliss; but I shall never expect it, nor shall I ever lead her to believe that I do."

"And the answer to your problem?" she asked softly. "For I judge that it has become a problem requiring an answer."

"Yes." Suddenly he paused, and a mantle of supreme abashment descended upon him, an embarrassment which he struggled vainly to conceal. "As a matter of fact, Miss Marbury, when I asked you to listen to my ravings, I had a motive beyond a mere desire to relieve my feelings." He paused—lighting a cigar in a patent effort to gain time.

A cold gray rain was pelting against the windowpanes; the shrill of a traffic policeman's whistle came clearly to their ears, but neither paid it heed.

"Miss Marbury—you are a strikingly pretty girl."

She colored, but made no answer.

"Are you in love?"

"No!" The word slipped out of its own volition. "But I don't see, Doctor Hale—"

"Well, I do. It would have been very embarrassing to me had you answered that question in the affirmative. You see, I had rather taken it for granted that you were not in love."

"I'm afraid I don't see what I have to do with this, Doctor Hale."

optimism. They know what I know—that only one marriage in a hundred is really happy—and they are idiots enough to believe that theirs is the one-hundredth case. Says the groom: 'We are different. Our love is perfect. It will not fade with the years. Others may not be happy, but our love is greater than that of others.' Poppycock! Bunk! Piffle! They're just another couple in the hundred—with the same one-hundredth chance of happiness and the ninety-nine chances of either unhappiness or sullen contentment."

She nodded slowly. "And if you were merely contented—"

"That's where my bit of temperament shows up, Miss Marbury. I could never be merely contented. If perfect happiness were not granted me, then misery would be my portion. There is no middle ground for a nature like mine. I know. I am in-



He turned away, then whirled to face her. His cheeks were fiery, and his fists were clenched tight. "Miss Marbury—I wish you to marry me!"

Silence. Ruth opened her lips to laugh, and then discovered suddenly that there was naught of humor in the situation. She sat very still.

"I wish you to marry me to prevent me from making a fool of myself. You can marry me and save me from women—from marriage. As I said, I am not a philanderer. And certainly, once married, I should not commit bigamy. Don't you see what I'm driving at?"

She shook her head. And this time she laughed a trifle—but it was a hysterical little laugh containing nothing of mirth. "No—I'm afraid not."

"I'm not in love with you. I never could be. But I admire you. You are efficient. There is no question of the fact that we would get along excellently. You understand my work—I presume it is that last which really suggested you, and this plan, to me. I wish you to marry me—but I have no desire to make you my wife."

"You—speak in epigrams."

"It is this way." The words tumbled over one another now that the floodgates were loosed. "I am single-minded. It may be that I am something of an egotist. I hate egotists, but perhaps all persons are more or less egotistical. At any rate, I feel that there is a great future for me, provided I can retain my mental serenity. I refuse to join the fatuous throng of to-be-married men who believe that they will be happy—really, genuinely, perfectly happy. And I know that unless I take drastic steps to prevent, I shall marry: I am too susceptible to avoid that entanglement."

"My plan is apparently absurd, until one analyzes it. I wish to marry to avoid marriage. The idea came to me through you. In all my circle of acquaintances you are the one girl I know who would fit into this apparently mad scheme. There is nothing of frothiness about you: you'd never take advantage of the situation to drive me into a life of sodden contentment." He raised his hands above his head in an unconsciously dramatic gesture. "Damn contentment! It is the greatest curse of life. It is the parent of mediocrity. I don't want to be contented. If some genie could provide me with marital happiness,—the happiness of which dreams are made,—that would be marvelous. That would be a constant spur, a never-lessening incentive, just as misery

would be an insurmountable barrier to achievement. But mere contentment! I writhe at the very thought."

He leaned forward earnestly.

"I offer you my home, the wealth which I have. So far as the world is concerned, we shall be husband and wife. We will even go through the formality of a honeymoon following the ceremony. But I pledge you my word that you will be—that is, I shall not—Oh, well!" He flushed. "I have to resort to a cheap phrase: you will be my wife in name only."

They both laughed, but there was a good bit of embarrassment beneath their merriment. Ruth stood up beside him. "In other words, you offer me your name, the emoluments of wifehood—and the position of housekeeper?"

"Oh, I say! Isn't that putting it rather bluntly?"

"I'm meeting frankness with frankness."

"Well—yes. Have it that way, if you like. It is a straight business proposition. By marrying me under this agreement, you will be saving me from the certainty of a marriage which would, I am convinced, ruin whatever chance I may have for the career I crave. It has, as I see it, distinct mutual benefits. Will you do it, Miss Marbury?"

She stared at him level-eyed. "You are quite sure that I am competent—to fill this position?"

He nodded gravely. "Positive."

She turned away. "I will let you know in a day or two. One cannot rush pellmell into marriage—even such a marriage."

The door closed softly behind her. For perhaps five minutes he remained motionless, staring at the spot where she had last stood.

The marble coldness had left his face. His expression was soft and gentle, and somewhat doubtful—the expression of a small boy who has lost his way in a maze of streets and knows not where to turn next. He had a guilty feeling—as though he had perpetrated an outrage by daring to proffer this girl a half-marriage. And then he became very much afraid that Ruth Marbury might not accede to his proposal. The thought was not pleasant. He realized that Ruth was different from other girls, so different as to have inspired this idea of a safe marriage. If she rejected his proposal it meant simply that he would let himself drift until some other woman ensnared him.

DURING the ensuing seventy-two hours Doctor William Hale avoided his secretary. His morning greetings were brief, his dictation held down to an irreducible minimum. As for

Miss Marbury, she did not broach the subject during that three days, and he had a sinking feeling that she did not intend to do so. And then, when he was least expecting it, she entered his office, high of color and constrained in manner, and gave him her answer.

"Doctor Hale," said she, and her voice was vibrant, "I have decided to accept your proposal."

For a few seconds he was conscious of no distinct emotion. Then—quite beyond any answer which his introspective mind could give—he felt wildly exuberant. He leaped to his feet, all semblance of dignity gone from him, and seized her two hands between his palms.

"Wonderful! I'm delighted! You've no idea, really, how happy this makes me, Miss Marbury. I'm terribly grateful—"

Their eyes met, and into the mind of each flashed sudden realization that they were thus discussing the linking of their lives. Platonic or not—such a step was an important one. They stood there, staring at one another, and (Continued on page 120)



"Miss Marbury—I wish you to marry me—but I have no desire to make you my wife." Ruth discovered suddenly that there was naught of humor in the situation.

Illustrated by
H. Weston Taylor

This fine new story of the Information Kid again demonstrates that Mr. Beaumont knows what he writes about—he has refereed prize-fights, clocked race-horses, umpired baseball. And when he places a story in Mexico, an American who has lived there a long time writes: "This is the first time in twenty years' voluminous magazine reading that I have felt the urge to write commending a story for its veracity in picturization of Mexico and its people."



With fan and water-bottle they pursued the well-known treatment prescribed by the Marquis of Queensberry.

The Opals of Allah

By GERALD BEAUMONT

"WE stop overnight at Cañon de Cancio," said the Information Kid, "and then we hit the east trail up the first of the Three Angels. The cave is full of opals."

Henry the Rat looked long and earnestly at his lord of life. "I knew it!" he sighed. "I could feel it comin'. Didn't I tell you to quit readin' them 'Arabian Nights?' Boy, you're the cuckoo lily of the world! Keep away from me!"

The hustlers were perched by the quarter-pole at the Tia Juana track, and they were supposed to be clocking the early morning workouts. Aged campaigners steamed past them under the guidance of stableboys; aristocratic two-year-olds ambled by on their way to class instruction at the barrier. Sunshine slanted down from the intense blue of the Mexican heavens, gradually banishing the ocean fog.

"Now, listen," said the Information Kid. "I'll admit I don't know what's behind a dream—"

Henry threw up both hands in mock astonishment.

"Put a nick in the wall," he jeered. "That's the first time in your life you ever weakened. Aint you feelin' well?"

The Information Kid controlled himself with an effort.

"I don't know what's behind a dream," he repeated, "but I'll tell the cockeyed world, I'm willin' to learn."

"Go to it!" said Henry. "Information's your dish, but it aint mine. If Allah's dropped any opals in Mexico, you and him can go look for 'em. Why didn't you dream about somethin' we can bet on? You oughta take lessons from Silver Dream Charley; there's a guy that knows how to dream! This 'Arabian Nights' stuff goes for Sweeney!"

The Information Kid blew a thin spray of cigarette-smoke in the direction of the Sierra Juarez range, showing pale gray against the southeast sky. He was twenty-four, born and bred to the trade of a free-lance hustler, and there was nothing that the race-tracks of three countries could teach him. His only weakness was a passion for "The Arabian Nights," whose fanciful

legends he persisted in applying to the picturesque world in which he lived.

"Well, all right, Henry," he accepted. "Sorry you're not going along. I forgot to tell you that this dream dopes out pretty good. I spent three hours in the public library at San Diego readin' about opals; they're in Lower California, all right. You know old Tonia, who runs the curio-store at Mexicana?"

"Sure," said Henry. "She's got fifteen kids, and named most of 'em after Tia Juana horses: Jerry Wagtail, Irish Dream—"

"That's the lady," confirmed the Kid. "Well, I buzzed her nice and pretty for a couple of hours. Her brother has a big sheep-ranch on the Tres Angeles—six thousand acres; and she says the Indians used to work an opal claim right up where I was tellin' you. The Don don't bother with it, because he can't get water or machinery up there. But Tonia give me a note to him, and she says he's a nice hospitable old man with a houseful of booze. He always treats his visitors right. You understand, Henry, I'm not touting you. I'm just givin' a little information. If you've got a hunch to stay home, why—"

"Wait a minute!" protested the Rat. "You didn't say nothin' about free refreshments before; I thought you was only dreamin'. You and me are always fifty-fifty, aint we? Is this opal stuff layin' right out on the ground?"

"It was, in my dream."

"Never mind about the dream! Let's see the note that Tonia gave you?"

"It's in Spanish, Henry—you wouldn't get it. But the mine's up there, all right. Tonia swears to that part of it."

"And her brother is a generous guy? Got a lot of good hooch?"

"That's it, Henry—but listen, now: Maybe, you'd better stay on the job. I don't like to tout anybody onto a thing against his judgment. You know me, Henry."

"Ye-ah, I know you, all right!" grunted the Rat. "I still think you oughta have the old bean examined, but there's a chance you may be O. K., and I aint gonna let you put anything over. When do we start?"

THREE days later two brothers-at-arms mounted on Mexican "canaries" rode out of Cañon de Cancio and headed for the distant desolate slopes of the Sierra Juarez. That was the strangest expedition that *Baja California*, land of mystery and romance, had ever seen: a modern Don Quixote, followed by his faithful Sancho Panza, riding through the dusty mesquite in pursuance of a tip from Allah—whose perfection he extolled!

An arm of the desert stretched before them, gray and ominous. An occasional peon, trudging behind a packmule, eyed them curiously as they passed. Behind lay safety and the American border: concerning what lurked in front of them they had nothing but old Tonia's word. The early sun warmed to its task, and for the first time the Information Kid confessed to a slight misgiving regarding the adventure on which they had embarked.

"Yea, bo!" he sighed. "We're going to the post; look us over, and weep! Henry, who do you like?"

Henry the Rat, equipped with a two-quart sombrero that hurt his ears, sized up his companion's burro and then his own, viewing with professional interest the aural appendages of the two animals.

"I'll play this one," he decided. "In a close finish, all he'd have to do is stick out those flappers, and there'd be nothing to it. G'long, you son-of-a-gun!"

He kicked his heels earnestly, but the burro merely wheeled in a lazy circle. The Rat turned philosophically to his lord of life.

"No use, Kid! This lulu's a thoroughbred; he wants to come from behind. You got the pace-setter."

"Not a chance, boy, not a chance! They're stable companions, and they'll walk a dead heat all the way."

As usual the Information Kid had a good hunch. If there is anything wiser than a race-track hustler, it is a Mexican burro. Turn his nose toward a barrier of blue mountains, let him catch the first hot breath of the desert lying between, and promptly he settles into a pace that his ancestors learned in a region where there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet!

The morning sun illumined shrewd young faces, and cast grotesque shadows athwart the dim trail. The dust began to settle on their shoulders. Henry the Rat's pessimism returned.

"Cuckoo lily is right!" he grumbled. "I'll bet there aint an opal within nine hundred miles of here. Man down at Sullivan's bar told me this guy Velasco was operatin' around here. Federal troops run him out of Tecate. It's a seven-to-ten shot we get cut up for bandit-bait."

Noontime saw them still negotiating a lonely trail over undulating foothills covered with cactus and heavy chamiza. Heat-impes danced before them. Snakes and lizards eyed them from granite boulders. An occasional coyote, startled from his resting-place, loped out of range, pausing to look back reproachfully. Overhead a buzzard sailed in slow circles, displaying entirely too much interest in their progress, to please Henry.

"Wish I was back in Chi," he lamented, "sittin' on the fire-escape with my old mother and drinkin' home brew. Kid, I thought we was going to be guided by Allah?"

"Well, nothin's happened to us yet, has it?"

"No," agreed Henry, eyes on the buzzard, "but if Allah's your friend, ask him to shoot that bird, and make them mountains quit cheatin'. That highest peak over there has moved back ten miles in the last four minutes. If you listen to me, we're slippin'."

The Information Kid produced a harmonica from his vest pocket and sounded softly the opening strains of his favorite ballad:

I've a winner in Kentucky,
In the land where love is lucky
And I'm going to play my ducky,
So, it's good-by, pals!

Henry knew what *that* meant. The Kid never spoke of his home State, or the girl who waited for him, unless he was firmly convinced that the long expected "killing" was at hand. Then it was useless to argue with him.

THEY stopped for rest in the shade of a rock that towered a hundred feet above the trail. The burros stood with ears drooping while their lords and masters sprawled on the ground, cursing the heat that seared their eyeballs.

"Opals," groaned Henry, wiping the sweat from his sharp little features, "opals! Kid, if they ever have a race for squirrels, I'll pawn the family jewels and bet on you till the bell rings. Boy, you'll tin-can all the way!"

The Information Kid was strangely silent. He was a far higher type than his colleague—unbelievably wise in many things, guileless as a child in others. For him, Fate was always spinning a fairy web, and the Goddess of Dreams ever luring him on. That was why he clung so fondly to his dog-eared copy of "The Arabian Nights," for does not the Prophet say:

"There is no power or glory but in Allah, the High, the Great! Then say not of an event: how did it happen? For everything happeneth by Fate and Destiny."

It was surely not the Kid's fault that Allah (whose name he exalted!) should have whispered to him in a dream:

"O my friend, listen to the words of love: I will guide thee across the desert to the Mountain of the Clouds, and no harm shall befall thee; but instead thou shalt enjoy great wealth, and behold opals of exceeding beauty. In the name of Allah. . . . hear and obey!"

The Kid rested quietly on his back, his sombrero shielding his face, and revolved in his mind the information he had secured at the public library concerning the past performances of thoroughbred opals. What impressed him most was the statement that opals contained the combined beauty of all other gems, and because of this, the ancient Turks believed them to be flung down from heaven in the lightning as the gift of Allah—to whom he ascribed all might and glory! He was awakened from his reverie by the impatient protest of Henry.

"Let's get out of here," pleaded the Rat. "That buzzard is gettin' my goat. Look at him—he's called his whole family up. I guess he thinks we've croaked."

The Information Kid stared with puckered eyes at the sky and then at the wilderness to the east. He was the first to realize that their program had miscarried in one important particular. They would never make Manuel Torreon's hacienda before night-fall. Mentally he checked off their equipment; apparently they had everything necessary for a night camp in a region where few men venture. Nevertheless he was vaguely disturbed by a premonition that had been steadily growing on him for the last hour. Some sort of danger awaited them, but he could not divine its nature. He sneaked a ten-cent piece out of a trouser pocket and glanced at the coin surreptitiously. The coin said "heads," and he returned the oracle quietly to his pocket.

"Come on, Rat," he decided. "We've got to camp out tonight, and I think we'd better leave the trail and cut across to one of those cañons where we can get some wood."

"Good night!" exclaimed Henry. "Aint we gonna reach the



"So you find this nino in the desert, eh?" Velasco jeered. "You lie! You are Costello's wine!"

Don's before dark? Boy, the more I see of this track, the less I like it."

They rode onward, making their own trail now, along the fringe of the desert.

The Information Kid saw it first—a bright-colored Mexican serape bundled at the foot of a tall five-fingered cactus.

"Look, Henry," said he, "some guy's lost his shawl."

He reined in his burro, and dismounted. But Henry's quick eyes caught a movement in the scarlet bundle.

"Look out!" he shrilled. "Look out for snakes!"

The Information Kid drew his revolver, approached cautiously, lifted a flap of the covering with one foot, and jumped back.

EXPOSED to their view was a tiny citizen of Mexico, surely less than two years old, and just as surely very close to death! Eyelids were swollen shut in a little dark face; small lips opened and closed—opened and closed—with the silent pitiful gasp of utter exhaustion. There it lay, forty miles from nowhere, a child of the desert, attired only in a wisp of a cotton undershirt.

For the first time in his life, speech failed the Information Kid. Henry also was stricken dumb. Unable to believe their eyes, the opal-hunters stared helplessly. A dry rattle sounded from the baby's throat as it tried to acknowledge gratefully the flow of evening air. The Information Kid sank to his knees, and then sprang up.

"Water!" he ordered. "Get the water-bag, Henry! Douse it all over him! Here give it to me! Now, you fan him with your hat! Come on—get up close! What you scared of?"

The Rat knelt down and swung his hat, but his face was pale.

"S-smallpox!" he stuttered. "Smallpox, I tell you! Nobody's

going to leave a baby out here to die like this. Gawd A'mighty, we're in for it now!"

The Information Kid stared at the feverish little body as it visibly expanded under the flood of cool water. A tiny tongue protruded in an effort to lap up the drops that trickled down from dark hair. The spectacle was too much for the king of hustlers.

"I'll tell the cockeyed world I'll take a chance!" he quavered. "Keep back if you want to, but I'm going to string with this kid."

He squatted on the sand, slipped an arm under small shoulders, and directed a trickle of water into the baby's mouth. Henry sighed helplessly, edged in closer, and plied his sombrero vigorously.

With fan and water-bottle they pursued for half an hour the well-known treatment prescribed by the Marquis of Queensberry. It was as good a plan as any other: air and water—water and air!

Twilight stole upon them, and the first stars began to twinkle overhead. The little son of Mexico relaxed in the fold of the Kid's arm, and before very long he was dozing fitfully.

They made camp, and for an hour discussed this amazing development, without reaching any conclusion. There was no human habitation within miles. The baby had been either lost or abandoned; that much seemed certain.

Henry's early fears regarding smallpox and leprosy were gradually dissipated as an hour passed and neither he nor his companion experienced any alarming change in their state of health. They devoured ham sandwiches and *enchiladas*, feeding the third member of the party with bread soaked in water, and then experimenting with the pulp of a banana. The baby, having recovered the use of his lungs, was distressingly ungrateful. With all the

infantile vehemence of which such a one is capable, he expressed his disapproval of the world in general. Off somewhere in the darkness, coyotes yapped in high-pitched answer. Henry the Rat, eying the shrieking youngster disapprovingly, expressed himself under his breath.

"If anybody asks me," he grumbled, "I'll tell 'em this country's the bunk!"

But the Information Kid, giving free rein to his imagination as usual, was experiencing all the solemn responsibilities of parenthood. The fact that he had stumbled across this waiflet, just as it was yielding up its soul to the demand of the desert, impressed him as being beyond the ordinary laws of coincidence. It was as if the rescue had been ordained by Allah, Lord of the Three Worlds.

The baby continued to wail disconsolately until in desperation the Kid bethought himself of his harmonica. Playing very softly and with consummate skill, he tried the effect of the ancient "Go to Sleep, Ma Honey!" cradling the baby on his lap, and rocking back and forth in the glow of the brush fire. The lullaby worked its charm.

A Mexican moon, peering later over the gray slopes of the Three Angels, looked down upon the Information Kid, huddled under a blanket, one arm protecting the baby—and both were sound asleep. . . .

Dawn roused them gently, and they prepared to push on toward their destination. A half-mile to the left three buzzards were circling very low over a dark spot on the sand, and the Information Kid rode over to investigate. A wave of his arm brought Henry to his side. The body of a young Mexican woman, one hand clutching an empty water-bag, was sprawled face downward on the dry soil. It was not a pretty sight, for the starved denizens of the desert had already discovered the presence of that helpless form. The Information Kid shuddered, and looked at his companion. They were accustomed to solving the manifold riddles of the race-track, and they had little trouble guessing the truth of that grim tragedy.

"Burro must have got away, Henry, and she had to walk for help carrying the kid."

The Rat nodded soberly. "Probably gave the baby all the water she had," he suggested. "Kept the kid alive and wore herself out carrying him."

"That's it, Henry—then she put him down where she thought she could find him, right under that tallest cactus, and she tried to make it alone to the nearest water-hole. Pitiful, aint it?"

Across the pale sand floated the shadows of the hovering birds of prey.

"We can't leave her like this," decided the Kid. "Sand and rocks will do some good. Come on, Henry, and let's get it over with!"

A half-hour later, silent and thoughtful, they were riding on toward the mountains, with the baby bundled in its scarlet *serape* and held awkwardly across the saddle pommel of its guardian. It was noon when they emerged on the shores of a mountain lake, and saw the comfortable hacienda of Manuel Torreon. The proprietor of the big sheep-ranch, wrinkled and white of beard, read their note of introduction, and received them with native hospitality.

"Señores, you are in your own home: dismount and enter! *Nombre de Dios*, you have a *niño*?"

"Brother, you said something!" affirmed the king of hustlers. "I'll tell the cockeyed world, we've got a baby. If there's a woman around here, call her quick. I've exhausted my knowledge of what to do."

Manuel Torreon spread his hands helplessly. "A woman? I



call upon heaven, there is none! My wife and daughters are in San Diego. *Pero*, wait—there is the wife of old Benito. She is a she-wolf, señor—but we get her! Dismount, *amigos*—you are tired, no?"

"Something to drink," suggested Henry. "My friend here is interested in opals, but I'm thirsty as hell!"

Now, by the beard of the Prophet (on whom be peace!) Don Torreon proved a most excellent host. All work upon the hacienda ceased at once. Was not Señora Torreon away? Had not a *pobre niño* been rescued from the desert by two gallant *Americanos*? Were they not now his guests? Of a certainty!

"*Bueno!*" said their host. "We celebrate! It is a dry world, but we make it wet!"

It was a pleasant evening. The Information Kid christened the baby "Billy Bowlegs" in honor of the winner of the Coffroth Handicap, and informed the cockeyed universe he was going to take the youngster back to Mexicana and add him to old Tonia's "stable."



"Gracias a Dios!" she cried. "Tino, my beloved!" "Here he is, lady," said the Information Kid. "I had a hunch he was a thoroughbred."

polish. I think, *amigos*, there is more money in goats. Still—who knows?"

The Information Kid was sadly disillusioned. If these were the opals of Allah, they bore small resemblance to those of his dream. He had visioned a finished product—a harlequin opal with the flame of the ruby, the purple of the amethyst, the sea-green of the emerald, all contained in one golden gem that floated before his eyes like a glowworm's lamp. It was not often that the Information Kid went wrong on a hunch; but he was a good sport.

"Brother, you're all right!" he acknowledged. "I'll bet these opals turn out to be the real stuff. Look at the one in this rock, Henry—aint it a pip? Boy, we'll knock some of those hustlers dead when we flash this stuff on 'em! How 'bout it, Rat?"

Henry was disappointed too—but anxious to keep on the good side of his host. Further, it occurred to him that, even if they made no other use of the rocks themselves, they might be able to unload them advantageously upon some one who was not up on the subject of opals. Henry would much rather gyp a man out of two dollars than earn ten on the square.

"Ye-ah," he enthused, "this is the frog's croak, all right. Much obliged, pal. What do you say if we go back to the ranch? Seems like I'm still thirsty."

"*Por cierto!*" Manuel agreed. "We celebrate some more!"

But the Information Kid took only a polite interest in the subsequent festivities. Another "good thing" had gone by the board; once again his dream of wealth was shattered. In a little hick town, his mother must continue to wait for him; in another town, equally far distant, "Sweet Sue" Arlington would look down the long avenue of poplar trees, and see no slim, familiar figure swinging jauntily into the home stretch. He twisted his lips wistfully, and made a confidant of Señor Billy Bowlegs. "You poor little devil!" he crooned. "I don't think Allah's got much use for either one of us. How'd you like to have me for a daddy?"

Billy Bowlegs clutched his guardian's necktie, and pulled himself upright on the Kid's lap. Benito's wife, the she-wolf, had managed to fashion an amazing costume out of Don Manuel's cast-off shirts. The silk garment had as many colors as Joseph's coat, and its wearer was very proud. He patted the unshaven cheeks of his protector, and drooled intimately on the Kid's vest. "Papá mio," he gurgled. "Papacito!" (Little father).

"Atta ol' talk," complimented his (Continued on page 96)

Señor Billy seemed rather pleased at the idea. He screeched at Benito's wife, but cooed placidly enough in the Kid's arms, accepting an unbelievable quantity of warm goat's milk.

"Look at his cute little toes," said the Information Kid. "Aint he got cute little toes, Henry?"

But the Rat was busily fashioning the bonds of an international alliance. Never in all his life had he met a greater man than the owner of the Torreon hacienda, and the host felt much the same way about his guest. At two o'clock in the morning Don Torreon was making a brave effort to present the Rat with a half-interest in the ranch, but Henry was unfortunately in no condition to accept the gift.

Obviously, there would be no difficulty about the opals. The very next day the owner of the hacienda piloted his guests to an abandoned claim a half-mile farther up the mountain, and with his own hands filled a flour-sack full of samples of trachytic porphyry which showed the presence of Mexican fire opals.

"Ver' good," said Manuel, "but it cost too much for cut and

Here proceeds the story of an amazing girl, Betty Bowen—unquestionably the greatest of Mr. Hughes' novels, all of which, during the past decade, have been written for this magazine exclusively.

The Golden Ladder

By
RUPERT HUGHES

The Story So Far:

BETTY BOWEN, the prettiest girl in the Providence town of President Washington's time, was running away from her yesterdays—evil yesterdays. Providence hated Betty; and ever since as a tiny child she had seen a righteous mob pull down her notorious mother's house about their ears, Betty had hated the town. Now she was nineteen; and her last lover, the French refugee Pierre, had been killed; and she longed to get away to New York, where there were already forty thousand people. New York was young and wicked and eager; and Betty Bowen was also all three.

She took passage on a coastwise vessel; and a French mariner Captain Delacroix, one of the other passengers, was much taken with her; and she was much interested in his offer to take her to France with him—as “first mate. Or—no, I have a first mate that lives in France. You can be my second.”

Betty stared after Delacroix so triumphantly, when their interview ended, that a certain Lavinia Ballou, who knew Betty, and who had been watching from the shadows, cried out:

“Well, I do declare, if you aint the brazenest thing! But it's all a body could expect of a girl who would run off and leave a little—”

Betty's hand went out to Vinny's throat, and the word on its way up went back down her windpipe. Betty's voice was low:

“If you speak of that again to me, Lavinia Ballou—or to anybody—killin' you is the least I'll do to you!”

That night, however, old Neptune woke to wrath, and in the peril of the storm small human bickerings were forgotten. (*The story continues in detail:*)

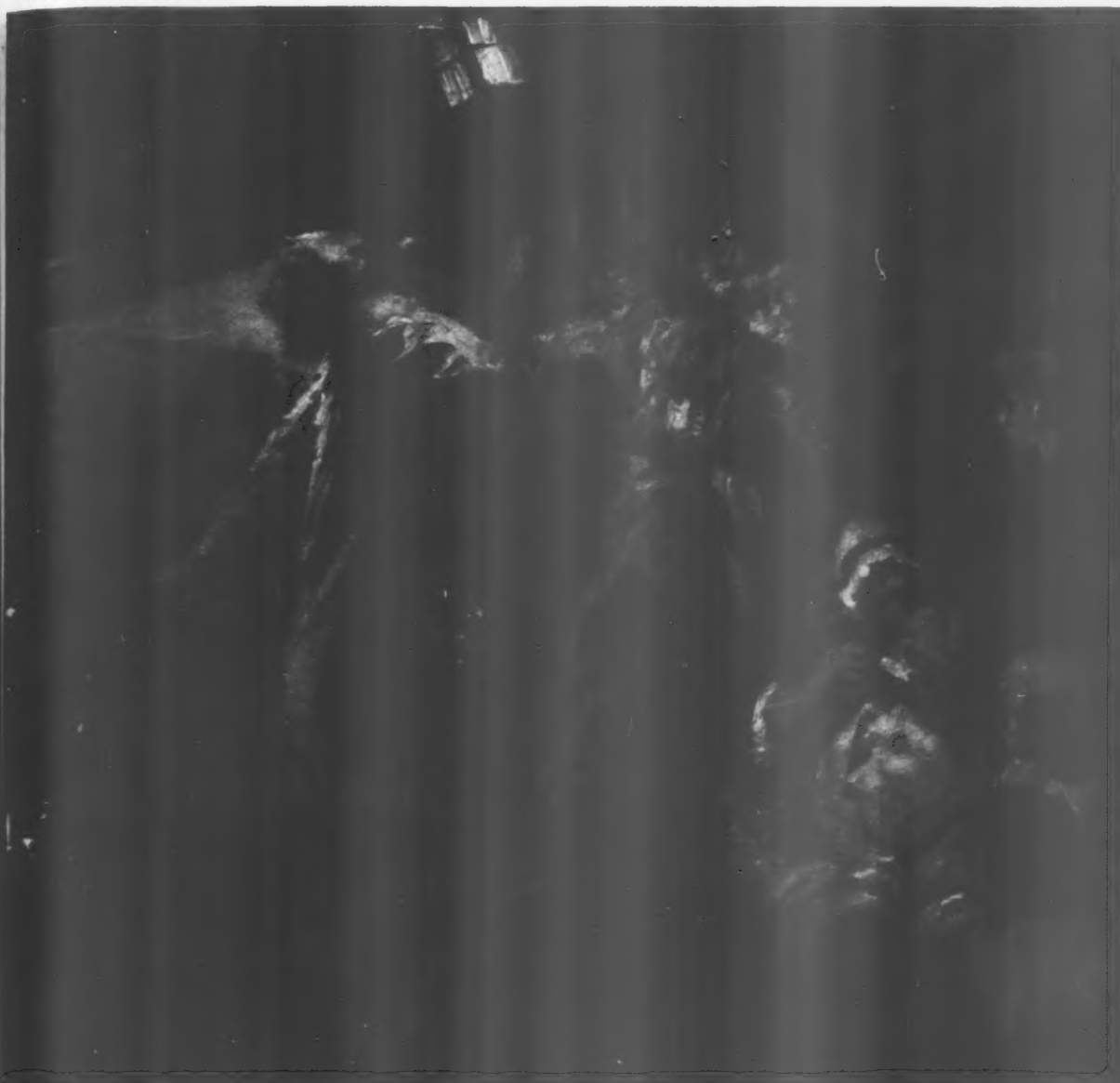
Chapter Seven

SUDDENLY the schooner veered and tilted the other way, and the people rolled about like a shifting cargo—a cargo of caged and frightened animals.

Betty was shot to the other side of her berth and almost over the edge. By the dull glow of the wide-swinging lantern, she saw what made her laugh even in the face of death. But one of the sailors who had run down with a bright lantern, ran up again to escape from visions that shocked even a sailor.

The passengers were sure that the ship was sinking or on fire, and they were making a mad scramble to escape, without pausing

The passengers were sure the ship was sinking or



on fire and were making a mad scramble to escape to nowhere. "It must be Judgment Day!" said Betty.

to figure out where they were to escape to. Betty decided that if she must drown, she would drown comfortably in her berth. But from all the other berths, from the staterooms, and from the floor the passengers were girding themselves for flight to nowhere. Children bawled; mothers screamed; and men cursed—while the lodger over Betty's head, wakened by his own noise and that of the other passengers, forgot the nightmare of his sleep and wondered if he were really awake.

He peered over the edge at Betty and called down:

"Wha's matter?"

"It must be Judgment Day," said Betty, and stared at him without any waste of modesty. Then she saw that Captain Delacroix was in his stateroom door. He had torn off his nightcap and had no wig on. He was handsome in spite of it, and had hair of his own in plenty. His blacksmith arms were hirsute; his chest was bearded.

He was not ashamed of his brawn, but began at once to cow the cowards, knocking the men about and handling the women with firm courtesy. He finally convinced the passengers that the schooner was in no danger of sinking, and order was gradually renewed.

THE next day the rain stayed in a sky as full of dirty gray wool as if all the sheepshearing in the world had been done there. The wind was cold and razory, but Betty and Captain Delacroix enjoyed a lurching stroll until a Presbyterian minister struck up one of David's psalms from the quarterdeck. Whereupon the Universalist began to chant one of Winchester's hymns on the forecastle, and a Methodist commenced an exhortation from the lee of the caboose house. The passengers who had no other diversion divided themselves among the sects; but Captain Delacroix and Betty, driven below, found the cabin empty and began to get better acquainted.

Betty had the Captain puzzled. He said, after many experiments:

"I don't know whether you're the knowingest witch in Christendom, or just the poor little orphan you pretend to be."

"Knowing is such a big word," Betty sighed. "I know nothing, I've seen nothing, I am nothing! Nobody!"

"Well," said the Captain, "I'll do my best to remedy your deficiencies."

Then he explained very bluntly: he was lonely; she was lonely; put two lonelinesses together, and you have good company. If

Betty cared to confide her fortunes to his hands, he would look out for her in New York and take her to Paris and back.

"In a word, *ma belle*, I'm offering to be your protector."

Betty rolled her sky-blue eyes at him and murmured:

"My protector? Is that the same as husband?"

"Well—hardly!"

Those limpid orbs baffled him. Like most men, he hated not to be as bad as a woman permitted, and he equally hated to make a woman any worse than she already was. He dreaded to let a minx fool him, and he hated to make innocence wise. He stammered:

"Well, a protector is like a husband except for one slight detail: there are no marriage lines, no ring, none of that sort of thing."

"Oh!" said Betty, having a hard time to keep her profound knowledge of life from exposure. "I'm not sure I know just what you mean, but if I do, I don't see why you call that protection. I should think it was just the opposite. Who's to protect a poor girl from her protector?"

"Well, I'm da—dashed!" the Captain groaned. "I beg your pardon. Forgive me, my child. We'll say no more about it, if you please."

HE wandered away in a muddle; and Betty, watching him, wondered if she had not overplayed her cards and frightened him off.

Still, the voyage was not over yet, and she understood by instinct that it was wise to keep a man anxious. She went hopefully up the steps to the deck.

All morning the wind increased, grew colder and colder. With twilight came flocks of snowflakes. Frost flowered like a pallid moss everywhere, incrusting the rigging with silvery foliage.

The sailors tried to keep the passengers below, but they stifled with the confinement and choked with anxiety. The fat Quaker, Mrs. Pennery, fearing that she would smother, lumbered up the steps with her daughter Susanna and ventured to set foot on the wet planks. Just then, as if her weight had determined it, the schooner heeled far over till the deck was a precipice. The Quaker woman's hands were wrenched loose from their hold, and she went sliding, bouncing, shrieking down to the rail. Before she struck it, a livid wave rose over the side, dipped down a horrid arm, picked her up and raced away with her into oblivion.

The few passengers who watched, and the captain and the sailors, were struck dumb with horror. There was no hope of finding the lost wretch. Even if the captain had dared to put about with his frozen crew, the icy waters must have dragged their victim down at once.

No one shouted "Man overboard!" No one made a move to launch the smallboat. Only the little daughter who had peered from behind her mother's skirts, gave forth a cry of mad fear. She began to scream and beat her hands together and call "Mamma! Mamma! Come back. Don't go! Come back!"

Betty caught the girl in her arms and hustled her down into the cabin, and did her best to comfort her. The other passengers gathered about with words of sympathy, but Susanna was afraid of them and drew closer to Betty, clinging to her with hands so tight they hurt.

There was a strange sad delight for Betty in the supreme compliment of a frantic child's trust, and she became a mother at heart for the first time. For hours she soothed the orphan and whispered to her and got her at last to sleep in her berth. Captain Delacroix watched her with eyes unwontedly tender, and the other passengers praised her softly among themselves.

But Lavinia, creeping close to her under pretext of looking at the little girl, sniffed:

"Aint it funny how much nicer other folk's children are than—"

"I warned you once!" Betty whispered, smiling for the benefit of the others, but making a claw of her right hand for the benefit of Lavinia, who felt those nails in her throat, and fell back with a shudder. . . .

The sea still ran high, and now and then a wave clamored along the deck; but there were no more disasters. The cold, however, was by now so intense that the frozen sails stuck to the masts when they flapped against them, and the cordage was congealed in a tangle. The passengers shivered, and Betty was driven into her bed with her clothes on. Susanna cuddled close and slept sobbing. And Betty slumbered like a madonna, dreaming that the orphan was a babe of her own, feeding at her orphaned breast.

The next day the sky was bluely clear of snow, and the sea as guileless as only fierce-tempered beings can look. The passengers went out and joined the various preachers in hymns of thanks to

Providence for its gracious protection, though Betty mumbled to Captain Delacroix:

"If Providence meant to protect us, why did it have to give us such a scare, and take so long about it? Why did it take that nice mother away from her child and leave that useless Lavinia Ballou?"

"You love riddles, don't you?" said Captain Delacroix. "But it seems to be your only vice. I'd like to protect you really from the world. I wish I could ask you to marry me; but there's an obstacle in Paris."

He gazed so reverently down at her that Betty realized for almost the first time the rewards for being good. She did not know what to say, but he took her gratitude from her eyes and went up to the deck.

The little Quaker girl would not let go of Betty's hand, or she would have followed. For a long while she waited in a turmoil of wraths at the way the world was treating her. She had not, after all, left trouble behind her in Providence. It had come aboard with her, and new troubles sprang up to meet her like the waves that rose at the bow as fast as they fell away aft.

At last, when she could bear the repose no longer, she coaxed Susanna to mount with her to the deck. The child looked at the smooth sea and wondered aloud:

"Is Mamma down there somewhere, do you think?"

"Your mamma is in heaven, my pet," said Betty angelically.

Her mood changed on the instant, for she saw that Captain Delacroix was leaning on the rail, listening intently to Lavinia, who was gesticulating indignantly and gabbling away at full speed. A puff of wind brought Betty the words she hardly needed to hear:

"I thought it only right and proper you should know them things."

Betty's right hand made ready to scratch and throttle, and she would have sprung forward to bundle Lavinia overboard. But her left hand was warmly engaged with the soft fingers of the child, and she was helpless. It was a bitter thought that her devotion to this orphan had betrayed her into the power of her enemy. Betty was learning much on this voyage, but not much in favor of the rewards of virtue. She turned and went back to her berth. Susanna was willing enough, for she was horrified by the bland mercilessness of the dancing sea.

Betty sat dejected on the edge of the berth, answering Susanna's eager questions about heaven with as much orthodoxy as her fierce mood permitted. Captain Delacroix went by to his stateroom and paused only long enough to say:

"Mothering comes naturally to you, doesn't it, my little innocent?"

Betty turned pale and lowered her eyes. She did not see that the Captain paused in his door a long moment to study her. She did not hear him sigh because of her exceeding loveliness, or note that he closed the door with as much tenderness as is possible with so rigid a thing as a door.

Lavinia did not come down. She stayed above near the rail with a grim readiness to leap over it to save her life. Betty, however, was flaccid with despair and nausea of the world. She could not have harmed even Lavinia.

IT turned out that Lavinia had not really destroyed her, for that afternoon when Susanna slept, and Betty went up to drift along the deck, too numb to observe that Lavinia slipped down the steps at once, Captain Delacroix suddenly drew close to Betty where she paused by the rail and mused upon the big emptiness of the world.

"I know all about you now, missy. You're a clever one—what the Yankees call 'mighty slick.' But I like you none the less—a little more, maybe. I don't mind a girl's being smart if she's pretty enough to make up for it. And you're that."

Betty stared at him in genuine innocence of what he was driving at. He groaned:

"What's behind those eyes, anyway? Damn it, but they're as deep and empty as that blue sky! And as reliable."

Betty's silence was bewilderment, but it looked like profound wisdom, and the Captain groaned on:

"You're cute, but I'm liberal. I've traveled. You're so pretty I don't care what else you are, so long as I can look at you. Come along of me, and I'll show you the world, and no questions asked, so long as you play fair. Will you?"

He saw Betty turn pale. He saw that she breathed fast, but he could not tell whether she were afraid of his Satanic insult or dazzled with the beauty of the temptation. And before she could answer, the little Susanna came crying from the cabin and



On Broadway a gallant Frenchman seized the pump-handle from her delicate fingers. "Pairmeet me, Ceetizeness, yes?"

ran to her, seizing her hand and interposing herself between the two forms, pushing the burly satyr from the slender nymph.

Here at least was innocence of which the Captain was assured. He could not bargain across that child, and he walked away. Betty could not hate the child, though she had wrought as much ruin as Lavinia. She stood caressing the arms that clasped her fiercely and straitly.

The next day there was a doleful calm. The schooner could not find breeze enough to curve the sails; they wrinkled and slatted in peevish impatience at their uselessness. Still the Captain did not come near Betty, and she went almost mad with Susanna's eternal questions and amazingly unimportant gossip.

Nightfall led on a swift wind that got behind and drove the schooner ahead at such speed that the morning brought Long Island abeam. Into the Sound, the boat scudded with many other

sail in company, strange vessels from many seas, slipping into New York or away.

But the Gate of Hell was yet to pass. Here the wide waters must crowd through a narrow and twisted channel between Long and Ward's islands, and they were torn by sharp rocks, thrown every which way into whirlpools and darting currents.

The preachers sent up to heaven much good counsel, which for once was not contradictory, and whether it were God or Captain Curley that guided the course, the *Swiftsure* lived up to her name. She flashed past the Hog's Back, and whirling round the Gridiron, worried through the maelstrom encircling the Potrock, while women screamed, children clung to their parents, and men repented their sins or regretted their virtues. But the *Swiftsure* got away without a scratch into the calmer waters below, and the souls returned to their habits.

When Betty had exhausted her courage and the daylight, she and Delacroix were almost lost to view beneath the bundles.

By and by New York began to march forward with her superb horizons framing her Italian sky. The blue river was so untroubled by the light wind that the schooner seemed to stand still while the city swung closer and closer. Fields and marshes gave way to homesteads and stately residences. The buildings congregated slowly and gradually aligned till they made a long wooden parapet loopholed with windows in an endless row. Above the city four spires pierced the sky. Below and before the houses, wharves ran out in an endless serration of blunt teeth. The East River, as they called the Sound down here, was populous with shipping, with frigates flying foreign colors, with brigs and merchantmen, with fishing smacks and ferries, wherries, ketches, barges and canoes. There was still danger at sea from the British and French privateers, but there were more vessels than at Providence to dare the chance.

The majesty of everything overawed blue-eyed Betty. Here she was at last at New York, and it frightened her, a lone young girl bringing nothing from home except disgrace and disgust, and nothing to sell but another pair of blue eyes, another pretty mouth and another tall, slim figure. From what she could learn, the city was already oversupplied with such merchandise.

There was no witch to whisper her that one day she would own vast quantities of this city's priceless land, and inhabit a demesne more stately than any there today. She could only know that she was a stranger in a strange realm. There were forty thousand people here, and she had not a friend among them all—nor on the boat a friend except the child that clutched her hand and waited for life to do with her what it might.

Chapter Eight

THE moment the schooner was made fast to the wharf it sidled up to, the little Pennery girl broke from Betty and ran to the dock, screaming: "Papa! Papa!"

She flung herself into the arms of a Friend with a broad-brimmed hat, and when he cast his eyes about in search of her mother, the child began to sob and to point blindly into space.

Betty bent to pick up her own luggage. It was no heavier than her heart. She had not even a child's hand to hold in her own.

As the passengers flowed molasses-wise along the deck to the plank and across it to the dock, Betty was jostled among her bundles with never a hand to help her. She heard the New Englanders saying: "It tuk me two weeks to come from Prov'dence last time. Lucky to get here in only five days from Nooport this time."

"Well, anyways, we're in New York."

"Where you allowin' to stop?"

"Mrs. Loring's boardin'-haouse up to Number One Broadway is about the best place. They tell me they're buildin' a new huttel called the City Huttel, with a slate roof onto it. But Mrs. Loring is robber enough for me—seven dollars a week for board and lodgin'! Beats all!"



"Well, if you will have style, you got to pay for it. I'm going to King's Little Tavern next the Presbyterian church in Wall Street."

"Well, if you're so elegant as to lodge in Wall Street you'd best ride. They tell me they got hackney coaches naow in Noo York that carry you anywhere you want to go."

Betty, thrilled at the prospect of taking such a ride herself, was startled when Captain Delacroix shouldered near her and mumbled back of her ear:

"I'll be at the Bull's Head, if you come to your senses."

Before she could answer him, he was flinging his things into a hackney coach. She might have gone with him if she had not been so slow in reaching her "senses." It was bitter for Betty to see him ride away, while she went on foot—especially as she shifted from one heel to the other, wondering where she could go.



She and Lavinia had planned to share a room at the establishment of Major Rapelye, a veteran of the war, who supported his wife and children by keeping a boarding-house in Cherry Street. But she would not stop under the same roof with Lavinia. Remembering the name of King's Little Tavern in Wall Street, she resolved to try that shelter and trudged across the wharf to Front Street and down this noisy road reeling with drunken sailors and laborers, past the Fly Market, to Wall Street, and up to the tavern. Here she was regarded with suspicion aggravated by her beauty.

An old Frenchman in ruffles of point lace and a bag-wig stared at her with approval; a Southern planter ogled her and paid her the tribute of taking his cigar from his lips as she passed. Foreign travelers of varied estate, cattle-drovers, and mariners from many a sea paid the tax of a pleased regard.

The room she was led to by a slave had only two beds in it, and she hoped to escape the usual experience of finding a strange woman lying alongside her in the morning when she woke. In some of the rooms there were four or five beds, but lone women were rare, and the inn was not crowded.

The prospect was dismal, her future as barren as the walls. She counted her money over, and the necessity of replenishing her gaunt purse was urgent.

She walked outdoors to escape the prison of her room. The sights of the strange city fascinated her, yet maddened her with envy—made her willing to venture upon any sacrifice to achieve pride. She had not been schooled to prudery or even to modesty. What she despised in her past was its cheapness.

Many men bespoke her and were frozen with the blank stare of her slow blue eyes. They fell back (*Continued on page 140*)

Illustrated by
Charles Livingston Bull

In these stories of North American animals in their native wilds, Mr. Roberts is drawing upon his long years of experience in the great Northern out-of-doors where he was born and from the soil of which his genius takes its life. At present, however,—“for the sake of perspective,” he says,—he is carrying on his literary work in London.



The Moose Yard

By

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

FROM across the wide, wooded valley of the lone Tin Kettle, borne clearly on the frosty and sparkling air, came the sharp sounds of ax-strokes.

The great moose bull, who had been drowsing in the dusky depths of the fir thicket, beside his hump-shouldered cow and her two long-muzzled, leggy calves, shot his big ears forward like an apprehensive rabbit, lifted his huge ungainly head, distended his moist nostrils and sniffed anxiously. Heaving up his black bulk with no more noise than if he had been a shadow, he parted the branches cautiously with his long muzzle and peered forth.

It took him but very few moments to realize what had happened. The lumbermen had come back to the long-deserted camp across the valley. All winter through, the valley would ring with rough voices, with the sharp percussion of ax-strokes, the jangle of chains and harness, and the snorting of busy teams. It would be a bad neighborhood for the moose. Therefore, though the valley was a comfortable one for his winter quarters, the wise old bull wasted no time in coming to a decision. In a few throaty rumblings this decision was conveyed to the cow and calves. And with fierce resentment in his heart, he led the way back into the depths of the forest, back, far back from the place of sudden peril.

The snow even now, at the beginning of December, was hardly a foot deep on the level. Moreover it was dry and light, so the going was easy for the migrant family. Traveling at a long, effortless trot, the little procession pushed in ghostly silence deeper and deeper into the white, colonnaded glades of the fir-forest. From time to time some drooping branch, snow-burdened, stirred at their shadowy passing and shook down its thick white powder upon their dark hides. Sometimes a startled snowshoe rabbit leaped into the air almost beneath the great black leader's nose, bounded aside, and sat up, unafraid, on his haunches, with waving ears, to watch the inoffensive travelers go by. And once a big

gray lynx, meeting them suddenly, clawed up into a tree with a snarl and glared down upon them with round, moonlike savage eyes, itching to drop upon the neck of the smaller calf, but well aware of the doom which would follow such rashness.

By sunset the moose had put leagues of difficult country between themselves and the dreaded lumbermen. The wise old bull was not content, however, for he knew that the trail behind them was plain as a beaten highway. But he judged it time for a halt. While the shadows crept long and level and violet-black across the snowy glades, and the westward sides of the tree-tops were stained red-gold with the wash of the flaming sky, the travelers browsed hungrily on the fragrant twigs of the young birch and poplar trees and the sweet buds of the striped-maple saplings. Then in the fast-gathering dusk they all lay down to rest and ruminate for an hour or two, under the branches of a wide-spreading hemlock. A morose old porcupine, hunched up in a crotch above their heads, squeaked crossly and grated his long yellow teeth at this intrusion upon his solitude. But they had no quarrel with the porcupine, and only the two inquisitive calves took the trouble to glance up at the source of the strange noises.

Two or three hours later, when the moon rose, the fugitives resumed their flight. Presently they emerged from the wooded country and crossed a low, bleak ridge of granite and scrub where the snow had been swept away, except from the clefts and hollows, by a recent gale. Traversing this harsh region in haste, the great bull led the way down the farther slope, and reached once more the shelter of a belt of firs.

The night-sky by this time had become thickly overcast, till the only light was from the wide, vague glimmer of the sheeted earth. And now snow began to fall—a thick, still fall of small flakes which the weather-wise bull knew was the kind of snow-fall that would speedily cover up the trail behind him. The



The bear worked his way stealthily till he was within five or six feet of the unsuspecting calf; then he hurled himself forward.

immediate danger from the pot-hunters of the lumber camp—who care little for the game-laws—being thus removed, he led the way into the shelter of the trees; and once more the little party, this time with unanxious hearts, lay down to sleep in the soft and muffled dark.

Not yet, however, was the crafty bull content with his distance from the lumber-camp. His destination was clear in his mind's eye—a region of low-lying land, of mixed swampy barren and stunted birch-woods, dotted with shallow ponds, and producing no timber of a growth to tempt the axes of the lumbermen. All the following morning he pressed on with his tiny herd, keeping his direction unerringly though the snow fell so thickly that no landmarks could be detected. Early in the afternoon the snow ceased, the white-gray sky changed to a sharp and steely blue, and the sun shone dazzlingly, bringing not warmth, however, but an intense and snapping cold. The dead-white wastes flashed into a blinding sparkle of diamond points. And then, when the first thin rose of approaching sunset was beginning to flush the shining glades, he reached the place of his desire.

Close in the hollow, southward-facing curve of a dense fir-copse, overtopped by a group of tall hemlocks, the bull proceeded to establish his new winter home. Here, beneath the wide branches of the hemlocks, was a dry shelter shielded from the fiercest winds by the thick, surrounding screen of young firs; and here too was abundant forage, in the stunted birch, poplar and willow which dotted the levels outside the copse. For the moment the moose family chose to pasture on the low berry-bushes and coarse herbage, which they could still get at easily by pawing away the snow.

It was with forethought of the storms to come that the prudent bull, aided by his cow, set about the establishment of their winter quarters. To the woodsman these winter quarters of the moose are known as moose-yards. In the lay mind a moose-yard is

pictured as a sort of wild farmyard, surrounded by walls of the deep, untrodden snow instead of farm buildings, the snow within it all trodden flat or pawed clear, wherein the moose family passes the winter pasturing precariously on such branches as hang within reach. But it is nothing of the sort. Except for the clear space under the trees, serving as sleeping quarters, it is rather a maze than a yard. It consists of an intricate labyrinth of deeply trodden narrow paths, winding this way and that, to touch every bush, every sapling, every thicket which affords the moose suitable browsing. These paths are trampled free after each heavy snowfall, and laboriously extended, as the supply of provender nearest home begins to run short. Threading these labyrinths, the moose move freely and at ease; and only under sternest compulsion will they break out into the soft, six-foot deeps of the snow, where they flounder to their bellies, and are at the mercy of foes whom at other times they would utterly scorn.

For a couple of days now the little moose family had fine weather, giving them time to settle down, and to tread out their trails to all the choicest thickets. Then the snow set in in earnest. For four whole days it snowed, steadily, thickly, blindingly, as it only can snow when it tries on the high barrens of northern New Brunswick. All the wilderness world was muffled in a white silence. The moose were kept busy trampling out their paths, that they might not be utterly obliterated. In the course of this task the great bull shed his mighty and magnificent but no longer needed antlers. He had grown them, in all their formidable splendor, during the past summer, for the sole purpose of battling with his rivals in the mating season; for against other adversaries he used no weapons except his knife-edged, pile-driving forehoofs. For weeks the network of copious blood-vessels at the

roots of his antlers, which had nourished their marvelous growth, had been shrinking and drying up. And now, whether of their own weight or at the pull of an overhanging branch, they dropped off, painlessly, and were buried in the snow. The bull merely shook his huge head for a moment or two, as if surprised, and then went on with his trail-breaking, glad to be relieved of the useless burden.

WINTER, having started so late and so half-heartedly, now seemed to repent its irresolution, and set itself with redoubled rigor to make up for lost time. Storm succeeded furious storm, with intervals of clear, still weather and cold of an intensity that appeared to draw down unmitigated from the spaces of Polar night. Never had the old bull known so savage a winter. But for him and his little family, hardy, well-sheltered from all the winds, and with abundant provender always in reach, neither driving storm nor deathly frost had any special terrors. They fed, grunted, ruminated, slept, blew great clouds of steamy breath from their hot red nostrils, and patiently abided the far-off coming of spring.

Not so, however, the other dwellers of the wilderness—excepting always, of course, the supremely indifferent porcupine, who, so long as he can find plenty of hemlock twigs and bark to stuff his belly with, pays little heed to cold or heat, to sunshine or black blizzard. The weasels, foxes, lynxes, fishers—all were famishing; for the rabbits, their staple food, were scarce that year, and the grouse and ptarmigan, appalled at the bitterness of the cold, took to burrowing their way deep into the snowdrifts for warmth, so deep that their scent was lost, and they slept secure from the fiercely digging paws of their hunters. As for the bears, most of them had "holed up" discreetly at the first of the storms; and now, in little rocky caves, or dens hollowed beneath the roots of some great fallen tree, under a six-foot blanket of snow they were comfortably sleeping away the evil time. But a few old males, morose and restless, had as usual refrained from hibernating; and these, now gaunt and savage with hunger, prowled the smitten waste incessantly, ripping rotten tree-trunks open for a poor mouthful of wood-grubs or frost-numbed ants, and filling their paunches with twigs and bitter lichens.

It was this hunger-madness which drove one bear to the perilous venture of an attack upon the moose-yard. Seeking a new hunting-ground, he had wandered unhappily out to the edge of the barrens, hoping that there he might have better luck than in the deep of the woods. As he drew near the moose-yard he was thrilled to see some signs of life in the otherwise lifeless waste. There were fresh fox tracks and weasel tracks, with now and again the great pad-marks of a foraging lynx. The unconcerned moose-family, well-fed and comfortable in their sheltered quarters, had a vain fascination for all the ravenous wanderers. The moose-yard afforded asylum to half a dozen pairs of impudent little Canada jays, or moose-birds, who hopped and pecked fearlessly about the trodden ground, and frequently roosted on the backs of their lordly hosts, warming their toes in the long, coarse hair and exploring it with their beaks for insect-prey.

Stealing warily up-wind, the famished bear at length caught the smell of moose, and knew that he was approaching a moose-yard. Now, in an ordinary winter, with food fairly abundant, and hunting reasonably easy, he would have turned aside at this smell, to avoid tantalizing himself with the unattainable. But now, when he was close on starving, it was another matter. His lean jaws watered at the thought of warm red meat. For merely one taste of it, what risk would he not face? And the bull presiding over this particular moose-yard *might*, possibly, be a weakling.

But however rash his venture, he did not go about it rashly. His desperation only made him the more cautious. There was so infinitely much at stake. Sinking himself deep into the snow, he wound his way forward soundlessly, and behind the screen of a thick fir bush lifted his black head to reconnoiter. In a flash, however, he sank down again and shrank back deep into the snow, every nerve quivering with fierce hope. The long muzzle of the younger moose-calf had appeared over the edge of the snow wall a few feet away, and was pulling vigorously at the branches of a poplar sapling.

The bear knew something of moose-yards. He knew that while he himself was hampered by the deep, soft snow, his intended prey had the well-trodden paths to move in, and could make swift escape, at the least alarm, back to the protection of its mother and the gigantic bull. As he could see by the violent rocking of the poplar, the calf was very busy and engrossed. The bear worked his way stealthily a little to one side, still shielded by

the dense young firs, till he was within five or six feet of the unsuspecting calf. Then, gathering beneath him all the force of his mighty haunches, he hurled himself forward and burst into the deep pathway. From the corner of its eye the calf glimpsed a huge and dreadful black form looming over it, and with a squeal of terror turned to flee. But in the same fraction of a second it was struck down, its frail back broken at a single blow.

Famished as he was, the bear could not resist the temptation to delay for one brief instant, while he tore a throbbing mouthful from the victim's throat and gulped it down. Then he dragged his prize back behind the shelter of the firs, and went floundering off with it in desperate haste through the snow, hoping that he had not been seen.

But the hope was a vain one. The bull and the cow had been lying down. At the calf's cry they had shot to their feet. Their furious eyes had marked the slaughter. In deadly silence, ignoring the paths and breasting down the barriers of snow irresistibly, they came charging to the vengeance, the stiff black hair of their necks on end with rage.

The bear, hampered though he was by the depth of the snow and by his unwieldy burden, had wallowed onward for some forty yards or so before the avengers overtook him. The cow, in her outraged mother fury, was a little in advance of her huge mate. What she lacked in stature she made up in nimbleness and in swift hate. When she was almost upon him, the bear wheeled like a flash upon his haunches and struck at her—a terrific, sweeping blow which, had it reached its mark, would have shattered her slim foreleg like a pipestem. But she swerved, and it flew past her; and in the next breath she struck. It was a long-range stroke, and she was away again, lightly, out of reach; but the fierce thud upon his ribs jerked a squealing cough from his throat, and the knife-edged hoof tore a long red gash down his flank. Before he could retaliate, the bull was towering over him from the other side. With a desperate leap he evaded that onslaught, hurling himself clear over the body of his victim. Then, realizing himself overmatched, he fled, his tremendous muscles driving him through the snow like a steam plow.

The cow stopped short at the body of her calf, sniffing at it anxiously, and licking it, and trying to coax it back to life. But the bull plunged onward in pursuit of the fleeing slayer. With his great length of stride he had the advantage of the bear in that depth of snow, and speedily overtook him. The latter whirled about once more to meet the attack; but as he did so, the snow beneath him, upborne on the spreading tops of a clump of flat juniper bushes, gave way treacherously, and he fell sprawling backward, clawing wildly, into a little hollow. Before he could recover, the bull was upon him. One great hoof pounded down upon him irresistibly, catching him fair in the defenseless belly and knocking the wind clean out of him. The next stroke smashed his foreleg. As he surged and heaved beneath those deadly strokes, in an agonized struggle to regain his feet, the cow arrived. And there in the dreadful smother of snow and branches the bear's life was slashed and trampled out of him.

NOT until the thing lying in the trodden and crimsoned snow bore no longer any resemblance to a bear, did the victorious moose feel their vengeance satiated. Then at length they turned, and slowly, in the reaction from their rage, plowed their way back to their home yard, avoiding, as they went, the spot where the dead calf lay stiffening in the snow. The moose-birds, chattering approval, fluttered down from the hemlock, and hopped about them, scrutinizing their bloodstained legs with dark, impudent bright eyes. And the elder calf, a lanky female now approaching the dignity of a two-year-old, who had watched with startled gaze the progress of the battle, greeted them with delighted snorts and nuzzlings. Her mother received these demonstrations with indifference. But the great black bull, in his triumph, accepted and returned them with lordly condescension, dimly sensing a time when the youngster would be grown up. Had she been of his own sex, a possible future rival, he would have haughtily ignored her transports, or brusquely rebuffed them. Except in mating season the moose is little apt to be demonstrative.

In a magically short time—so swiftly through the frozen silences travels the news of food—the solitude around the moose-yard was broken up. The neighborhood became a place of resort. First arrived the hungry red foxes and the snakily darting white weasels, to gnaw and tear at the great carcasses in the snow, and snarl at each other with jealous hate. These small marauders, though not often in evidence, had never been far from the moose-



The cow, quicker than thought, met the charge with a side slash full in the face which shattered both the wolf's jaws.

yard, for they had instinctively anticipated some tragedy by which they might profit. Soon afterward came three gaunt gray lynxes, driven by hunger, in spite of their morose and solitary instincts, to hunt together with a view to attacking quarry otherwise too powerful for them. They drove off the foxes and weasels while they gorged themselves. But one fox, a late arrival, venturing too near in his eagerness to share the feast, was pounced upon and devoured.

At length appeared another famished bear; and all the feasters, great and small alike, sullenly made way for him, knowing the lightning swiftness of his clumsy-looking paw. He sniffed ravenously at the mangled body of his kinsman, but being no cannibal, turned away in disappointment and disgust. The moose-calf, on the other hand, was just what he wanted. Squatting over it jealously, he made a sumptuous meal. Then, ignoring the other darting and prowling banqueters, he lugged away the substantial remnants of the calf, to hide them in his far-off lair in the heart of a cedar swamp.

To all this hungry stir, to all this yapping and snarling, the moose in their sheltered yard paid no attention whatever, but went on browsing or drowsing as their mood dictated. Only when the bear arrived did they take notice, and grow angrily alert. As long as the bear remained upon the scene they kept to the center of the yard, the great bull stamping and snorting from time to time to show his readiness for battle. But when the bear waddled off with his prize, the stiff-legged, mutilated thing which had been a moose-calf, they once more fell unconcernedly to their browsing.

Days later, when at last nothing was left in that trodden snow-hollow but scattered tufts of black fur and a pinky-white skeleton gnawed and polished clean, silence once more descended upon the glittering white spaces about the moose-yard. By night the cold was still of a savage intensity; but the days were growing longer, and in the sun's rays at noontime there was a perceptible warmth. The result was a hard crust upon the surface of the snow—a crust so strong that all but the heavier creatures of the wild could move about upon it easily and swiftly. And now, ravaging down across it from their famine-stricken north, came the wolves.

ONE still and bitter morning, a band of four of the gray invaders caught scent of the moose-yard, and swept down upon it with their dreadful, quavering hunting-cry. At sight of these strange galloping beasts, with their long jaws and deadly fangs, the first impulse of the moose family was to flee. But the old bull, though he knew nothing of wolves, saw at once that flight would be impossible—that even to attempt it would be instantly fatal. Conveying this in some way to his two charges,

so effectively that they steadied themselves at once and closed up to him, he wheeled with a loud snort and stood to face the terrible attack. The cow promptly ranged herself beside him, while the trembling two-year-old thrust herself in between them.

The wolves, for all their hunger, were wary. They halted abruptly at the edge of the yard, impressed by the tall and lowering bulk of the bull and by the dangerous calm of his defiance. After a moment's hesitation they divided, two to the right and two to the left, and went loping stealthily around the rim of the central space, leaping the deep paths and, obviously, awaiting some sign of irresolution before dashing in. But presently one of them caught sight or scent of that heap of fresh-picked bones in the bloodstained hollow, and all together they galloped over to investigate. They knew very well that if, in the meantime, those defiant beasts in the moose-yard should take to flight, it would be a simple matter to trail them and run them down.

But nothing was farther from the proud old bull's thought than any such madness. Shaking his massive head angrily, with ever-growing confidence he watched the wolves as they fell with zest upon the bones of his ancient foe.

To the powerful jaws of the wolves the bones of the bear were a feast. All but the very biggest they cracked and crunched up, gulping down great morsels with the marrow and fresh juice. But of course, even for them it was comparatively slow work, for a bear's bones are hard and tough. Not till well along in the afternoon had they finished the job; and then, though no longer famished, they were still healthily hungry. One after the other they returned to the moose-yard, and began stealthily prowling about it, more deliberate now, but not less murderously determined. The moose, even more defiant than before, faced them sullenly and watchfully, the bull fronting one way, the cow the other, with the unwarlike two-year-old between them.

To the wolves it was clear that the vulnerable point in the moose-family's defense was this trembling youngster. If they could stampede her off from her formidable protectors, they could make an easy kill of her out in the snow. Suddenly they darted down into the yard from three sides at once. Two made a cunning feint at the bull, one at the cow—while the fourth sprang straight at the youngster's throat. But the cow, quicker than thought, met the latter's charge with a side slash full in the face which shattered both the wolf's jaws; and in the same instant she swung lightly to confront her own more wary assailant.

The stricken wolf, half stunned, and (Continued on page 180)



LIKE many other famous authors, Ida M. Evans began her writing career in this magazine. Her first stories, though laid in the unpromising milieu of a wholesale millinery establishment, had an instant success, for they revealed that same insight, sympathy and creative genius which make this present story so attractive.

*Illustrated by
Henry Raleigh*

The Jazz Jessalyns

By IDA M. EVANS

WITH "Jarvis" in smaller brilliant letters at the right, and "Jane" in the same at the left, "The Jazz Jessalyns" flashes on the sign of the New Centurion Roof Garden in incandescents so gorgeously golden that out-of-town visitors blink, and habitual city theatergoers lean back with that expectant air experienced patrons yield as tribute to success behind the difficult footlights.

The slim, graceful, whirling body of Jarvis Jessalyn, satin-clad, satin-shod, is a fillip to the most blasé Broadwayite. Jane Jessalyn's black-fringed blue eyes, set in a small pink-and-white face, divide public favor with her tiny white-flashing ankles and expert toes.

Jane Jessalyn has been compared, by critics, by quiet-eyed men and gushing women admirers, to a pink-and-white powder-puff, to a Naiad, to a divine streak of white graceful light. Jarvis has been called, in print, over brilliant restaurant tables and in girls' boarding-schools, a faun, a Narcissus, meat for the box-office, and the most perfect modern exponent of physical grace and motion.

The sleeked-back black head of the one, the pretty flying corn-colored bob of the other, unite to collect for the pair between twenty-five hundred and four thousand dollars weekly in revue, roof garden, musical comedy or whatever the pair choose to favor



"I'll say a few stocks and bonds help two people meet old age with a smile," observed Jane. He was staring into the mirror. "Day by day, in every way, my hair's getting thinner and thinner."

with their graceful double presence. That is, there is wide report as to the amount; and once Jarvis blandly pulled a gray check for the latter sum from his pocket at a supper-party of intimates.

In the Middle West, young women who read the patent inside of the small-town gazettes know Jane's beauty-column by heart. In Hollywood, groups of the lesser male stars gossip a good deal about Jarvis, and wonder bitterly how so much money stays outside their own profession. At Palm Beach, idling men and women with enormous bank-accounts scan with interest the roto-gravure Sunday supplements, anxious not to miss any pictures of the well-known pair. . . .

One February, *Terpsichorean Topics* oversold on all news-stands. It had an audacious page, with Jane clad chiefly in two gold-colored ostrich feathers, and Jarvis wearing brown stain, a sash of llama grass, a painted spear and not much else.

Jarvis himself did not care much for this particular piece of sepia. "That get-up was too scanty," he observed.

In wifely enough fashion Jane tried to placate him. "Listen, Jarv; Belknap couldn't help it because a steam-pipe busted that morning and his studio was cold—"

"Well, can we juggle two weeks of rehearsals, while a season's contract is hanging fire, to cater to the whims of a photographer's steam-pipes? I nearly got a fine cold!"

"Your spear and my two quills didn't set us back much financially. That's something," said Jane.

"True. More than I'll say for these Lord Punch and Lady Judy sequins." He scowled down at long satin cardboard boxes. "Levre's soaking us lately."

Jane sighed. "I've been thinking the same. If white satin didn't soil so soon!"

"It does."

"I'll say if Levre does charge, he knows color and line better than Edison knows electrons."

"Yes," agreed Jarvis reluctantly. "And you can't support a first-class reputation on tightwad costume effects."

"Should say you can't! Still—we ought to begin saving money, Jarv—sometime."

"Haven't I been saying that for several years back?"

"Well, I've said it as often as you." Jane's pink-and-white prettiness could effect petulance. But it was the careless petulance

of a wife of several years' standing. "That's my lipstick you're using, Jarv."

"Looked like mine."

"I'll say a few stocks and bonds help two people meet old age with a smile," observed Jane.

"Without some of such stuff, it's nothing to meet," said Jarvis curtly. He was staring into his mirror.

"What do you see, Jarv?"

"That hair- tonic is not what it's cracked up to be, Jane. Day by day, in every way, my hair's getting thinner and thinner."

"Let me look, Jarv. . . . H'm—I don't think so."

Months and heels twinkle down an eternal incline. It was the May after this February that the two, making graceful and vivacious exit hand-in-hand one night, as was their custom, flinging smiles like confetti on the upturned faces and applauding palms of crowded after-Lenten tables, hurried in white satin ruffs and perspiration to their dressing-room—and behind the closed door of that small room paused to face each other unsmilingly.

Behind them, at the table nearest the stage at the right of the runway, a tall brown-eyed young thing in several thousand dollars' worth of white hand-embroidered crêpe and a sable coatee, was still applauding. Her gloves had split. Her handsome young face was turned toward the wings which had received Jarvis Jessalyn.

"Talk about popularity! I'll hand it to you, Jarv," said Jane.

"Now, listen, Jane! If you're going to start that again—"

"I'm not starting anything. If there's something you'd rather not have mentioned at all, say so!"

"Go ahead, then."

"When it comes to be the sixth night, and her still gaping up at you with eyes like half-dollars, and her mouth open like her father's coupon-scissors—"

"Doesn't hurt the act any, does it, to have old Morgan Bloke's daughter appreciative of it?"

Jane emitted short, staccato, exaggerated laughter.

"Go on," encouraged her husband suavely. "These dressing-room walls aren't made of stone and sound-proofed, you know. Let everybody about the place, including the orchestra, hear you."

"Everybody including the orchestra knows it already."

"We can use any publicity that results." He smirked a little.

"She seems to think she can, too."

"She has a shapely head."

"And pocketbook."

"What do you mean, Jane?"

"One of these family's pets that has had most everything she wants—that money could buy!"

"Go slow, Jane!"

She did not go slow. Like a palpitating arrow of emotion,

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she shot out of her scanty costume. Quick passion shone pinkly through her heavy but perfect make-up. Her perky blue eyes were dilated and dark. Her thin, perfectly molded body quivered with temper.

In front of his own dressing-table, Jarvis was more leisurely getting out of a white satin ruff. He laid the delicate article away carefully before removing any of his own make-up. "Daubed it this afternoon. Four dollars for the cleaners."

Jane was silent. A maid who had entered was discreetly helpful without words.

For all his apparent leisureliness, Jarvis was dressed for departure from the theater before she was. In the door of the dressing-room, he paused, lighting a cigarette monogrammed with a double J. "Going right home?" he asked.

She said briefly that she was. "Nadine, don't bother with my hair till I get home."

"See you later, then."

She looked after the thin, supple figure, in its sleek, black garb. Some of the passion left her face and body, replaced by a curiously shaking white thoughtfulness. It was true that she and Jarvis did not lead precisely a Darby-and-Joan life. Often enough she went home directly the last curtain came down in maroon velvet folds. Sometimes she joined late dancing or card-playing parties that didn't tempt Jarvis. Often enough he re-



The younger Tucker took time to shriek an invitation: "Come on in! Good excuse, water is, for two drinks: before and after."

yellow. The yellow bowl was long since broken, the gray velvet train worn out. The Park Avenue apartment had had its lease three times renewed. Jane, her eyes five years older now, leaned back with them closed until the car drew up in front of the door.

Under the calcium Jane can pass for seventeen. At a bedroom window, with the dawn breaking in cruel, revealing grayness, she is older. Huddled even in a silvery chiffon negligee, her graceful, longish body betrays her thirties. None of her intimates know just which thirty claims her. Her facial skin is unwrinkled, but a certain fragility of white texture, particularly at the eye- corners, speaks much massage and cream and hence a lax receptivity—oh, not now, but soon enough—to the small devastating lines that are every woman's bitter fate.

Jane once said sincerely that she detested dawn-time—that is, the pre-grayness which falls over the sleeping world like an imitation shroud. And Jarvis had agreed that it was neither fish nor fowl time, knowing not the velvet beauty of night nor the healthy bustle of sunlight.

Besides, it came at

mained downtown for an hour or so to eat and play around without her.

Dispassionately, thoughtfully, she slipped now into the satin-lined cape which Nadine held out. Silently she sank into the back seat of the conspicuous ash-colored car which all Manhattan and Long Island knew by sight. Against the gray cushions her face tonight was not vivid.

She spoke briefly to the man. "Joe, did Mr. Jessalyn tell you to return for him?"

"No, Mrs. Jessalyn. He said he'd take a taxi home."

No, not Darby and Joan, exactly. But there are many rotogravure pages extant of the Jessalyns in domestic scenes. Their Park Avenue apartment has been featured often enough, from its ornate hall to its white-enameled kitchen. For a magazine page, Jane once juxtaposed the hall and the kitchen in a way to display her own versatility of pose. Half the page was white-checked gingham, so dainty a Psyche might have worn it, braided hair and a yellow bowl of pancake-batter. Half was a gray velvet train, a lovely profile and a wrist whose sapphire bracelet rested on the hand-carved arm of a fauteuil whose *gros-point* Jarvis had picked up cheaply at the auction sale of Cissie Hamper's effects after the auburn-haired musical-comedy star had committed suicide in Paris.

Five years back, this juxtaposition! The magazine page was

Jane's ebb-time; often enough, too soon after work's end, when muscles are saturated with fatigue, and spirit knows a let-down after smilingly sustained effort.

A wearisomely familiar time—even back in the smoky Pennsylvania town of her girlhood, or on Sixth Avenue, where Jarv was born and cabaret-bred. That was a good while back. Bad press-agenting to refer to the dates, but not an unpleasant memory. She and Jarv wore success like a white silk glove that was their own. She often privately had admired Jarvis for his adaptability, his flair for primping and posing—unchanged underneath, she had always believed—cool-eyed, a little selfish, but loyal to her and fonder of her than he would ever be of another.

Of course, the world wouldn't believe this. There had been his affairs in the past, to be sure. Publicity stuff, as when he sent flowers daily to that Hungarian prima donna—and every other day forgot, and Jane herself had to telephone the florist!

But that, too, was some time back. . . . Dawn is a chilly hour. She turned away pettishly from the open, silk-hung window and got into bed.

In bed, because sleep was not at hand, she turned on the small side-light and lit a cigarette. She was not an inveterate smoker; she held the habit a nuisance. But her nerves were uneasy.

She smoked a few moments. Suddenly she got out of bed and slipped out of the room and across the hall to the living-room.



Helena shook a white finger at him.
 "Naughty, naughty! You said you
 wouldn't be home, Dads, for ten days."

A gaudy heap of magazines lay on a hand-carved walnut table. She searched for one a month old. H'm—what page? Nineteen—here! She had not been mistaken.

As she read the paragraph, her lips curled.

"We are sure our readers will be interested to know that H—a, the young and red-blooded daughter of a well-known rail man, no more lunches daily on Thirty-third Street with Harry Semp, son of the oil-king. It seems a railroad president has his own idea of caste and does not welcome a Texan oiler as son-in-law. H—a was solaced with a brand-new twin-six Hyindric. She has been fined twice this week for speeding. We would beg to remind Father and Mother B—e that in H—a's favor Harry was preceded by Dan Willis, the song-writer, and Dan was preceded by Jean de Frère, of no visible occupation. We fear that some day the warm-hearted H—a will entertain a fancy too strong for parental force to overcome."

Jane flung the sheet back on the table. "Rag!" But in her thin silk nightgown she shivered slightly, and formed a wish that young Semp had been more of a Lochinvar—or Willis, or De Frère.

There was the faint click of a latchkey. She crept quickly back into bed, and her eyes were closed when Jarvis entered his own room adjoining hers.

He moved about rather carefully, as if not to awaken her. There was the click of a cigarette case; and presently she felt, rather than saw, that he was standing in the doorway looking at her.

"Asleep, Jane?"

"Dozing—that's all."

"Guess I better spill it right away."

She was up at once on a propping white elbow. She knew that tone of Jarv's. Business!

"What?" she demanded. There was in her voice the fear of every professional worker. Was it at hand?

"Stamm was in the Algowan grill tonight. Mentioned next year's contract."

"It's about time!"

"Mentioned two thousand dollars—and a new Russian pair he's going to bring over."

"Two thousand for us!"

"I laughed in his face, of course."

"He's—he's insane!" Jane's cheeks were scarlet.

"No. Just oversharp."

"Why, we'll go—"

"Where, Jane? Not many miles from this home town. It happens that big money doesn't grow on a million bushes. Wish we owned a theater."

"You mean you're going to stand for—"

"Not this year. Of course not."

In the doorway he was silhouetted—slim, graceful, his black head attractive to the woman who was his wife. Clever as well as graceful, she knew. He could match wits well enough with men like Stamm. But tonight for the first time she was a little



afraid of that cleverness. Just what was he thinking now, his narrowed eyes not focused on her?

"Not this year," he repeated to himself. "But we're not baby chicks, Jane. Bear that in mind. Some day—"

"Don't!" she cried sharply. "You know it's bad luck to predict!"

"I'm not predicting, Jane." He laughed unkindly. "Merely thinking." He turned back into his own room. "And wishing!"

He strolled back to the door.

"By the way, Jane, we've a juicy invitation for our first off week-end. Last of this month, you know."

"Where?" she asked sharply.

"Bloke Place. On the Hudson."

Jane flung herself up from her pillows with that inconceivably swift effect possible only to perfectly trained muscles.

"How sweet of Helena! Parents out of town, I suppose! Too bad that Helena's feelings are going to be hurt by our declining."

"We're not declining it, Jane." His eyes were direct on hers.

"But we are!"

"Going to hurt the Jessalyn act any, Jane, for us to swim a Saturday and a Sunday in old Morgan Bloke's private pool? Walk over his golf-course? Or lighten his sideboard's private load? Think, Jane!"

"Is that what *you're* thinking of?" she sneered angrily.

"And Stamm," he said coolly. "And a new pair of Russian dancers." But his eyes were a shade too narrow.

"I won't go," she declared sullenly.

"I made it the twenty-ninth," he observed suavely. . . .

Approaching Bloke Place by motorcar, one has an impression of a great orderly sprawl of white stone, dusky water, blue sky and huge green shrubbery.

Besides a noble view from all its four sides, it has splashing fountains, sumptuous driveways, garages, tennis-courts, a polo field, a golf-course, greenhouses, a great vegetable garden in the English style, the largest pipe organ in any American house, and Druid groves. Bloke Place has "made" three minor architects. It realized a wild, beautiful dream for a professional landscape gardener. It well advertised a manufacturer of billiard-tables. It has proved a home for nineteen genuine and forty-two doubtful Corots and Rembrandts. It is the goal of every Long Island footman.

"Some place!"

The exclamation was low and involuntary. Jarvis Jessalyn's long white hand tightened on his car's wheel.

Jane's face expressed something besides pure admiration of a white-and-green view.

"Looks like a new movie star's idea of home, sweet home," she said briefly.

"No movie star draws enough in this (Continued on page 172)

Mr. Gibbs in these pages brings his much-discussed chronicle of Mary Ryan's amazing career to its dramatic conclusion. Already this famous author-illustrator has begun a new literary undertaking, and we expect to make a specially interesting announcement concerning it soon.

Fires of Ambition

Written and Illustrated by
GEORGE GIBBS

The Story So Far:

THE skyrocket career of Mary Ryan had reached its starry zenith. What a progress! Stenographer for a wholesale dealer in women's dresses, then dress model; then a place with "Madame Denise," who was in reality a man named Alan Wetherby; then, because of her beauty and her cleverness, "taken up" by society and courted by all manner of men.

But the flame of ambition burned fierce in Mary's soul and she was still unsatisfied. She grew away from her girlhood sweetheart Joe Bass, though Joe had become a successful and prominent lawyer; Joe had come to see more and more of Fanny Simpson, his senior partner's daughter.

The powerful young railroad magnate Bart Savage paid ardent court to Mary, in spite of his wife Lillian and their two children. And though Mary sent Savage away, he refused to give her up.

It was shortly after this that Alan Wetherby told Mary that the doctors had given him only a year more, and that he had willed his business to her. About this time, too, a certain Mrs. Despard inveigled Joe into a flirtation; but her husband, discovering them—only laughed.

Despard, however, did something else of more consequence: he shamelessly told an acquaintance of the episode, and the story got around—eventually to Mary. As a result, shortly after her friendship with Alan Wetherby ended with his death, her long friendship with Joe Bass was ended by this gossip. As a further result, also, after Bart Savage had forced a divorce from his wife, Mary married him and sailed for a honeymoon in Europe on his yacht.

Mary had reached the summit of her ambition, but—she did not love Bart Savage, and he was rebellious in his disappointment over his inability to awaken an answering flame in her. Eventually Mary's friend Bertha Pardee came to her with a story that Bart had been accompanied on a recent yachting trip by another woman. (*The story continues in detail.*)

Her husband entered without knocking. Then as he saw her face, he stopped and stared. "Why, what's up? You look like a ghost."



MARY'S hour of decisions had been long. There was no time to make an overt move before Bart's return, except perhaps to pack a hand-bag and run away. But Mary rejected that plan as unworthy of her. There was a kind of fascination, too, in the idea of seeing him again—in reading his secret in his eyes, in letting him know at the last that his power had gone, and that she held the upper hand with sure proofs of his perfidy. She meant to use them, too. Bertha had made no plea for secrecy—had not even asked it for the sake of Bert Lascelles.

At the sound of Bart's car arriving at the terrace, she had a brief moment of dismay—almost of terror, born of the habit of avoiding disagreeable scenes with Bart; but she shrugged her fear away in the sure knowledge of her strength.

Her husband entered the room without knocking and began a jovial greeting; then, as he saw her face, he stopped and stared at her. "Why, what's up? You look like a ghost."

She was sitting at the window.
"Do I?" she said. "I'm feeling quite well, thank you." And then, evenly: "Would you mind closing the door? Thanks."

He turned, his hand still on the knob, examining her, and then slowly came forward. Perhaps he had been mistaken in thinking her even more indifferent than usual.

He strode over to her and kissed her carelessly on the cheek. She was quiescent, enduring his caress with an effort of will.

He straightened with another stare and then laughed.

"It doesn't matter, does it? It's all the same whether I'm here—or there." He shrugged and dropped into a chair. "Oh, well, I'm getting used to the idea of being ignored."

"I don't ignore you. It's the last thing that I could do. Did you—did you have a pleasant voyage?" she finished conventionally.

look over. And then, you know, Captain Whitcomb is very good company. We always get along together."

"Yes, I realize that. He's very dependable, isn't he?"

She found that she was enjoying this game. His lie was too studied. She was determined that he should betray himself, and so when he attempted quite cleverly to divert the conversation to events during his absence, she answered him in monosyllables and returned to further questions as to the *Cybele*.

"When did you leave New York?"

"Monday."

"From the Battery?"

"No. Thirty-fourth Street. Whitcomb wanted to catch the flood-tide there."

"I see."

"What the devil does all this matter?" he blurted forth.

She shrugged and rose, crossing to the mantel away from him. It seemed that she wanted to be on her feet to face these revelations. It was the posture of attack.

"Nothing to you, perhaps," she said, then laughed dryly. "A moment ago you were complaining that I took no interest in your going or coming. And now when I show an interest in your affairs, you become impatient. There's no pleasing you, is there?"

Again the note of irony, but an air of raillery with it too. She saw his brows lower, and then as she looked away, felt the contraction of his gaze. He was on his guard. But it was too late.

"Hang it all," he growled, "what are you driving at?" He rose suddenly and faced her. "Speak out," he said. "Perhaps I'd know better what we're talking about."

"Perhaps so. I thought I'd prefer you to do the talking. It's your confession—not mine," she went on dryly.

He seemed to feel that he was getting the worst of the situation and was silent for a moment, regarding her with a new calmness which spoke well for his self-control. But there was a devilish ingenuity in her questions which aroused his curiosity.

"Confess—what?"

She gave him a cold smile, like that of the Mona Lisa. "Shall we say your—er—quest of the Golden Fleece?"

His start of surprise was not in any motion of the body, but in the quick dilation of the eyes. She was watching his irises now, constantly, like a boxer awaiting an opening for his attack.

"What do you mean?" he growled with a blustering air.

She spoke with great deliberation, her words falling like bits of broken glass.

"I mean the blonde female person who went with you on the *Cybele*."

He fell back a pace, his mouth gaping.

"Who told you that lie?" he growled.

"That's my affair. It's no lie." She turned away with a careless shrug. "Surely you don't think I'd make such an accusation unless I were sure of what I was talking about."

"Who told you?" he insisted breathlessly. He seemed to have



"Well, rather! Millpond all the way. It's too bad you weren't aboard."

"Yes. Wasn't it?" she put in with a keen glance at him.

The note of irony in her voice made him look at her quickly, but she had again turned her gaze out of the window.

"You could have gone, you know."

"Could I? Then why didn't you suggest it?"

"I didn't think you wanted to go. You'd been so tired. I thought the rest out here would have done you more good."

She needed no explanation of his sudden solicitude as to her health. Unconsciously she paraphrased Bertha. He was too damned polite to be above suspicion. But she matched his manner admirably.

"Oh, yes, of course," she said civilly. And then, "Who went with you?" she shot at him.

"No one," he replied coolly. "I had some business papers to

shrunk into himself, compact with repressions. But she was not afraid now. She had her bear on the chain again, baiting him relentlessly.

"You'll never know that. But my informant is quite reliable. If I'd needed any further proofs of my statement, I'd only have to look at your face."

He stood with his shoulders bent, his hands deep in his pockets. She watched him keenly, curious as to his defense.

"What other lies have you heard?" he muttered.

"Does it matter—since I'm already convinced?"

"Yes," he said tensely. "I've got the right to know what I'm accused of."

"I thought I'd suggested that," she said easily. "It isn't a subject which permits of details. You embarked from Thirty-fourth Street on Monday and went in the launch to the *Cybele*. You were not alone. Need I repeat to you her previous occupation in an automobile agency—or something, the fact that she's a very ordinary sort of person and hardly worthy of your distinguished attentions?"

SHE had won. She knew it by his roving eye, the white knuckles of his fingers on the back of a chair, and the sudden dogged clenching of his jaw. She thought that he was preparing a defense, but he only relaxed in a short laugh.

"Well—what are you going to do about it?" he said crisply.

She needed all her stoicism now, for her own battle against his audacity. She felt his arrogance engulfing her; but she turned and faced him.

"That must be fairly obvious to you," she said quietly.

"What do you mean?" he growled.

"That I don't stand for it."

He paused a moment, appraising her power of resistance. He had imagined with indifference this moment of reckoning. He now thought it curious that perhaps he had underestimated her. A fire had kindled beneath the snow. It gleamed in her eyes, which burned blue-black in her pallor. She looked damned handsome, he thought. But he had the wits to keep his hands from her, temporizing carelessly:

"Don't be tragic. It's becoming—but idiotic. What's the use of making a fuss? I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

She drew strength from his mildness.

"You must think I'm a fool," she said coldly, "to believe that."

"No," he replied easily. "It's because I think you're not a fool that I make that admission. Come, now," he said genially as he took a pace toward her. "We haven't always hit it off. Things didn't turn out just as we thought they would. You wanted—I don't know what—a soulful tailor's dummy perhaps—but something I wasn't. And I—" He broke off with a laugh. "Well, you couldn't make yourself something you weren't, could you? I understand that. I'm not blaming you. Maybe I've been impatient at times. I'm only human. And you don't care really what I do. Now, do you? It isn't as though I loved the girl—"

As he spoke, he knew from the quick gesture of intolerance that he had blundered.

"I might have abhorred you less," she said distinctly, "if you had cared for her."

He put his hands in his pockets again and frowned.

"I say, that's pretty rough—abhorrence."

"I'm glad you understand what I mean."

"I don't think you leave much to my imagination. But I told you that it wouldn't happen again."

"It's a matter of indifference to me whether it happens again or not."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes."

Another silence. Her will was hardening to even rougher contacts. She wondered now how she had ever relinquished her hold upon her courage.

"I suppose you fully appreciate what you're saying," he muttered. "That you want a break. That's what you mean, isn't it? That you want to go your way while I go mine?"

"You've already gone your way. I've no alternative."

He stood motionless, his gaze on the rug, even smiling a little—the attitude of toleration for unreason. He had himself well in hand now, with all the assurances of self-justification. She watched him guardedly.

"Oh, hang it all, Mary," he blurted out at last, "don't let's have any more of this tragedy-queen business. I've made a slip. I'm sorry. Turn about is fair play. I've been lenient to your shortcomings. Why not forgive this one break of mine? I'll make it up to you. What shall I get you? What do you want of me?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing—except to let me go," she said calmly.

He turned. "Go? Go where?" he snarled.

"Away from here—from you—for good!"

"Are you serious?"

"Yes. I can't live with you any longer."

He bent forward toward her, grasping a chair. It almost seemed as though he were about to hurl it at her. His expression had never been so forbidding. But she did not flinch. She was not to be bullied now. He stared at her as at a person that he had never seen before. Then he straightened slowly.

"So this is the final reward for all my kindness to you!" he growled. "Is it? You mean it?"

She said nothing—only bowed her head.

"I believe you *do* mean it, by God!" he said huskily. "You want to leave Gorton Farms—to go away from me for good? To separate—to divorce me?"

"I do," she said firmly.

He paced the rug, his shoulders bent, his hands in his pockets, as though thus to prevent them from doing violence.

"You think that you've got me where you want me, don't you?" he said in a stifled tone, as he faced her suddenly. "You've been waiting for a chance like this, haven't you? And you don't mind washing our dirty linen in public. That's what you want, isn't it? Well, *I don't* want it. I want have it. Understand? There's been enough of that already."

"I don't want publicity. I only want my freedom."

"I see," he sneered. "Money! It's what I might have expected from one of your antecedents. That's your gratitude for what I've done for you! Even a dog knows better than to bite the hand that feeds it. I take you out of a dressmaker's shop and make you the first woman in New York, and this is my reward. You want money. Money! That's all you care about. That's all you've ever cared about. You'd have married an Eskimo to get that. And now you'll blackmail me for alimony—"

He broke off as though choked by his own words, resuming, breathless with fury as he faced her:

"You little devil! Why couldn't you have let me be! I was all right. Happy, too! You tried to get me with your blarney, your white skin and your red lips. You made me want you, made me believe that you were the woman I wanted—because you were keen enough to know what I wanted. But you knew then that you were a fraud and a sham, that there wasn't a genuine emotion inside your pretty body. Not one!"

He laughed as she shrank from him.

"I got a gold-brick—done up in a pretty wrapping."

He caught her roughly by the shoulders and bent her body toward him. The touch of her sent strange lights dancing in his eyes—passion and fury mingling madly. She was deathly afraid. But she stared at him pallidly, rigidly.

Even as he held her, she saw the passion flicker in his eyes like a guttering candle. Then it died, and with it his rage. But still he held her face to face for a moment. Then he relinquished her with a shrug of contempt.

REASON returned to him. He paced slowly the length of the room, hands behind him. She gathered new strength in the assurance that the physical crisis was past. But she was aware of brutalities yet unspoken.

"You want your freedom, but you want my money too," he said sharply. "Well, I'll give them to you in the way that I please. But not unless I please. I'm going to have no publicity. I'm not going to hurt my business by having this talked about. I didn't mind one divorce—but another! No, I won't have it. I've been very careful in what I've done. I don't know how you got hold of your facts. You've told a glib story, but I don't believe you know anything more. If you had known anything else, you'd have told it. I don't know where you got it, and I don't care. You can't get anything out of Whitcomb or the crew—they're mine. Or out of anybody else, so far as I know. You may find it difficult to prove anything against me in a court of law."

"Haven't I said," she managed to say quietly, "that all I want is my freedom?"

"I don't believe you—not without money."

"I shall get along."

"As Madame Denise?" he said with a sneer. And as she started at his knowledge that she had secretly retained her interest in the shop: "You see, I know. A small deception—money again—against a rainy day."

"Yes—as Madame Denise," she said quietly.

"You surprise me," he said with a satirical air. "The business



"I can't talk about anything else," said Bertha. "And what I wanted to tell you is that you're committing social suicide."

of Madame Denise can hardly bring enough to give you the luxuries to which you're accustomed."

"It will be enough."

He grinned at her.

"Come. Speak the truth. How much do you expect for your silence?"

"Nothing."

"Ah! You'd rather fight!"

"No, I don't want to fight. I just want to go—"

"And send your lawyer to me with terms. I understand. That won't do. I won't have that. I'll make the terms. I'll make them now." He faced her again, cold and collected. She knew what he was going to say, but she was already resolved. His proposal came briskly, as he would have made a business proposition, but with a threat of intimidation behind it.

"You stay on living in my houses. I won't bother you. You can do as you please. So will I."

The offer was a compromise. She was sure that he thought he was making a splendid concession—one that would satisfy both her indifference and her cupidity. From it she knew that she had

disturbed him, for concessions of any sort from Bart were rare. She knew that she had threatened the security of the thing he loved best in the world, his business. But she wanted no concessions but the complete one, at any cost.

"No," she said firmly.

His brow clouded and his jaws clenched. She thought for a second that he was going to strike her. But he put his hands in his pockets, governing himself with an effort.

"That's final?" he asked at last.

"Yes."

"All right. Suit yourself. But if you try to show me up, I'll make you wish you'd never been born. I'll—"

She heard his voice rasping in the silence. But she was beyond caring what he said or did. She had grown suddenly weak with weariness, like one who has been through a battle, and finds reaction in the first moment of relaxation. She only wanted the interview to be over.

"Please—please!" she exclaimed. "I've had about enough. Won't you leave me?"

He glared at her—then pressed the button for her maid.

"No," he cried. "I don't go. It's you who is going." He caught her quick glance of dismay. "That's what you wanted."

"Yes," she faltered. "That's what I wanted."

"Then go," he whispered hoarsely. "Now—tonight! Damn you!"

His brutality lashed her like a whip, and she cowered under the sting of it, aware of the approaching maid, at whose knock she straightened calmly. She hadn't bargained for this, but every instinct of good breeding gave her self-control as the maid knocked and Bart Savage opened the door.

"Pack a suitcase for Mrs. Savage," Mary heard him say. "She's leaving for New York at once."

The frightened maid came past him. He turned one terrible glance at Mary and then went out of the room.

Chapter Thirty-three

IF one chooses to register under an assumed name, denying the assiduity of servants, the twentieth story of a New York hotel may be as secluded as a desert island. Mary made this discovery when she fled from Gorton Farms. Her two rooms were not large, but they were extremely comfortable, and her windows, which opened to the south and west, unfolded an inspiring panorama of distant interesting activity.

She had chosen the Princess Royal because it was not frequented by the people she knew. Lily, her maid, in accordance with instructions had followed quietly with baggage, containing personal belongings.

Mary had not seen her husband again, but had sent him a laconic note informing him that the pearls and diamonds had been left in the safe in her room. Having thus cut the Gordian knot, she dismissed her maid to a holiday with relatives in New Jersey.

In the days of meditation that followed, Mary slowly found calm. She was still very tired, and seemed contented to sit for hours in a chair by the window. She had no wish to go down to the street, and no incentive to leave her rooms except to visit the shop, and this she had decided for the present not to do. She did not wish to answer questions or make explanations until she had hardened her spirit for new encounters.

She was in the mental condition of one going through the late stages of convalescence after a long illness. She had the feeling of enervation which follows some tremendous drain upon one's mental and physical resources. And presently, as if in comprehension of the moral death that she had escaped, she was aware of a quiet contentment such as she had never known. Something that was evil had died and something new that was good had been born. It was Ambition, she was sure, that was dead. It had been dying by inches for weeks, poisoned by a surfeit of the things upon which it had fed. She wondered how she had permitted it to live so long.

She was now free to dream, free to think, free to live her life backward if she chose, past the earlier days of Madame Denise, the Hygrade Garment Company, to the hours when she and Joe had sat in the evenings upon the steps of the cheap boarding-house where she had lived, pondering with amazement upon ineffable things.

These, she was sure, had been the finest moments in her life, except some of those with Alan, and she cherished them. They seemed in a way to nullify all the spiritual failures that had followed. It was Joe who had asked her to marry him even then—offered her all that he had had, just his room and his gas-log. She found it difficult to reconstruct her life and his on such a basis. And yet she knew that in refusing Joe she had thrown away her chance of happiness. She realized, too, with a throb of self-pity, that it was Joe that she had always needed at her moments of greatest difficulty. It was Joe she needed now.

From the window of her Castle-in-the-Air, she looked southward over the City. He was there somewhere, a part of its activity—a leader now in its affairs, a man whom other men respected and sought for advice in significant matters. He had made a place for himself in their lives because his knowledge and his judgment were reliable. To Mary in her extremity, he seemed the only rock that she could tie to. But she couldn't send for him now when she needed him most of all. She had cried "Wolf!" too often.

AT last Mary made up her mind to face the world on its own terms, and surprised Miss Barnes by appearing at the shop at nine o'clock one morning and announcing her intention of taking an immediate and active interest in the conduct of the affairs

of Madame Denise. Mrs. Leavitt, it appeared, was on a buying trip to Paris, and Miss Benner was on her midsummer vacation. The friendly greetings of Miss Barnes left nothing to be desired, and it was clear from the sympathy in the girl's manner and voice that she already knew what had happened. Mary was thankful that her friend asked her no questions, and she turned to the desk in the private office, which was piled high with personal mail.

Here was a partial explanation of Miss Barnes' omniscience—letters and notes sent direct to the shop or brought by the hand of a chauffeur from Gorton Farms. In her eyrie at the top of the hotel Mary had imagined that her secret was imprisoned with her and that no one except her husband and herself could know of the quarrel that had brought an end to their marital relations. But she realized that like the ostrich she had been hiding her head in the sand while this important item of social gossip was being spread from one end of New York to the other. The evidence of this was to be found in the mail itself: a note from Bertha Pardee imploring Mary to see her, one from Flora Lascelles of pained inquiry, others impertinently intrusive from persons whom she knew less familiarly, and a letter from a well-known law firm downtown. This she opened last, sure that it must contain a message from her husband. It was just a polite formal note, written by the hand of the senior member of the firm, stating the obvious fact of her desertion and asking in the name of his client, Mr. Savage, that she appoint time and place for an interview in which they might "discuss her plans for the future."

Mary put the lawyer's note aside with the others and went resolutely about the business of getting abreast of the affairs of Madame Denise. If this were again to be the serious business of her life, there was no time to be lost. She listened while Miss Barnes told her of the plans that had been made for the autumn. They were well enough conceived, and if a little timid were no more than could have been expected from one who had only been trained to carry out the ideas of others. Miss Barnes was a capable executive, but quite without the imaginative quality.

Now for the first time Mary realized with some dismay that since her marriage she had only taken such desultory interest in the affairs of the shop as could be spared from her social duties. The business had gone largely upon its own momentum, still enjoying the impelling force of the few seasons when Mary and Alan together had made the shop preëminent. The inspiring genius of Alan Wetherby remained in its traditions, but the shop lacked something which Mary meant to supply. She wondered why she had not noticed last season the slight drop in its earning power. It seemed that she had come back to it at the right moment.

A FEW weeks spent in gathering up loose ends prepared Mary to meet her friends when they should return to town. To the lawyer who had written her, she sent a brief note of acknowledgment, restating her intention not to return to her husband, and informing him of her desire that there should be no further communications of any sort, either with Mr. Savage or his representative.

Bertha Pardee's visit to the hotel followed Mary's reply to her note almost immediately. They met in a warm embrace. Bertha was very much horrified at the result of Mary's disclosures, and unburdened herself at once of the weight upon her conscience.

"You know, Mary, if I wasn't keen about you, I wouldn't care how much of a damn fool you made of yourself. The whole thing was rotten, of course, but if I'd thought you were going to kick over the traces like this, I'd have let you go on rotting in ignorance. What's happened? What are you going to do? Use the evidence I gave you? I don't care, of course. But it's rather rough on Bert."

Mary poured her visitor a cup of tea, smiling at her uncertainties.

"Don't worry, dear. Bert is quite safe, and so are you. I'm not going to say anything."

"What! You don't mean it?"

"I do," said Mary, amused at Bertha's gasp of relief. "I'm just not going back again: that's all."

Bertha stared at her incredulously.

"Then your desertion isn't a threat? That's what everybody thinks it is. That's what Bert thinks it is, I'm sure."

"No. It's not a threat, Bertha. It was inevitable. What you said just brought my troubles to a focus." (Continued on page 150)



Illustrated by
Frances Rogers

"You say 'business' as if it were a sort of criminal word, Aunt," she shot out.

The Foot of the Leisure Class

By

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

BARBARA swam up slowly from the bottom of a deep, dreamless sea of sleep—what was that broad, dark coast-line behind the pink mountain? Where was she? Could something new be happening, possibly? Her eyes opened wider; the coast-line hardened into a mahogany footboard; the pink mountain dissolved into an eiderdown coverlet. She was awake. The day was like all the others, and nothing would happen.

As if her waking had touched a spring somewhere, her door opened softly and steps approached. Barbara never even turned her eyes in the direction of their sound.

"Who is Josephine Daskam Bacon?" inquires a reader of the author's last story in these pages. She was born in Connecticut, not so many years ago, and her first work was a collection of stories of Smith College. She lives in New York now, and the reason her stories have the bloom of reality on them is because Mrs. Bacon only writes what she knows. And no one knows more about the subject of this charming story than she herself.

"You 'wake, Miss Barb'ra, honey? Here's yo' hot lemon water."

"What do I have to drink *that* for, every morning?"

"Oh, now, Miss Barb'ra, you jes' sit up like a good gal an' you drink it off!"

"But why?"

"Now you're aimin' to upset your pore ol' Cally; that's what you're doin'! Fo' yo' liver, sholy, Miss Barb'ra, an' to keep yo' pretty complexion. Now while it's hot an' good, drink it off for Cally."

"But there's nothing the matter with my liver!"

The negress sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Co'se not, Miss Barb'ra, honey, co'se they aint—an' why? 'Count o' you drinkin' yo' hot lemon water ev'y mawnin' o' yo' life. *That's* why! Now, you sit up—"

"Oh, goodness! Give it to me! You'd think I was ten. As it happens, I'm twenty. Are you going to pester me with this mess when I'm thirty?"

"If the good Lawd'll let me, Miss Barb'ra, I sholy am. Here's yo' wrapper. Stick out yo' feet, honey, an' Cally'll put on yo' slippers. I got yo' barth all ready."

The one point as to which the Aunties relaxed their ideal of the perfect gentlewoman was Barbara's breakfast. It should, of course, have been taken in their company at their regular hour each morning. Had that hour remained eighty-three, its invariable time for sixty years of Aunt Gracie's life and sixty-three years of Aunt Lou's, this relaxation might not have taken place; but of late Aunt Lou had found herself waking uncomfortably early—at half-past five, in fact; and even the most perfect gentlewoman's interior shouts a void, after three hours. Braced by an early cup of tea, Aunt Lou endured until eight, but eight was perhaps a little early to require a young person's presence, if one further exacted that the young person should be exquisitely bathed and coifed, cheerful and composed, and spiritually fortified by the reading of a Chapter. Because, as Aunt Gracie honorably submitted, some Chapters are rather long.

So Cally was authorized to carry up the tray, at an hour left tactfully open, though understood never to exceed nine. The tray was set on a delicious little gate-legged table of curly maple, furnished with real Canton blue china, weighted with coffee and downy rolls and waffles and honey and gossamer strips of pink bacon. One long sulphur-pink rose reared gracefully in the middle—the gift of old Michael, who managed them outside through November, and in the little conservatory later.

Barbara's mother had been "delicate," and one winter, when Barbara had coughed obstinately and exhibited a film of violet shadow under her deeper violet eyes, the Aunties had whitened and thinned more definitely than their patient, and yielded eagerly to Dr. Bullwinkle's soothing suggestion that plenty of sleep and gentle inactivity might not be amiss for a while. Hence the tray. The cough had long disappeared, but the tray had remained unquestioned.

The Aunties had wandered inexplicably into contemporary history from one of those forgotten byways left untrodden since the Civil War. They had never changed their ways since their infant feet had been set in them by their own Aunties; and by some miracle of selection they had been able to cling to a few old friends who nearly matched them in rigorous quaintness or compromised by frantically admiring them and preserving their delicate social structure as carefully as one would preserve a cabinet of fragile and unreplaceable old china.

"You haven't met the Frewes," they would say, "—not yet? My dear, you simply must drive out to the Grove and see Miss Lou and Miss Gracie. I don't believe you've got anything like *them* in New York!"

Barbara was quite certain there was nothing like them in New York, for she had visited there, and one couldn't have envisaged the Aunties in that clear, hard light, nor caught the dried rose-leaves of their voices in that high-pitched scale. Curiously enough, from the point of view of many of us, Barbara wouldn't have cared to live there, though she made a distinct little success of her own the winter of her visit. The glitter of the great cosmopolitan rabbit-warren dazzles the village maiden and the dweller in those large inland towns that ape the Queen of the Seaboard apologetically; but the reigning families of her little city, too far West to be really Southern, but much too far South to be really Western, smile gently at our noisy Queen and speak rather of London or Paris or even of Rome. To English visitors they recommend San Francisco or New Orleans as more likely to prove of interest.

But you are not to imagine Barbara as working a sampler with demure cross-sandaled feet perched on a hassock, or in white muslin, feeding a canary. No, indeed! She wore *crêpe-de-chine* and English tweeds and tricky little squirrel collars, just as you do. And she danced all night, in a silver tissue ball gown with a girdle of painted silken orchids, at balls which the fathers and mothers of her partners considered infinitely more select (and which were in fact far more jealously guarded) than the balls of the Queen of the Seaboard. She played tennis well, golfed nicely, hunted a little. She spoke French and read Italian. She



had been taught to sing, and would, for the Aunties, but had too much sense to do so when a wider public was concerned. And she had a very pretty gift at amateur dramatics.

Her eyes were very nearly violet blue, her hair so light a brown as to class her among the blondes. Her small, regular features gave her a deceptively tractable appearance.

The Aunties were, in a quiet and thoroughly concealed manner, sufficiently proud of her.

"Barbara is late this morning," said Aunt Lou to Aunt Gracie. They sat in the morning room, which was pleasantly sunny in winter, Aunt Lou knitting a silk scarf for the Christmas Bazaar, Aunt Grace writing her weekly letter to Cousin Clara Dixon in Vicksburg. They wore soft silk dresses with a great deal of fine, yellowish lace about the neck, and low house-slippers of kid. Their brown heads were barely powdered with gray, and their cheeks were firm and faintly tinted under their thin, clear skins.

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"What would I be doing?" he demanded, a kind of ungracious affection in his voice. "Nothing, as usual. You know."

Aunt Gracie's hair was neatly waved. She shot a subtle glance at her sister.

"I am afraid Barbara reads too late, Sister Lou," she said.

"Reads," Aunt Lou repeated, "*—reads?* What can you mean, Gracie? One cannot read very well at a ball."

"Barbara did not go to the ball," said Aunt Gracie softly.

"Not go to the— Dear Gracie, what can you be thinking of? You were sitting with me in the drawing-room when she left— you saw her dress and remarked how well *ciel* blue suited her! Cally was with her—"

"It was from Cally I learned it," said Aunt Gracie. "She changed her mind in the carriage, and had 'Relius drive her back. They came in by the side porch, and she went directly to her

room. Cally said she read very late. I thought I had better tell you."

"But why?" Aunt Lou demanded, staring at her sister with a slight frown. "Will you tell me why, Gracie?"

"I don't know why, Sister Lou," said Auntie Gracie simply. "She said it bored her."

Aunt Lou looked straight in front of her; her mouth tightened. "I am afraid, Gracie," she said, "that we must begin to be a little more strict with Barbara."

Aunt Gracie twisted a little in her deep chair.

"Strict, Sister Lou?" she said. "I should have supposed, on the contrary— I sometimes feel that we live a little outside the current of things, Sister Lou."

"I hope we do," said Miss Frewe decidedly.

"Yes," Aunt Gracie agreed eagerly, "yes, of course. But Barbara's ideas—"

"Ideas?" Aunt Lou repeated—and the extent of her feelings can be judged from the fact that she interrupted another person while speaking. "Ideas? It is precisely these ideas, as you call them, that must be checked. If there were any luxury, any pleasure suited to her age, any reasonable indulgence—What can the child want?"

"I don't think it is pleasure Barbara wants at all," Aunt Gracie explained gently.

"Then she is certainly ill," said Aunt Lou, "and I shall call in Dr. Bullwinkle. No young girl who was well would take that tone."

"It does seem very strange," said Aunt Gracie. "She has never been quite the same since it was decided about the allowance—"

"We needn't go into that," said Aunt Lou; "there will be no allowance. I don't recall that our clothes were ever anything but admired, Gracie, and we had no allowance."

"We never wanted any," said Aunt Gracie, "but young people today—"

"Young people today," said Aunt Lou, "can hardly expect to alter the good taste and good judgment of older people who know better. Here is Barbara, now. —Good morning, my dear."

"Good morning, Aunt Lou; good morning, Aunt Gracie," said Barbara, and kissed a cheek of each.

"Are you going out, my dear?" Aunt Lou asked.

"Yes," said Barbara.

"For a walk? Cousin Ellen Pitt would be glad, I am sure—"

"I'm not going to Cousin Ellen's."

"Then—" Aunt Lou began, but Aunt Gracie interrupted again—the second time in one morning! She had been a good horsewoman in her day, had Aunt Gracie, and she knew when the snaffle was to be preferred to the curb.

"I am sure Barbara never goes where we should not like her to go, Sister Lou," she said, "and she will enjoy her luncheon all the better—"

"By the way, I'm not coming home for luncheon," said Barbara.

"You're not going to Cousin Ellen's, dear? She's always so glad when you—"

"I'm not going to any cousin's at all," said Barbara. "I'm going to one of my own friends."

"I suppose that means this Miss Riggs again?" Aunt Lou asked coldly.

"Yes," said her niece defiantly, "it does. I can't help it if you don't like her, Aunt Lou—I do. And she's not very comfortable lunching here. And it's a long way out here, anyway. She has to get back—"

"So I understand," said Aunt Lou. "I should suppose that her—her business would prevent—"

Barbara burst into a short, strange little laugh.

"You say 'business' as if it were a sort of *criminal* word, Aunt," she shot out. She clenched her fists.

"I admire her more than anybody in the world!" she announced fiercely. "I—I'm *proud* to know Mabel Riggs! And her 'business' allows her to lunch anywhere she wants to. Mabel's independent—which is more than I am! You don't seem to understand that. I wish I were Mabel!"

Aunt Lou knitted a few stitches; then she smiled temperately. "When you are a little older, my dear, you will understand these things a little better," she said.

Aunt Gracie watched the rebellious, quivering face in front of them.

"It isn't that we don't respect your friend, dear," she began pacifically. "You mustn't misunderstand your Aunt Lou. There is no disgrace attached to earning one's living—quite the contrary."

Barbara sniffed angrily.

"I hear nothing of Miss Riggs that is in the least unfavorable," Aunt Gracie went on. "Only, when one is not required to do these things, when there is no necessity—in short, we are a little disappointed that you should be so much attracted— There are so many friends—"

"They are all exactly alike," said Barbara; "they bore me to death. If you would only let me study typewriting—a machine doesn't cost so much. I could sell my wrist-watch—"

"Barbara!" said Aunt Lou.

Barbara sighed and collapsed.

"Oh, very well," she said doggedly, "we needn't go over all that now. But if Mabel didn't have to earn her living, her mother would have had her trained to it—she said so. And her sisters, too. She treats them like people, not like—*canaries!*"

"Your friend's mother is undoubtedly very wise," said Aunt Lou, controlling herself admirably. "In her situation—"

"I like her situation," said Barbara. "It's interesting, at least. And she says that no woman, in this country, especially, ever knows what may happen to her. And I agree with her!"

"Fortunately, my dear, your friend's mother is wrong in your case," said Aunt Lou smoothly, "for your future is quite assured. You are old enough to understand that, at least."

"Then I am old enough to make my own friends, Aunt," said Barbara quickly. "Good-by. I'll be back for tea. Good-by, Aunt Gracie."

Aunt Lou waited till the hall door closed. Then she laid down her knitting.

"I think the best thing to do, Gracie," she said calmly, though her lips trembled, "will be for the child to go away for a while. This connection must end. I lay everything to this girl's influence."

"I think it might be better, too, Sister Lou," said Aunt Gracie, relieved at Miss Frewe's comparative calm. "She enjoyed herself in New York, you know. But I'm not entirely certain of its being all Miss Riggs' fault. You remember Barbara's mother—"

Both ladies sighed.

For their young brother's wife had been a bitter if a short trial to the Frewes. Pretty and dainty and winning as she was, she had tainted the hitherto pure stream of many generations with Trade. Her father had been in Trade; and her brothers, it was understood, still pursued it. And Retail Trade, at that! It was not discussed.

"I will write to Cousin Hattie at once," said Aunt Lou.

BARBARA sat at luncheon with her friend Mabel and Mabel's older sister Adeline. Mrs. Riggs was not able to join them. She was at a committee luncheon in connection with the Federated Women's Clubs, as to which she was a local authority. (The Aunties had never heard of the Federated Women's Clubs, and it is to be feared that they would have connected this august body with the Confederate Army.)

Mabel was an expert accountant, and held a responsible post, though very young, with one of the largest business houses in the city. She was deeply versed in an utterly modern system of bookkeeping which puzzled many graybeards in her profession, and was respectfully consulted by the heads of the firm. Unaided, she replaced two men and a helping boy, under the old system, and was valued in proportion to her deserts. Adeline was assistant director in the local Y. W. C. A., and endured, from professional heights of boredom, the squabbles and inanities of her governing board of amateurs. But she endured them tactfully and had already made such an impression at local and general conventions that she looked, and not unreasonably, for a future summons to national headquarters.



The Fairy Godmothers were dead—long live the Little Princess



"Oh, cut that out, can't you?
I'm not Mr. Olly any more,
anyway. I'm a working girl,
Barbara, like you, you know."

"And so I felt that I simply couldn't bear it," Barbara finished, "and that I must *do* something! You have no idea how terrible it is, Mabel and Adeline. Nothing I can say makes any difference—nothing! They just smile, as if I were a silly child. And of course I am, to them. They mean to be kind, but what is the use? They'll simply give me a new frock, or something, when I go home. I know."

"It must be awful," said Mabel. "Have some more pineapple? This is ironing day, you know."

It was canned pineapple, but Barbara ate it greedily, as she had eaten the chop and baked potato which had preceded it. She loved the very dining-room furniture, though it was of a negligible walnut period, and the worn Brussels rug on the unwaxed floor. She loved the ugly, comfortable settle with its nondescript cushions where Adeline stretched herself for an after-luncheon cigarette. Punctilious in her regard for the traditions of her calling, Adeline never smoked in public, but reserved herself the liberty of the free-born American in the home circle.

"Well, you're nearly of age, aren't you?" she asked, practically. "The dear old fossils can't keep you, then, can they?"

"They cannot," said Barbara grimly. "They'll try, of course, but I shall just run away."

"Hurrray!" cried Mabel. "That's the way to talk! Shall you take Cally along?"

Barbara blushed.

"I don't think that's very kind of you, Mabel," she said. "I can't help Cally."

"This is all very well, children," said Adeline briskly, "but when you run away, where'll you run? What can you do? I can see that you'll have to run, all right—they'll never come round. They may look like Dresden china, but they're about as hard as china, when you come down to it. But what can you *do*?"

"Nothing," said Barbara, "absolutely nothing."

There was a sympathetic silence.

"There you are," said Adeline, exhaling gently.

"What a pity you didn't make a break for college!"

"Oh, gracious," Barbara protested, "I'm not much at that, you know, Addy—I just about got through at Miss Telfer's."

"That's not the idea," said Adeline promptly; "girls don't go to college because they like study, any more. I never was anything very great in that line, myself. But you've got to have training, nowadays, my dear. People want a diploma—a certificate for *something*. Except for a few of the old ones, there's practically nobody in my place, now, that's not a trained woman. Weeded out! They average higher, you see. And the competition nowadays—phew!"

"Of course you can work up," Mabel (Continued on page 128)



Out of the Night

By

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

Illustrated by J. E. Allen

GEORGE FLEMING was waiting for me on the platform as the train ran into Falmouth station—six feet of honest simplicity attired in a dirty sweater, a pair of disgraceful trousers unevenly turned up, and a battered pair of black shoes irregularly whitened with the incrustation of salt water. His weather-tanned and freckled face lighted up with a diffident grin as he saw me descend from my carriage.

"Jolly good of you to come, Dicky," he said, making me wince with his handgrip. "I hope you won't be bored to death."

"Not a bit of it," I answered cheerily. I don't pretend to be much of a yachtsman, though I may say I looked the part far more than George,—but I had jumped at his invitation to a couple of weeks knocking about in Cornish waters. There is nothing better for city-jaded nerves than a rest-cure on a smart little yacht with a couple of hands or so to do all the rough work. "I've been looking forward to it."

Handing over my suitcase to a zealous small boy, my friend and I set out for the waterside. As we walked, I took stock of him. I had not seen him since last winter. My sister had got hold of him then, and privately announcing her determination to civilize him, had lured him to several dances, where he had

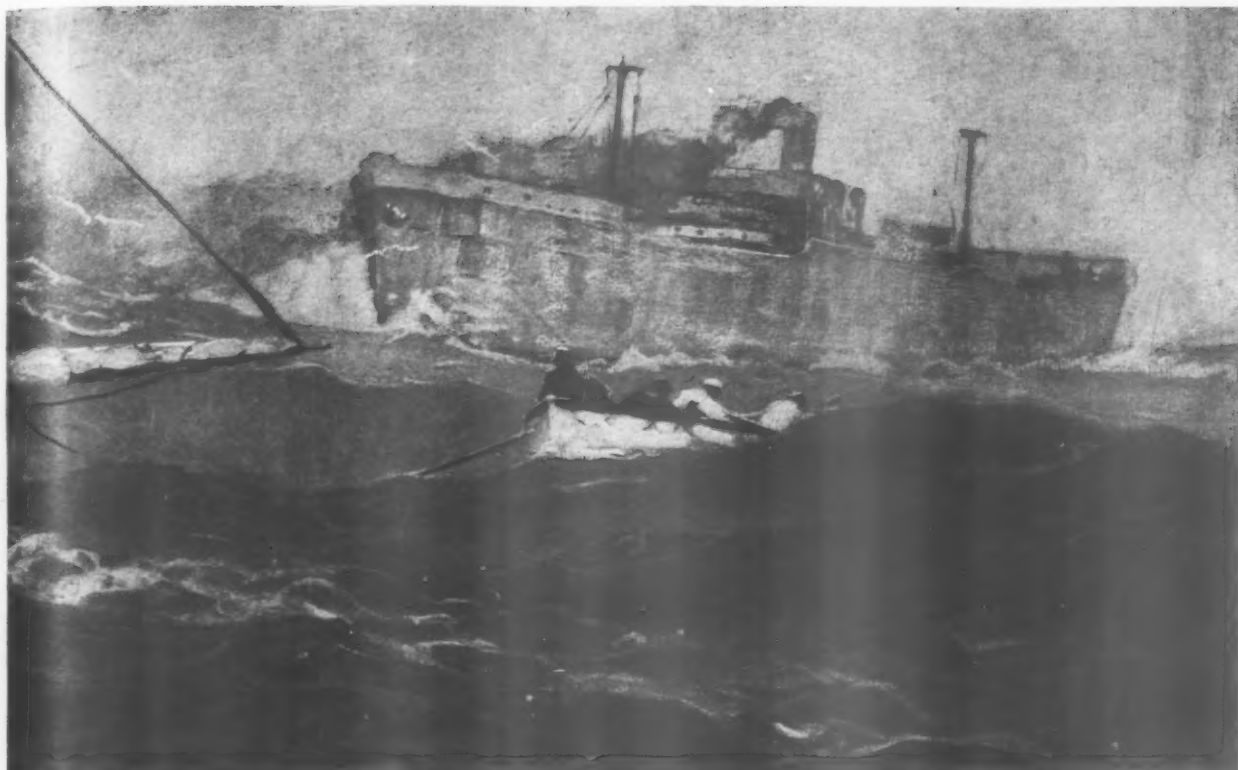
"Battlewrack," "Under Orders" and many other conspicuously successful war-time stories came out of Mr. Austin's service with the British forces. And the gift for writing high-tension fiction of romantic adventure which he discovered at that time, has since been well cultivated, though with other themes. The present story is one of his spirited best—and it will be followed by others in this magazine.

presented a figure of pitifully uncouth and tongue-tied misery. I remembered that she had startled us to ribald laughter by an alleged discovery that he was head over heels in love with some friend of hers—what was her name?—some Irish girl. It was absurd, of course; George was the sort of fellow that can't look at a woman without getting red in the face. My reading of it was right. There had been nothing in it. The girl had gone back to Ireland; and George—we had rather lost sight of George. He was evasively reticent when I asked him what he had been doing with himself all the year. He had been "just pottering about" up and down the coast. . . . Eventually

we arrived at the quay and George brightened up.

"There she is!" he exclaimed, pointing to a small, dingy-sided craft, with what appeared to be a wireless aerial mounted on stick-like extensions of her two masts. She was moored to a buoy out among a flotilla of dainty yachts. "There's the *Eileen*—the one painted black." Had she been an *America's Cup* challenger there could not have been more of affectionate pride in his tone. My heart went down with a bump.

"Why," I said with a ghastly attempt at jollity, "she's a regular liner—wireless and all! That's wireless, isn't it?"



"All clear!" I shouted. The yacht whipped round. I heard an angry shout from the boat's crew—and then the steamer was coming for us.

"Yes," he answered. "One of my hobbies, you know. I meant to have taken it down, but I had to be ashore pretty sharp this morning to get the stores in. Can't sail with the thing up, you know—gets horribly in the way."

"Oh," I remarked, (we were now walking along the quay to where a small boy in a dinghy was waving to us), "you don't use it at sea, then?"

"Good Lord, no! I only rig it up when we're all snugged down." George's speech was apt to lapse into horribly clumsy antitheses, typical of him, somehow. "I like to listen in at night, you know, and hear all that's going on—broadcasted concerts and all sorts of things. Makes life heaps more cheery. It gets a bit dull sometimes all by oneself."

I stopped him on that quayside and said in alarm:

"George, you don't mean to say you sail that yacht all by yourself?"

He laughed. "Of course I do!" he replied. "You didn't expect a skipper and a crew, did you? It's doing things by yourself that makes the fun of it. You'll soon see."

My conception of fun differed. But there was no help for it now, and I refrained from comment. A few minutes later I had lowered myself gingerly into the dinghy, where a small boy had sat sentry over an immense assortment of parcels, and George was sculling me out into the harbor.

"Here we are! Catch hold!" I grabbed at a rope hanging over the yacht's side. "Up you go!" By an incredible feat of gymnastics, I scrambled on board. "Stand by for the parcels!" He handed them up to me, then followed himself. "Now, then, we'll just stow all this gear, and then—" He burst into cacophonous song—"A life on the ocean wave—a life on the ocean wave!" His high spirits were a hideous mockery of my own.

"You never could sing, George," I remarked by way of giving myself some sort of revenge.

He did not hear me. He had dived down the small companion into the cabin. "Sling 'em all down to me, my lad!" he shouted out. "That's the idea!" He encouraged me boisterously as I passed down the stores. For a minute or two he rummaged about below, and then he called to me. "Come and have a look round, Dicky." I squirmed down half a dozen steps and hit my head on the hatch. "Pretty snug, isn't it?"

The man who invented the word *snug* had a genius for tact. It is a charming way of saying that one is confoundedly cramped.

There was a screwed-down table in the center of the cabin, allowing one just space enough to slither round to an upholstered seat on each side. "Good head-room, isn't there—when the hatch is up?" he said cheerily. I thought there might be. "It's up now, of course," he explained, and that hopeful illusion was forthwith dispelled.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to what looked like a closed desk against the forward bulkhead.

"Oh, that's my wireless set—built it myself," he said. "Show it you tonight. Haven't got time now. All hands on deck! And let's get clear of this confounded harbor!"

For the next few minutes I felt horribly in the way as George busied himself with the tangle of ropes on deck. In an amazingly short time the wireless was stowed, the jib and mizzen set, and then, almost before I had realized what was happening, we had cast off our mooring, and George shouted to me to go to the tiller while he hauled up the mainsail. We began to move through the water.

"Topping breeze, isn't it?" said George as he came aft and took the tiller from me. "I hate creeping out in a dead calm. But I've a motor, though it reeks infernally."

"You've got an auxiliary engine, then?"

"Yes. Jolly useful, you know, sometimes. It's under there," he said, indicating with his foot a closed hatch just in front of the tiller. "Look out for the boom! I'm going to tack." I dodged to avoid the boom of the mainsail as the *Eileen* came up to the wind and heeled smartly to her new course. She curtsied prettily to the sparkling waves. "Yes, as I was saying, the auxiliary is jolly useful sometimes. No joke to get becalmed in a fog out in the Channel. Brutes think nothing of running you down."

HE prattled on, thoroughly happy, while I sat on deck, accommodating myself as best I could to its slope first to one side and then the other, and lighted my pipe with more bravado than enjoyment. But enjoyment came to me as we sped over that ruffled sea, just foam-flecked under the cloudless blue sky, with a kissing splash at our bows, and a gurgle under our counter as the yacht lifted and dropped to the swell rolling in from the outer waters. The magnificent Cornish scenery slid away behind us, was soon but a background painted on the lower edge of the blue sky, as beautiful and unreal as a panorama by an artist with an eye for atmospheric effects in the September sunshine.

This is not a panegyric on the delights of yachting, but the story of an adventure. George, looking over my shoulder, wants me to put in all sorts of technical details about the course we took, wind and tide and all the rest of it. I should only make a mess of them. Suffice it that to me the day was delightful, and that dusk saw us creeping toward a little cove at the other side of the Lizard, where George said we should be snug against anything short of a westerly gale. The wind had gone down with the sun, and we had to use the motor to arrive at our anchorage.

The steak and onions over which, a little later, we sat in the little cabin, were the perfect end of a perfect day. When the last morsel had vanished, George pulled out his pipe, filled and lighted it.

"Wash up first," he ordained, "and then we'll hear what the great world has to say to us."

THE great world seemed immensely remote, unreal, in this secluded cove where the only sound was the faint *plash-plash* of water against the *Eileen's* hull as she rocked almost imperceptibly on the incoming tide. Emerging on deck from the lamplight of the cabin, we seemed uncannily suspended in the blue night, far from the familiar earth, the brighter of the myriad stars above reflecting themselves in the glassy calm as though they shone from below us, in an illusion of encompassing cosmic space heightened by the hushed silence. Only at a second glance could the outline of the embracing cliffs be deduced rather than discerned from their dark occultation of blue infinity. As I slung over the washing-up bucket, it splashed into ghostly phosphorescent fire.

George's cheery jocularities, making light of our task, seemed incongruously out of place in that great silence. The eeriness of it was still upon me as we returned to the cabin.

He went briskly to what had looked like a desk against the forward bulwark of the cabin, lifted off the cover, revealed a complicated array of electrical apparatus, coils and knobs and switches, which utterly transcended my understanding. My ignorance of these matters, familiar enough to nearly every schoolboy nowadays, is singularly complete. The only objects I recognized, or thought I recognized, among those mysterious instruments, were three ordinary electric-light bulbs fitted upright in a row on a little black board. And when I looked more closely, I saw that even these were different from any I had seen. A little metal cylinder, open at the ends, fitted over the filament of each.

"Pretty good set, that, eh?" remarked George with a fictitious nonchalance that failed to disguise the pride in his voice. "Made it myself—every bit of it."

"Wonderful!" I said with genuine respect. "And can you pick up wireless telephony as well as ordinary signals with it?" I expect it was an absurd question,—I have a knack of being inane before these technical mysteries,—but George only smiled tolerantly.

"Pick up anything that's going," he said. "You'll hear presently." He busied himself with fitting coils of wire into sockets, and making other little adjustments of the apparatus that were meaningless to me.

"Can you send messages as well as receive them?"

"I can," he answered, frowning abstractedly at some little gadget that was obstinate under his fingers. "It means starting up the motor and connecting it with the dynamo, though, and there's not much point in it. I don't want to talk to anybody. I only want to hear. But I have found it useful sometimes—got my position more than once when I was in a fog. The shore station will give it you. Cross-bearings, you know."

THIS meant nothing to me, but I refrained from further questioning. George had evidently completed his preparations. He gave me a telephone headpiece, with receivers fitting over both ears, and put on a similar one himself.

"Now listen!" he said. He switched on the three lamps, twisted a knob or two, manipulated a little lever with thumb and forefinger.

I heard a low confused murmuring that rose and fell as he played with that tiny lever, and then suddenly the faint sound of a human voice, out of pitch like a phonograph that is running down. He shifted the lever a fraction farther round the arc it traced—and a man's voice, startlingly loud and distinct, spoke into my ears.

"2 L O closing down for three minutes!" it said with carefully deliberate enunciation. It made me jump, so unexpected was it.

"We've just missed a turn," said George. "That's London Broadcasting Station. Concert from eight to nine. Not bad for three hundred miles off, eh?"

"Marvelous!" I exclaimed. That voice coming out of the void was positively uncanny.

"We'll see what else is going on while we're waiting," he said. "Would you like to hear the ships talking? They work on a six hundred wave-length. 2 L O works on three sixty." He shifted the little lever a fraction, and I heard a multiplication of little low-toned, raucously metallic buzzings, irregularly and rapidly reiterated. "That's Morse, of course," explained George. "There's half a dozen ships talking at once. Can you hear that louder one? That must be quite close—ten miles off. And now the shore station's talking. Do you catch the different note?"

It was weird to sit there in that little cabin of the anchored yacht and listen to those ships conversing with each other, unintelligible to me though were their messages, hundreds of miles away across the ocean, some of them. George glanced at his watch and switched the lever back to its former position.

The buzzings of the ships ceased instantly. Instead, came that clearly distinct man's voice, louder than George's close beside me. "2 L O speaking. The next item will be a violin solo by Miss Sylvia Smith—Rubenstein's 'Melody in F.' But before she begins I must warn listeners-in that we have again received serious complaints of oscillating valves. Will all listeners-in kindly see that their valves do not oscillate?" The human touch in that reproof coming out of the night was to me singularly impressive.

A moment later the violin solo began, as full and rich and sweet, the piano accompaniment as ripplingly clear, as if the performers were in that cabin with us. And they were three hundred miles away, with no tangible connection to that little yacht hid in a cove of the Cornish coast! And thousands of people in a vast radius from that distant city were listening to that music vibrating noiselessly through the night till it impinged upon a particular juxtaposition of wires connected to a telephone receiver, while all the time, uninterfered with, unperceived, the ships of all nations were talking together. To my mind, naively unsophisticated when it comes to the exact sciences, the whole thing was like magic.

I said as much to George when the violin finished and 2 L O once more shut down for three minutes.

He smiled. "You've only heard the fringe of it," he said. "We've only been on the low waves. Let's see what's happening on the higher ones." He took the couple of coils from their sockets, fitted a pair of larger ones, fiddled again with knob and lever.

MY ears were filled with a confused mingling of high piping notes, like a lot of distant flutes trying to get themselves in tune. "D'you hear the difference on the high waves?" he remarked. "Quite a different note." He adjusted his lever so that one series came clear, a rapid repetition of one squeaking sound. "That's one of the Transatlantic stations working. You can't pick it up—mechanically transmitted." He turned the lever again. "There's the Eiffel Tower; do you catch its call sign—F L—F L?" I took his word for it. "They work on twenty-six hundred. Now we'll see what Germany's doing. Listen! That's Königswusterhausen, twenty-eight hundred. They telephone only up to five-thirty. They're Morsing now. Nobody but London is telephoning at this hour."

"Is twenty-eight hundred the highest wave-length?" I inquired. "Good Lord, no! Some stations work on a much higher wave than that. Bordeaux works on 23,450. Would you like to hear it?" He fitted a yet larger pair of coils. "There's no telephony on these high wave-lengths. They're mostly used for Transatlantic telegraph work." He manipulated his lever. "Do you hear it? That's Bordeaux." I listened to the irregularly repeated fluting note that had no translatable significance for me.

"And is that the highest your instrument will register?" I asked. "No. I could catch anything up to thirty-five thousand. But there's no point in listening-in on those high waves. There's no one using them. Bordeaux is about the limit. But still, we'll have a try, if you like. Might hear a message from Mars!" he said jokingly. "It was while listening-in on these unused series that Signor Marconi got his mysterious sounds." He made further adjustments on his apparatus.

There was dead silence. Concert, ships' messages, Königswusterhausen, Bordeaux, all alike were blotted from audition. I wondered whether anything had gone wrong with the instrument, so complete was that cessation of the ether-borne murmurs and pipings to which I had been listening.

"Nothing, you see," said George. "That was twenty-five thousand. We'll try a little higher." Again he altered the adjustment. "Twenty-eight thousand—nothing." Dead silence—save for the just-heard *plash-plash* of the (Continued on page 110)



Illustrated by
J. J. Gould

"This boy! . . . I don't 'low his kind on the links. You understand, Mr. Madison, there's a lot o' stealin' goin' on."

The Proof

By HARRIS DICKSON

Judge Dickson was born in Mississippi and lives in Vicksburg: he knows the American negro and has a marvelous faculty of depicting his quaint and amusing aspects—as witness the famous "Old Reliable" and "Sunlover Sam" stories, and the delightful chronicles of little 'Nias, Aunt Cannie and her astonishing orphanage, of which the story printed herewith is one of the most engaging.

HER bare shanks wobbled in a pair of men's brogans as the cadaverous creature sat crouching on a low stone wall above which ran a privet hedge. Beyond the hedge a green lawn sloped upward to the whiteness of a vine-grown villa, and sheltered children at their play—incongruous background for this mummy woman whose intensely living eyes glittered from her dead and shriveled face.

"'Nias," she muttered to the black boy who stood holding his toy wagon. "'Nias, us done well. Got plenty grub to feed dem orphans two days."

"Sho is." Little 'Nias chuckled at the basketful of scraps on his wagon, for never in his hand-to-mouth career had the waif been certain of a full day's ration.

During those predatory years before Aunt Cannie relieved the police of responsibility for 'Nias, the incorrigible imp had infested Levee Street, and North Washington, where older but

not wiser offenders congregated. Now the daily task of helping to collect tribute for Aunt Cannie's orphans opened new vistas to his imagination. By dragging his wagon from house to house of rich white folks, 'Nias began to see how the other half lived, the upper half of a world that he knew intimately from its under side. And the prejudices of his eleven-year lifetime grew weaker as it developed that an old negro woman actually had pals among these big bugs, among a class of beings whom the hostility of 'Nias hitherto regarded only as people who would one day send him to the penitentiary. Not that 'Nias

particularly objected to a penitentiary, or comprehended what it meant, except as an interlude to the activities of any negro who picked up things. Inconvenient, perhaps, but having advantages; for many times he'd heard grown-up criminals say: "Better let dat nigger lone. He's a bad nigger. Been in de pentenchery fo' times." As 'Nias was so small, and most of his annoyances came

from being interfered with, the child looked forward to a happy time when his accomplices might say: "Let 'Nias alone. 'Nias is a bad nigger." To be let alone stood for a state of future joy.

However, his ambitions changed upon that illuminating day when he first followed Aunt Cannie through the back gate of Mrs. J. Garner Wyndham, and the charitable lady gave 'Nias this wagon. A new thrill tingled in every vein of the tiny black anarchist with the possession of property not liable to confiscation by its owner. This wagon was his; nobody could deprive him of it. Not only that, but a curious phenomenon occurred, quite beyond his comprehension except that it happened: One night a negro boy stole his wagon and sold it to a white man; then the most inveterate persecutor of 'Nias, Sergeant Cronin, actually took that wagon from the *white man* and restored it to 'Nias. Cronin said it was the law, a legal novelty that got 'Nias all mixed up. He previously conceived the law to be an evil power by which white folks grabbed things from niggers, gave back the things to white folks, and put the negro in jail. That's how the law had always operated.

So 'Nias dimly realized that it might be easier to forage with Aunt Cannie in daylight, and get what he wanted, rather than be boosted over a transom at night by some bigger negro who beat him out of his share. In fact, under the chaperonage of Aunt Cannie, the bewildered child staggered through a muddle of regeneration, mental, not moral; for 'Nias had no morals to regenerate. Honesty might be the better policy; he'd tried both.

Whether 'Nias were married to his honesty for better or for worse, he found it wearisome. All that tramping day he and Aunt Cannie had been hoofing it; now they were two miles from home, with a heavy load, and he turned hopefully toward a street-car that was stopping at the Country Club.

"Aunt Cannie, is us goin' to ride from here?" the child queried; then at a shake of the old woman's head, he added sturdily: "But I aint tired."

Yet he continued to observe the car, and saw a couple of negro boys, named Kewp and Bud, running along beside it, holding up their fingers and shouting:

"Caddie? Caddie?"

Being unfamiliar with customs in this remote corner of the earth, 'Nias couldn't figure what they were doing, and asked no questions. The chief worryment of his former trade had been meddlesome questions that folks persisted in shooting at him, which 'Nias never answered. Now he merely received and filed the information when Aunt Cannie glanced up from her seat on the wall and volunteered:

"White folks comes out here to play goff."

What "goff" was, or why anybody should play it, never pestered the kinks of Ananias. That was their business. He saw Lawyer Henry Madison step off the car, with Lawyer Will Avery—who had sent Luke the Looter over the road. Lawyers were mighty good white folks for little 'Nias to steer clear of; so he edged closer on the wall to Aunt Cannie and heard the old woman mutter:

"Dem's de lawyers fer Parson Brutus. His case is comin' up ag'in nex' week. Dat Babcock nigger's contrivin' to land old Brutus in de pen."

"What's Uncle Brutus scused of?"

"Sump'n concernin' of a cow," the ancient woman told him. "Huh! Brutus had no business claimin' dat stray cow. But when he sot in to argufyin' dat she was *his'n*, nobody couldn't beat nothin' else into him. He oughter tote some gumption in his head, in place o' totin' dat testyment onder his arm."

"Babcock's crooked," 'Nias remarked irrelevantly.

"Co'se he is. Fixin' to git a lot o' young niggers in trouble."

"An' don't give 'em deir half o' what dey fetches in!"—which to the integrity of 'Nias made Babcock seem like a corkscrew. The well-informed 'Nias might have specified details of Babcock's fraudulent divisions if his attention hadn't drifted back to the lawyers. The car was gone, out to the end of the line, and Madison was giving Kewp a straight talk.

"No, Kewp, I'm going to try another boy. Can't get you to watch my drives. You lost two balls for me yesterday."

The sullen Kewp hung his head, as Madison caught sight of Aunt Cannie, and turned away from him.



The cow, being introduced in evidence, was legally presumed to speak

In the estimation of 'Nias, Henry Madison stood tolerably high—for a lawyer. Last Christmas he had invited Aunt Cannie's flock of orphans into a store and given them each a pair of shoes—which showed a kind heart but a weak head, for 'Nias never wore shoes. Yet the lawyer meant well, and so the boy accorded him a grin of tolerant recognition as Madison said:

"Well! Well! Here's Aunt Cannie. Waiting for your car?"

"No suh, Mr. Henry. Shank's mare is plenty good fer me. I been ridin' dis ol' mare for more'n a hund'ed years."

"A *hund'ed*?" Madison laughed incredulously. "Aunt Cannie, really, how old *are* you?"

"Done tol' you, chil'. When I fust come to Vicksburg, dat Miss'ppi River warn't no bigger'n a creek."

"You're not going to walk all the way from here to Fort Hill? That's two miles."

"Shucks, honey; I does it ev'y day in de week, for'ards an' back ag'in."

"Your car's coming now. Take this money and get on."

"Thankee, Mr. Henry. Dey wont tote dis waggin, so I'll jes travel 'long wid 'Nias."

"No, carry your basket on the car, and let 'Nias stay here to caddie for me."



for herself. But this cow didn't; she was not a chatty cow. She seemed preoccupied and unmindful of ecclesiastical disputation.

"Huh! Dat'll be nice fer 'Nias—jes like play. An' mebbe you'll give him two bits."

The child's eyes sparkled. He was going to play goff, and get two bits. His thin black legs bent under the basket as he hoisted it aboard the car; then with his empty wagon he turned to follow Madison. The surly caddies glowered upon this interloper, but 'Nias paid no attention, even when Kewp spoke sulkily:

"Mr. Madison, dey don't 'low no sech boy in de club."

"They'll allow him with me. Come along, 'Nias."

Other crimes might be condoned, but not this felony of breaking into the corporation of caddies. The two lawyers strolled ahead, up a long plank walk toward the clubhouse, while diminutive 'Nias trudged behind, dragging his wagon.

"Le's me an' you beat him up," Kewp whispered to his partner.

"Do it yo' own se'f," Bud partially agreed. "He tuk yo' man."

The larger and wrathful boys dogged at 'Nias' elbow, badgering him in undertones.

"Git off dis place."

"Oughter stayed in jail whar dey had you."

"Stole Mrs. Gibson's jew'ry."

"Totes whisky fer Cooney Bug."

To these traitorous but truthful accusations, the little boy

never blinked or turned his head. Such allegations bored him; they were not new to 'Nias, nor the proof thereof. He trudged on serenely, with a balky whiteness at the corner of his eyes which bluffed the bigger boys from touching him. They prudently fell back to where Kewp caught the tail end of his wagon, the sacred property that was his. 'Nias tried to jerk loose, but couldn't budge. At first he uttered no sound—only pulled like a vicious mule. Then from between tight shut teeth he growled:

"Leggo, Kewp! Leggo! Dis is my waggin."

"Make me! Make me!"

'Nias need only lift a voice for help, but his self-reliance always fought its own battles. Encouraged by the child's silence, Bud also laid profane hands upon his property, and both the taunting caddies swung backward. 'Nias resisted with indignant strength, then suddenly let go, giving his wagon a shove which sent his tormentors sprawling.

"Hurry on, 'Nias," Madison called. "Don't stop to play."

"I aint *playin'*!" he grinned as he retrieved the wagon. And his skinny black legs moved on unhindered until he climbed the last slope to the clubhouse.

"Wait for me at the side door," Madison pointed, passing in himself at the front.

The scowling Kewp and Bud didn't follow, but sneaked around to the back, where they tattled into Sam's ear.

When Madison picked up his golf-bag and stepped out, he heard an angry voice in the side yard, and saw Sam, the colored porter, gripping 'Nias by the collar.

"Get out o' here, 'Nias!" Sam was enforcing his order. "Didn't I tell you never to set foot on dis place?"

'Nias struggled silently, one hand clutching his wagon, the other little fist tightly doubled, while he glared at the ring of jeering caddies.

"What's the matter, Sam?" Madison inquired.

"This boy!"—shaking the defiant desperado. "I don't 'low his kind on the links. You understan', Mr. Madison, there's a lot o' stealin' goin' on, kids like him is doin' it."

Madison knew what the porter alluded to, that Vicksburg was bedeviled by an outbreak of burglary and sneak-thefts, supposed to be the work of youngsters, under the direction of an experienced head. Naturally 'Nias' record drew suspicion upon him, and Madison looked straight at the boy. But he met the inquisition so frankly that Madison acquitted him.

"That's all right, Sam," he smiled. "I'll be responsible for 'Nias."

"If you say so, suh." Grudgingly the porter let go, while the disgusted caddies moved away.

"'Nias" Madison asked, "did you ever caddie?"

"No. But I kin."

"Good! Take this bag and come with me."

Throughout his encounter with Sam, 'Nias had never turned loose the wagon. Now he threw in the golf-bag, and followed his boss, until Madison looked back to say:

"Here, 'Nias! Leave your wagon."

"No. I takes dis ev'y place I goes."

"But you can't chase golf-balls with that."

"Yes, I kin. Dis waggin runs swif'."

"Oh, Sam," Madison beckoned laughingly, "please keep his wagon until 'Nias gets back."

Sam was not pleased; neither was 'Nias, who suspiciously inspected the porter. "Whar you aim to put dis?"

"In my storeroom."

"Den lock it up," 'Nias ordered briefly.

THE still sullen Bud, who was Avery's caddie, skirmished ahead on the fairway, while 'Nias trailed his boss, and now stood observing preliminaries at the tee. White folks certainly did have funny ways; 'Nias tried to display no superiority as he eyed the big lawyer squatting down, pranking with a pinch of sand. It appeared like he just *couldn't* get that sand rigged up to suit him. He made a little hill, patted it down with his palm, brushed the hill away and built it up again, then set a ball on top. And him a grown man! The ball rolled off, and so Madison had to fix the sand all over again. He and that other lawyer kept arguing and arguing about how sand ought to be fixed, until Lawyer Madison noticed 'Nias, and spoke right sharp:

"Here! Don't hang around me. Go down there near the other boy."

"Me an' Bud don't git 'long," 'Nias objected.

"Fine! Have nothing to do with Bud."

"I want. What you aim fer me to do?"

"See this ball?" The lawyer held it up. "I'm going to drive it, out there somewhere. When it hits the ground, you must be right there."

"An' fetch it back?"

"No! No! Your job is only to see where it falls."

"Don't I hit it none?"

"No! You must go to my ball where it drops, and wait for me."

"Huh! Is dat all?" Disgustedly 'Nias strode down the hill-side to do two bits' worth of what he was told. At every drive his keen eyes followed the ball in flight, and two nimble legs hustled him underneath, surely as a fly to center field always finds a waiting glove to receive it.

The lawyers played a leisurely game, and at the seventh tee settled down together on a bench, where Madison remarked:

"Will, Brutus Elmore's case is bothering me."

"Me and you both," his associate counsel nodded. "I'm afraid they'll convict our client next time."

"I don't believe old Brutus would steal anything," Madison insisted, "but it's a strong case against him, a *very* strong case."

While the attorneys rested, the weary 'Nias was willing to lie on the ground beside them and listen instead of chasing balls. It didn't tire his legs nigh as much. He saw that the white folks were bothered. 'Nias never considered that white folks

had to bother about anything. But these white folks were troubled, for an indictment charging one Brutus Elmore with grand larceny had worried his volunteer defenders out of all proportion to its professional importance; for they were getting no fee and a cow-stealing case added nothing to their reputations.

Yet the case itself piqued them, with its sinister and baffling undercurrents. On the surface it seemed a common story: For years Brutus Elmore had been preaching at Sheba Church, to a few old-time negroes who reveled in the old-time religion, and plenty of shouting. Everybody knew old Brutus. In mating season, he'd hang around the courthouse with a pair of octagonal specs, and a battered testament under his arm, waylaying every colored couple to whom the clerk issued a license. Then Parson Brutus tied 'em up tight for a dollar, cash or credit. The paths of their shepherd suited his simple-hearted sheep, until a fashionable element crept into the flock, an ambitious and dressy minority whom the old guard derided as "uppity." These social climbers itched for a stylish pastor, and talked about electing the glib-tongued Professor Babcock.

AT the first trial of Brutus, his lawyers had observed this Babcock personage strutting around in a swing-tail coat, and a clerical collar that had no front gate. All the younger women in Sheba Church were his supporters, and from them came the most damaging testimony against Parson Brutus—which made defendant's counsel suspect that this prosecution was being pressed for the purpose of ousting an obsolete preacher. But why did the pretentious Babcock crave to fill a poverty-stricken pulpit? Neither Madison nor Avery could guess.

Naturally they didn't think of consulting 'Nias, who lay beside his caddie-bag, digging one stubby toe in the turf and listening to every syllable. 'Nias always listened, and picked up tips. By listening to everybody he once had heard a white lady remark in getting out of her automobile that she'd left her jewelry on the dresser, with nobody at home—so Luke the Looter knew precisely where to find it. And once the cunning eyes of little 'Nias had seen Mrs. Wilson's cook hide her kitchen key under a brick beneath the back steps, to let herself in next morning without rousing the family. Luke got in before morning, and never waked a soul. Of course 'Nias had reformed since then, but use doth breed a habit in a man. Now he listened, and heard Lawyer Madison say to Lawyer Avery:

"Will, this looks like a frame-up."

"Possibly so," Avery half agreed. "But the proof shows that the cow belongs to old Jim Deason."

Jim Deason, a negro farmer who lived fourteen miles in the country, had positively identified his cow, and a dozen neighbors corroborated him. Two months after she disappeared, Jim discovered the same cow in the lot of Parson Brutus. But old Brutus stuck to it, swearing that he had milked that cow for three years, and that she was the mother of his wooly bull calf, which figured conspicuously in the evidence.

"Will," Madison persisted, "if we can prove that she is the mother of that calf, we'll get him off."

"Sure; but nobody can swear to that—*except the cow*."

White folks had funny notions, and 'Nias grinned at the idea of a cow swearing to anything; then he sat up and asked warily:

"Mr. Lawyer, is you seekin' to make Uncle Brutus come clear?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"No, not me. Dunno nothin' 'bout dat ol' nigger."

On principle 'Nias always denied information which pertained to a courthouse scrape.

Then the attorney's groping mind reverted to Babcock, and he asked: "Will, why does Babcock want to be pastor of Sheba Church?"

"Search me," the younger lawyer answered.

A search of 'Nias might have discovered something, for he knew precisely why Babcock needed a visible occupation. What did Luke the Looter do when he first hit Vicksburg? Did Luke hang around pool-rooms and let the police suspect him? Not much! He started a swell pressing-club, and joined the lodges. That's why Professor Babcock, tarred with the same stick, aimed to be a preacher.

"IF Your Honor please," the square-jawed prosecutor suggested, while every eye in a jammed courtroom fixed itself upon him. "That closes the evidence, Your Honor, and we now desire this jury to view the cow. She's tied out there in the yard."

Judge Brien glanced over his specs at defendant's counsel; whereupon Madison arose and said: "We interpose no objection, Your Honor."



'Nias got what he went after; he usually did, unless interfered with by act of God or the Public Enemy.

There was no use to object, and matters could not be made worse. Madison was snake-bit and going to die anyhow, and so he courteously agreed.

This second trial puzzled him and Avery even more than the first. Far more definitely it showed the earmarks of a factional fight in Sheba Church, with Babcock as the cynosure of women's eyes, and general manipulator of strategy. Twice during its progress, defendant's counsel caught a vague hint that some unknown person brought Jim Deason's cow by night and turned her into the parson's lot. But they could establish none of this by legal evidence.

"Clear the aisle!" called the sheriff; then twelve good men and true filed down the stairway, with negroes cascading behind them like a tumbling waterfall in blacks and tans.

The duck-legged defendant shuffled out between his lawyers, advertising his radiance in the spotlight. He patronized all friends with a nod, scowling at all enemies, and grinning when the rabble whispered: "Dar he goes! Dat's him!"

The courthouse of Warren County perches upon a terraced hill-top, presenting one Corinthian façade to each of the four winds. Cows are not tolerated in its yard. They fail to harmonize with Corinthian architecture. But the prosecuting attorney had his dander up.

A bailiff held open the east doors while the sheriff passed out, with jurors two and two, and the lawyers. Then a bulging torrent of negroes burst through, scattering, to swarm again around a tree at which the hotly controverted cow stood tethered. Madison smiled to observe how they grouped themselves in partisan forma-

tion, as delegates to a national convention assemble beneath their respective banners. Wherever he saw a patch of gaudy color and bobbing plumes, there was marshaled a battalion of the Babcock Suffragettes. But every duller patch of cooks, washerwomen, and draymen wearing their gunnysack aprons, marked a phalanx of the old guard maintaining the innocence of Parson Brutus.

The cow, being introduced in evidence, was legally presumed to speak for herself, like a written contract. But this cow didn't; she was not a chatty cow. She seemed preoccupied, ruminative, and unmindful of ecclesiastical disputation. Her tail swatted gnats impartially as it swatted jurors.

"Will," Madison whispered, "if we could only get *one creditable witness* to swear that the calf is *her* calf—"

"Bully!" Avery's gesture betrayed annoyance. "But we *can't* and that ends it."

Artful 'Nias made it a rule never to loaf around courts, or constable shops, or other unholy places where he might get tangled up like a fly on sticky paper. Yet he had been present throughout this trial—not obtrusively and aggressively present, but 'Nias was there. And while he failed to comprehend high points of law, 'Nias got down to the gizzard of their contention, and grasped what his lawyer friend was driving at.

While a dairyman-juror inspected brands on the cow, Madison caught one momentary glimpse of the child's eager face, peering from behind a fat woman at the cow who must swear for herself. Her time had come, for 'Nias extricated his wagon from the mob, clattered down the brick steps, and went running northward along Cherry Street. He knew (Continued on page 108)

Illustrated by
George Wright

Asked the question, "What is your favorite amusement?" W. L. George replied: "Loafing about a great city between midnight and dawn. The few people about you would be in bed were it not for some unusual cause—love, crime, apprehension, poverty. Lonely under the stars, these people confide in you." The pursuit of this hobby, it may be noted, gave Mr. George the curious story which follows.

The Wax Lady

By

W. L. GEORGE

UPON the north side of Hyde Park, against the railings, stand a few benches on which, when the weather is fine, elderly people take the air. Upon my nocturnal wanderings I sometimes investigate this spot, for those who await the dawn in such places are sometimes interesting. Thus, one night, as I was loafing about my hunting-ground, I perceived coming toward me a strangely formed shape, something rather low upon its legs, the upper part of which was bulky. As it came closer, I saw that it was a small man carrying a bundle. I went toward him, so as to benefit by the lights of Victoria Gate, and saw that the bundle was a sack which the man with difficulty bore upon his right shoulder. Now, people carrying sacks at night are usually engaged upon uninteresting removals—notably fleeing from the landlord; but the police are perpetually interested in them, because burglars are given so to carrying the fruits of their trade. Thus,

just as the little man reached the gate, the policeman on duty stepped forward and stopped him.

"Hullo, mate," said the policeman in a friendly tone. "What's that you've got? Is it heavy?"

"Weighs about a ton," said the little man.

"Where are you going?"

"Acton."

"That's a long way. What have you got in that sack, mate?"

"What's it got to do with you?" snarled the little man. He burst into shrill denunciations. Was this a free country? Couldn't a man go his own way without being interfered with by a lot of cops? Then he seemed to realize that he was making himself suspect. His tone changed, suddenly grew honeyed. He brought the sack to the ground and said to the policeman: "After all, I don't mind your seeing what I've got."





"I got some swag in 'ere," said the man. "Fact is, a friend of mine and me, we cracked a little crib tonight."

He untied the cord; the sack fell down in folds. I took a step back, filled with horror, for from the sack emerged the head and shoulders of a girl. The policeman also stepped back. What increased my horror and puzzled me was that the head was hairless.

The little man must have sensed our feelings, for in a soothing tone he added: "It aint a corpse." The policeman gingerly touched the rosy cheek. "It's wax," the little man went on, pulling down the sack so we might see that under the dazzling neck and shoulders, ghastly under the moon, the body was represented by a low wooden frame, over which canvas was stretched.

to let him alone, if it had not been for my size. He was a small man, and I happen to be one of those people who cannot get into an omnibus with a hat on. I towered over the little man like a mountain; no doubt this embarrassed him. Still, after a while, we crossed the road; at the corner of a street he attempted to get rid of me, remarking, "So long, gov'nor," and pausing. "Ere's where I turn off," he added.

"Indeed?" I said. "You're going out of your way. That goes north. Acton lies west."

He flung me a malevolent glance: "Well, now you mention it,

"Oh," said the policeman, after a while, "hairdresser's block? That's what it is, eh?" Then his professional suspicion returned to him: "What are you doing with it in the middle of the night, anyway?"

The little man looked about him with affected care. Leaning toward the policeman, he whispered: "I'm going to marry her."

"Now, then," said the policeman, "none of your nonsense." Policemen dislike humor; it agitates their minds, interferes with their smooth working. "Where are you taking it?"

"Once before," said the little man calmly, "I said Acton. For the second time I say Acton. It's still Acton. And if you want to know from what happy home I took this young lady, I'll tell you that I bought 'er this afternoon at Bunley's Sale Rooms, price ten shillings—sale price, shop-soiled, but not as you'd notice it. And aint the girl worth every penny of it?"

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the policeman, discomfited by that tone that only the gutters of great cities can lay upon the tongue.

"I told you I was going to marry 'er," said the little man, injuredly. "But I don't want to deceive an innocent child. I'm going to put 'er in my winder when I get to Acton. Fact is, I'm a 'airdresser. I'm going to put 'air on 'er, curls. She'll look lovely!"

"All right," said the policeman sullenly, "you can go on."

"Like to give 'er a kiss?" asked the little man as he pulled up the sack. The policeman did not reply, but walked, or rather loomed away, as is the habit of his profession.

The little man gave me a wink: "That shut 'is mug for 'im, didn't it, gov'nor? These cops, you know, they're that official!"

"Yes, they are a bit officious," I said. "Still, it's their trade."

"And a dirty trade it is, too," said the little man, as he fastened the sack over the odd burden. "Now I got to hoist this on my back again." His short arms struggled helplessly with his burden. So, seizing the bundle, which was not heavy, but rather clumsy, I managed to get it onto his shoulder once more.

"Thank you, gov'nor," he said, looking at me with interest, obviously not accustomed to the assistance of men in tails and white waistcoats. "Expect me an' 'im would be talking now, if you 'adn't 'apened along. Those coppers, they don't mind what they do to a pore man; 'e'd 'ave wanted to know this 'ere, and that 'ere, wasting 'alf the night."

Somehow we were walking along together toward the west. I had my reason for this already. The little man talked abundantly, but from time to time he looked up to me, puzzled, and perhaps annoyed. Probably he would have told me

that's a funny thing. I got into my 'ead that I 'ad to turn off 'ere. Thank you for mentioning it, gov'nor. So long." He went on westward. But I still accompanied him. His now became a sulky mood; he refused to talk, and so we went for several hundred yards. At last, however, I determined to play my card. So I said: "You're a hairdresser, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Is yours a good business?"

"So-so."

"What do you do?"

"Shaving, 'airdressing—ladies mostly."

"Indeed? How is it that the ladies don't mind the state your hands are in?"

"What's the matter with my 'ands?" asked the little man pugnaciously.

"Now, don't try and make a fool of me. You haven't got the hands of a hairdresser. My good man, nearly all your nails are broken, and you've got machine-oil in the skin of every finger."

"Well, I never! And what's it got to do with you, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing. That's why I'm interfering with it. Look here—I don't want to do you a bad turn. If I'd wanted to, I had my chance ten minutes ago. I only had to point out to the policeman that you said you were a hairdresser and that you had the hands of a laborer. He'd have wanted to know more; he'd have wanted to know why a man with machine-oil over his fingers pays ten shillings for a lay figure."

"Well, I'd have told him I fancied it."

"He wouldn't have believed you. And I don't believe you."

"Then you can do the other thing."

"All right," I said amiably, suddenly clapping his left shoulder in a grip that surprised him. "If you feel so comfortable about it, come with me to Ladbroke Grove police station, and if I've judged you unfairly, I'll give you five pounds."

"I don't want your—money."

"I thought as much. Now, tell me the truth; if you don't, I'll have to take you to the station, and then you won't get the five pounds anyway."

A GLOW of hate hung in his eyes; if he had had a weapon, I should have suffered; indeed, his arm made a movement as if to strike, but he realized that I had eight inches, and forty or fifty pounds weight to spare. So the shoulder I held struggled, then subsided. In a sulky tone he said: "I had to tell the cop a tale. I don't see no 'arm in telling you I aint a 'airdresser. I'm an engine-cleaner."

"That's better. Well, what do you want with this lay figure, then? Are you going to make a mascot of it for an engine?"

"No."

"Still you're telling lies, and taking risks for it. You seem rather attached to it. You tell me you paid ten shillings for it?"

"Yes."

"That's cheap—at least, I suppose so, never having bought one myself. What do you think it's worth?"

"Oh, I dunno."

"Let's walk along and talk about it." We went toward the west. "Think again. How much do you think it would cost new?"

"Couple of pounds."

"Would it, indeed? Look here; I've taken a fancy to it. I'll give you five pounds for it as it stands."

"I aint selling."

"You're not selling for five pounds a thing you can buy new for two pounds. Really, this is very interesting. The police—"

"Oh, 'ang it. There you are, talking about the cops again."

"I've got to. You've stolen that thing. You're a thief."

"'Oo are you calling thief?"

"You." In a low tone, I added: "If you tell me the truth, I'll let you off. But just one more lie, and I'll hand you over."

There was a silence. Finally the little man cleared his throat, and in a gentle tone said: "Look 'ere, gov'nor, you don't want to be 'ard on a pore working man. You say you want to buy the thing. Well, I aint so fond of it. I don't mind selling it, but I couldn't let it go for five pounds."

"How much do you want?"

"Say, a 'undred pounds."

I laughed: "Now, my man, I'm afraid you've given yourself away. Tell me why this figure's worth a hundred pounds. Otherwise, off we go to the police station."

There was, obviously, a struggle in the man's mind. He probably thought of bolting, for he moved toward the road, but I stepped on the other side of him. Then he must have decided

to trust me, for in a gloomy tone he murmured: "You're a gentleman." At last, with fine frankness, he said: "I'll tell you all about it. But I can't do it 'ere. Some one might come along. I'll show you something. Let's go up that street." He nodded toward Inverness Terrace. "There'll be a garden or something."

I FOLLOWED him in silence, until we reached an empty house.

We were fortunate—the front garden was separated from the road by tall shrubs. Behind some of these we established ourselves. Again the sack was undone, the bold beauty exposed, looking strangely human and surprised.

"I got some swag in 'ere," said the man. "Fact is, a friend of mine and me, we cracked a little crib tonight. Do you know Charley Vill, the barber?"

"Of course I know Charleville." Indeed, this was the name of the most fashionable hairdresser in London, whose shop has stood at the corner of Bond Street for over half a century.

"Well, it's like this: Charley Vill aint only a barber. He does a bit of business with the fashionable dames while he's doing their 'air; now and then one of them gets into a bit of a mess—cards, and champagne wine, all that sort of thing. You know," he went on with a confidential smile. "So they get short and want to raise a bit o' money on something. That sort of woman, she don't want to be seen coming out—"

"Of a pawnbroker's. I understand."

"You see what I mean. They takes all sorts of stuff to Charley Vill, jewelry, gold plate, knick-knacks what they pinch in their own drawing-room, and he lends 'em money on 'em. Oh, 'e's a fly customer; a 'undred per cent—that's what he charges them."

"I follow. You and your friend indulged in a little burglary at Charleville's tonight. But I don't quite see why you took this young lady with you."

"Well, it's like this, gov'nor. I expect you've 'ad no experience of crib-cracking. If you 'ad, if you'd done a stretch, same as I 'ave, all along o' being careless, like, you'd know that it don't do to go about London o' nights carrying a sack full of money, and things like that. You got to be careful. So when we'd got all the stuff together, my mate and I, we didn't quite know what to do. There was jewelry—that's nothing; one can put that in his pocket. But there was lots of other stuff: gold snuffboxes, silver sauce-boats, combs all over diamonds. It would have broken my 'eart to leave it. So my mate, 'e 'ad an idea. We got 'old of two of these 'ere figures; the inside of 'em is 'ollow. So we shared out, and we each put our 'alf in a lay figure. Then we put 'em into the sacks which we'd brought with us, because you never know; and off we goes, each our own way. Like that, when that cop started asking questions, 'e didn't tumble to it." He pointed to the ground: "And there's my 'alf. If you say the word, you can 'ave it for a 'undred pounds."

It was very tempting to arrest the man forthwith; no doubt, by this means, all the property would be recovered, since the other man could be found. But I felt curious; after all, I knew many ladies who had their hair done by Charleville; some were hard up; one of them had recently received from me a few valuable little presents which it would be amusing to identify. So I said:

"No, I'm not going to buy a pig in a poke. I don't mind doing a little business with you: if I think the stuff's worth it, I'll give you a hundred pounds; I can't get caught, so I don't mind."

He thought he recognized a fellow-crook, apparently, for at once he dragged at the canvas that was roughly nailed to the bottom of the figure, pulled it off, thrust his hand in. A look of perplexity came over his face. He fumbled in the recess, took up the figure, shook it. Then, his mouth fallen open, he turned to me and said: "There aint nothing in it!"

FOR a moment the air was filled with the thin sound of his misery. When, however, he had said about a dozen times that he didn't know how it could have happened, I decided to be a little rougher with him.

"Look here, my man," I said, "you've tried to play a dirty trick on me. You've tried to get a hundred pounds out of me by making me believe that in this figure there was a lot of valuable stuff, and—"

"But there was!"

"Don't talk nonsense."

"It must 'a' dropped out." He searched the sack frantically.

"What sort of fool do you take me for? How could the things fall out when you'd tacked the canvas bottom on again? There never was anything in this figure; the only thing that upsets me is that it's hardly any use handing you over to the police, since you haven't got any stolen goods. But of course you've got the

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figure; that's probably stolen goods. I think I'll jail you for this."

"Don't do that, gov'nor," implored the little man. "I think I know 'ow this 'appened. I'm a bigger fool than anybody'd think, and I'll tell you for why. I put the stuff in with my own 'ands. Would I tell you a story like that if it weren't true?"

"Indeed I don't know."

"What do you think I'd tell you I cracked a crib for, if it weren't true? Aint the sort of thing a cove boasts about to a stranger, is it?"

"That may be. But you say you think you know how it happened?"

"Well, gov'nor, I don't know, but I think it must 'ave been like this. I took my 'alf, and my mate took 'is 'alf. We each got one of these 'ere figures off the floor. I filled mine. I 'ad to take the canvas off the bottom first, but I put it on again after. There was about a dozen of them figures there, waiting to 'ave 'air on. What I think's 'appened is that I picked up one of them lay figures that was empty. And mine, what's got the stuff in it, is in Charley Vill's back shop now!"

"I shouldn't wonder," I remarked. "It seems very likely. I suppose you were in rather a hurry."

"One always is in a 'urry in our business. My mate 'ad been nearly two hours opening the safe, and it 'ad got on my nerves, like. When I'd got my figure full, I didn't 'ang about, I can tell you. I just 'opped it." Once more he expressed his misery, his resentment against Fate, until I stopped him.

"Look here," I said, "this is all very well, but the fact remains that you've left the stuff behind, and there's no chance of your going to get it."

"Of course there aint; it's too late now; I 'aven't the nerve to risk it, and as for tomorrow night, they'll 'ave 'alf a dozen watchmen, with 'alf a dozen guns, so that it don't 'appen again when it's already 'appened. There's nothing more to be said but to go 'ome. And I'll leave this lady 'ere. I got no feelings for 'er." He raised his foot to kick the figure to pieces, but I stopped him.

"Don't do that. After all, she's rather pretty."

"Gov'nor!" shouted the little man suddenly.

"Not so loud," I said.

"I got another idea. I was the first to go. I don't think I made a mistake. Them other figures I told you about was on the floor. My young woman was on the table. Didn't think of it at first. Gov'nor, I couldn't 'ave made a mistake. There's something else. Gov'nor, I got a feeling that I know what's 'appened; when I wasn't looking, my mate picked up one of them figures off the floor and put it on the table instead of mine, just after I'd done. And off I went with this 'ere bargain. 'E stayed behind to clear up, as 'e said, and 'e's walked off with the whole of the swag. The—"

I did not speak for a moment. It seemed quite possible. My man would not have made a mistake such as this. He was still grumbling. "Gov'nor," he said feelingly, "the worst about our profession is there aint no 'onor in it. But I'll get even with 'im."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going round to 'ave a chat with 'im. I'm going to bed now, but I'll see 'im tomorrow morning, I will."

"Why wait till tomorrow morning? Isn't that a bad plan? How do you know he won't sell the stuff tonight?"

"Gov'nor," said the little man, "I don't know what your occupation is, but you're wasted in it. Off I go to Marylebone this very minute."

I ACCOMPANIED him; we were becoming friendly, we two; besides, it would be well, from my point of view, to discover where the other man lived. We were fortunate enough to find a taxi, which the little man prudently insisted should drive us to the Great Central Station—out of which, after a moment, we emerged to turn toward the north, making for some mean streets. When we reached the place, we found it in complete darkness. Only one light burned in the window opposite, from which came the sounds of a violent quarrel. The street reeked with dirt; vegetables were rotting in the gutters. While I was reflecting that the wages of crime is not necessarily opulence, my companion was painstakingly engaged upon the bell of a particularly mean-looking and untidy little house of only two floors. It was not answered for a long time, so long indeed, that I suggested to my friend that his accomplice was not at home. He snickered at me, having cast up an eye and seen a curtain twitch. Besides, he knew what he was doing. I perceived a rhythm in the ringing; he made up a little tune, which I could not follow. After ten minutes the door opened, to reveal a man completely dressed. I realized that here was a prudent fellow.

This man looked more gently bred than his partner. He was tall, thin, had a big black mustache and sorrowful eyes. Looking over the little man, he considered me with great suspicion.

"It's all right, Jim," said the little man confidentially. He jerked his thumb toward me: "E's all right." The black-mustached man let us in, closing the door behind us. In the light of a single taper he looked frightened. Also, at once, the tone of my companion changed. "So there you are, you — swine," he remarked conversationally. "You're the one who done your mate out of 'is share of the swag! I didn't think you'd let me in. Expect you was frightened of what I'd do to you in the morning."

"I don't know what you mean," said the black mustache in an educated cockney voice.

"Look at 'im!" said the little man derisively. "Be'old the innocent child! Mean to say, Jim, you didn't palm off an empty figure on me while you 'opped it with both of 'em? Oh, you dirty—I've 'alf a mind to do for you."

I pushed past the angry man. "Nonsense! You don't want to hang for this, do you?" Then I addressed the black mustache: "The position is that this man considers that you've stolen his share of the job you did tonight; he says you have both figures in your possession. Surely you can disprove it by letting us come upstairs."

"Don't 'e talk beautiful!" said the little man. "But that's what we want, Jim, and we're going up."

"I'm sure you're welcome," said the black mustache, nervously eying my bulk. "Come up and see."

Rather surprised by this unexpectedly friendly reception, we went up to the first floor, where a so-called sitting-room was occupied merely by a table and a chair. Here burned another candle, reinforced by a fire which still glowed in an old grate. Though the light was scanty, it was obvious that here nothing was concealed. In a corner stood half a dozen gasoline tins, which showed that these experienced burglars occasionally used a car. The little man went up to them and tapped them disconsolately. They yielded nothing.

"Now, then, Jim," he said, "I know you. . . . Where 'ave you put them?" He nodded to the door: "Got 'em under your bed, I suppose."

"I assure you—"

"Oh—" He nodded to me. "'Ere, you keep an eye on 'im."

The little man trotted into what must have been a bedroom; the black mustache politely took the sack off the figure and stood it on the table. He remarked to me: "Funny, sir, what strange ideas men get into their heads."

I took no notice of him, for I was curious to see what was happening. I looked into the bedroom, where my companion was striking matches and swearing. Suddenly he gave a cry of excitement; I followed him into the bedroom: over the bed was a curtained shelf. He had drawn the curtain away: upon the shelf stood two waxen figures, apparently identical with the one we had brought.

"Ah, the—" exclaimed the little man, clutching at one of the figures. He came back into the sitting-room, clapping his burden, which he placed upon the table. "Got you," he remarked to the black mustache. "And you sha'n't palm another dud figure on me." He pressed his thumb upon the waxen forehead, where it left a black impression. "I'll know it now. Well, I got no time to knock your 'ead off," he remarked to the black-mustached man, who was leaning negligently against the mantel. "Now—"

HE had no time to finish, for as he turned to his faithless accomplice, the latter uttered a cry, and a burst of flame came out of the grate. I jumped back in affright, for the fire, animated by uncanny wildness, was rushing along the carpet, making for my legs and the table.

"Gosh!" cried the black-mustached man. "We've got nothing to put it out. Here!" he said to me. "Quick! Take it!" He shoved the figure into my arms, pushing us out.

Blind with fear, as the flames from unknown causes rushed all over the room, we ran to the stairs and down. As we came out, I heard behind me the steps of the black-mustached man. He was carrying something, and at once disappeared into the darkness.

We ran together in panic, about a hundred yards. We should have gone farther, but the figure slipped from my grasp, and with a crash shattered itself in fragments on the pavement. The little



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man let out an oath as he groveled among the pieces. No gold—no diamonds! The figure was empty.

For a moment we stood and stared at the disappointing sight, unable to understand what had happened. Then I began to grasp it. "Don't you see?" I said, "The fire was only a trick to get us out. He didn't mind if he burnt the house. It's not his, I suppose. While we were in the bedroom, he opened one of those gasoline tins and splashed it all over the

floor. He laid a trail of gasoline, and lit it. If I hadn't gone into the bedroom after you—"

"Oh, what's the good of talking?" said the little man angrily. "E's done us. But what I want to know—Why, gov'nor, look 'ere!" He picked up a large piece that was obviously forehead. "There's my thumb mark."

I smiled: "No. Don't you see that just before pushing the figure into my arms—the figure we'd brought with us, the empty

one—he pressed his thumb on the forehead, just as you had done on the other one, and he palmed off on me the figure he had palmed off on you before!"

There was a long silence. Then the little man summed up: "Gov'nor, in my profession you can't choose your mates as you'd like to. I'm an engine-cleaner, I am, and no nonsense about me. What I ought to 'ave told you, and I'd forgot it myself, is that my mate was once a conjuror."

THE OPALS OF ALLAH

(Continued from page 55)

protector. "You and me understand each other, nice and pretty. If Tonia don't treat you right, I'll teil the cockeyed world you can run in my colors. Some outfit you got on, boy—you look like a jockey. Never seen so many knock-em-dead colors outside of a—"

He paused suddenly, and drew a quick breath.

"In the name of Allah, on the head!" he muttered. "The colors are there, all right! I knew that dream stood for something! Yea bo, I've got the real opal of Allah on my lap right now!"

He tightened his hold on Señor Bowlegs, and looked up to see his colleague standing just behind him. An expression of genuine alarm was stamped on the Rat's features, and his gaze was directed at the baby.

"Sweet, ragged doll!" he gasped. "Is that little devil cross-eyed?"

Now, if there is one thing in all the world that a race-track hustler fears, it is an individual whose eyes behave like a pigeon's toes. Once, at Emeryville, Baltimore Ryan hired a cross-eyed man at fifty dollars a day to stand in front of Barney Schafer's book and put the jinx on him. Everybody knows that story. The Information Kid rose in defense of his protégé.

"Cut it out, Henry!" he snarled. "All babies are a little wabby-eyed at first.

You been drinkin' too much. Take a good look at him now. The sun was bothering him before."

Henry crossed his fingers, and bent for a closer inspection.

"Well," he admitted, "they seem all right now, but he was puttin' the oofy-goof on us a minute ago; I swear to Gawd he was! Somethin damn' queer about the way we picked up that kid. I wouldn't monkey with him too much."

Billy Bowlegs wriggled his toes, clapped his hands and joined in the debate.

"A-hi!" he gurgled. "Papá!"

The Information Kid turned to his colleague.

"There you are!" he said triumphantly. "That's how I stand, see? G'wan away, Henry; you aint entered in this race at all."

"Darn right, I aint," said Henry, and went off to display his skill in the Bacchus Handicap.

The king of the hustlers played Ride-a-cock-horse with Señor Bowlegs, much to the latter's delight.

"You aint a li'l jinx, are you?" appealed the Kid. "You wouldn't put the oofy-goof on a pal, would you? Course you wouldn't! Hang on tight, now—we're swingin' into the home stretch! Atta ol' boy—we win in a walk!"

Manuel Torreon was disconsolate when his guests announced their intention of departing on the following morning. Henry the Rat was willing to listen to his host's pleadings, but the Information Kid was resolute.

"You've shown us a swell time, brother," he confided, "but on the level, now, we've got to get back on the job."

"Too bad," sighed Manuel. "Well, we have one more gran' time tonight."

No truer words were ever spoken. By the sword of the Commander of the Faithful (on whom be peace!) they had a very grand time, indeed! *Dios, yes!*

IT was not quite dusk when twenty horsemen trotted into view from the west trail; and at their head rode Velasco the bandit! A cloud of dust arose from the corrals as the band dismounted. Carbines rattled against cartridge-belts. Up the path to the hacienda came three figures, rifles in hand. They smashed open the door and stamped in. A guttural voice gave swift commands in Spanish.

"Food and drink! Women to look after the wounded! *Pronto!*"

"Sí, sí, señor!" stammered old Manuel. "I obey! But there is only a she-wolf—

Before God, I am a poor man! *Pero* we do what we can!"

Through the doorway stalked the half-breed leader Pablo Velasco, and behind him came his followers, some of them supporting men who had difficulty in walking.

Henry the Rat sat paralyzed in his chair. The Information Kid lit a cigarette with a steady hand, and wafted a circle of smoke thoughtfully toward the beamed ceiling.

"*Americanos*, eh?" said Velasco. "What you do here, my friends?"

"Just lookin' around," the Kid answered. "Have a drink?"

HE waved a hand toward the bottles on the table. Velasco's eyes lighted. His followers were making themselves noisily at home in kitchen, cellar and bedrooms. Manuel reappeared with food and gin. Behind him came the palsied figure of Benito's wife, and both were very much afraid. Little Señor Bowlegs, asleep in a hammock on the porch, alone remained blissfully unaware of what was transpiring.

Velasco showed the strain of having ridden hard and long that day. He ate noisily and drank prodigious quantities of liquor. Then he turned to Manuel Torreon.

"*Amigo*, you will be recompensed for everything, but it is my mind now that you will be willing to contribute money and sheep to the cause of liberty, no?"

"For the love of God, señor! The sheep are all I have."

"I think you lie!" said Velasco. "But *poco tiempo* we find out. And you, my young *Americano* friends—who give you the permission to look aroun', eh?"

The Information Kid's mind was working swiftly. He sensed that the question was a trap, but before he could frame an adroit answer, Henry the Rat stammered out:

"We got passports right from the Governor's office. My dad's a powerful friend of the Governor."

Under his breath the Information Kid cursed his colleague, and Manuel Torreon's face paled under its tan. Down on the table banged the fist of Velasco.

"Good!" he grunted. "Me, I look for friends of Costello; name of a dog, yes! Behold what they do to my brave comrades! Four are wounded; seven more we leave back there on the ground; but the end is not yet! Santa Madonna, I am ver' glad to see you, señores! I

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If necessary our school department will help you without cost or obligation on your part. We have traveled widely to collect first hand information on the academic and home life of schools in every part of the country.

Give full details as to type of school desired, location preferred, approximate amount you plan to spend, the age, previous education and religious affiliation of prospective pupil. Enclose a stamped return envelope and address:—

The Director, School Department

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

33 West 42nd Street,

New York City

think you stay here—nailed on the floor, perhaps—who knows?"

All the blood drained from Henry's cheeks, and he crumpled in his chair. The Information Kid tried to laugh.

"My pal's jokin', *hombre!* We work at Tia Juana, and we don't know nothin' about the Governor. Neither of us have got a bean, and Henry's old man runs a barber-shop in Chicago. We come up here to see if we could pick up some opals, but there aint none."

"Which way you come?"

"From Cañon de Cancio on burros."

"You don't know the Governor, eh?"

"Never seen him in my life."

THE fretful wail of Billy Bowlegs sounded from the porch. Velasco stared, and then flung a sharp query at the wrinkled old hag who served them. Benito's wife cringed, pouring out a voluble reply in Spanish. At his direction she hurried from the room, and came back holding the foundling of the desert in her arms. The bandit summoned one after another of his lieutenants, and they examined the baby, talking earnestly and in low tones. Velasco's eyes glittered as he spun around, facing the Information Kid.

"So you find this *niño* in the desert, eh?" he jeered. "You lie! Your friend tell the truth. You are Costello swine, and you try to rob Velasco of one fat leetle peeg! You don't know the girl Teresa, either—eh?"

"Never heard of her," assured the Kid.

"You lie again!" said Velasco, and with the butt of a revolver he dealt the Kid a swinging blow on the head, knocking him off the chair. The Information Kid picked himself up quietly. His face was white. His gray eyes, dancing under half-closed lids, searched the room. His tongue clicked thoughtfully against white teeth.

Henry the Rat half rose from his chair.

"You dirty hound o' hell," he quavered, "that's my pal!"

With a quick movement the guerrilla chief flung a heavy bottle. It struck Henry on shoulder and jaw, and the little hustler went down and out.

"God's mercy!" pleaded old Manuel. "They are my guests, and innocent of wrong! I call upon the angels—"

Velasco turned upon the proprietor of the hacienda. He drew a significant forefinger across Manuel's throat, and the old man shivered into silence. The Information Kid made no move, but his razor-edge mind was striving to analyze the situation, and his prayers were going up to the Lord of the Three Worlds.

A fusillade of shots sounded from the kitchen as the inevitable fight among drunken men started. Velasco leaped in the direction of the firing, leaving three men on guard. When he returned, his heavy lips were curled back from yellow teeth between which the oaths crackled. The Information Kid gathered that two more compatriots were out of commission, making six in all.

Evidently Velasco feared pursuit, for he was posting his sentries, ordering four men to guard the corrals, and six others to watch the approaches on the north and west, promising swift death to those who were not vigilant.

Honeymooning in the Alps

THEY stepped out on the little balcony for their first look at the Alps in the moonlight.

"They are wonderful," she sighed.

"Not so wonderful as you—"

"—and so beautiful," she added, leaning against his shoulder.

"Not so beautiful as you," he added fervently. "You are always so complete, dear. Entirely aside from your pretty clothes—you always have such a flower-like skin, and there is a faint perfume about you too, like a flower—"

She glanced up shyly. "I like our honeymoon," she said quaintly.

For "Instant Beauty"

EVERY well-dressed woman today realizes that she must pay as much attention to the appearance of her skin as she does to her costume. These are women who appreciate the Pompeian Instant Beauty Quartet. The Quartet consists of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (a rouge), and Lip Stick.

Apply according to the following order:

Distribute the Day Cream over the skin, covering every exposed surface. It vanishes as soon as used, leaving a delicate coating as a foundation for powder and a protection against the weather.

Apply the Beauty Powder next, distributing over face and neck with equal thickness. This powder is exceptionally soft and delicate, and adheres with remarkable tenacity.

Next select the right shade of the Bloom and blend on the cheeks in the normal places. The Orange tint gives a more natural tone when blended with the Naturelle or Rachel shades of Beauty Powder.

The Lip Stick gives the slightly heightened tone to the mouth that is called for by accentuating the color in the cheeks with rouge. It is of a natural tone and of a consistency neither too hard nor "salve-like." Chisel-pointed end for easy, accurate application. Dainty telescoping gilt container.

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GET THIS NEW 1924 POMPEIAN ART PANEL

"Honeymooning in the Alps"

and four Pompeian samples;
sent for ten cents

This newest and most artistic of the Pompeian art panels is now offered for the first time to the readers of this magazine. The picture, done in pastel by a famous artist, has been faithfully reproduced in the rich colors that impart to the original the very atmosphere of an Alpine night.

At the right appears a small illustration, giving the form of the complete panel. Actual size is 28 x 7 1/4 inches. For 10 cents we will send you all of these!

1. The 1924 "Honeymooning in the Alps" Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.

Please tear off coupon now.



Forecasting Your Autumn Complexion

By MME. JEANNETTE

A little foresight now will lay the foundation for the health and beauty of your skin during the trying days of the Fall.

It is during these months that every woman should form the habit of careful daily attention to her skin—her face, neck, shoulders, arms, and hands.

Don't Let Your Skin Get Dry

After the many hours of out-of-door life that always come with summer, every woman's skin tends toward an unhealthy dryness. Pompeian Night Cream is the exact cream to use at this time. It has every property necessary to counteract dryness. It is a direct agent for sanitary cleansing, and it smooths and softens the dry tissue of the skin till the pores again have a chance to "breathe."

I would advise a generous application of Pompeian Night Cream as unfailingly as you go to bed at night.

Rub the cream well over the surface, but do not attempt to rub hard; it is better and easier gently to pat the cream into the skin. Strike the surface covered with cream by using the flat of the fingers—quick little blows, and continue till at least some of the cream has disappeared.

Use soft cloths to wipe away the remaining traces of the cream, and whatever may remain will soften the skin during your hours of sleep.

Morning Loveliness

The first thing in the morning the skin may be "asleep," and there is nothing more helpful to arouse circulation than a wholesome splashing of cold water.

Pat the face dry with your towel, or your bare hands if you prefer.

When you apply Pompeian Day Cream, take care to spread it on all parts of the skin, and to blend it smoothly till it disappears.

Powder and Rouge

The Pompeian Beauty Powder should cover the neck and face with even thickness so you will not have a face of one tone and a neck of another.

Pompeian Bloom (the rouge) comes in a convenient little compact that rubs off easily for use and stays on well for the user. The new Orange tint is surprisingly natural, especially when used with the Naturelle or Rachel tints of Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick

This final touch is essential with the rose-petal cheeks—and its color is natural and healthy-looking.

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

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What shade face powder wanted? _____

Henry the Rat showed signs of returning consciousness. He groaned, and rolled over on the floor. Manuel Torreon moved to his assistance, but was checked by Velasco.

"You show too much interest in your guests, my friend. I think the cause of liberty will be helped if I put the three of you against a wall; but there is time enough *mañana*. —Pedro!" he summoned a swarthy comrade. "Tie these dogs up for the night!"

THEY were all in a room that was long and low of ceiling, with a single coal-oil lamp suspended in the center. In one corner old Benito's wife crouched, with Señor Bowlegs in her arms, trying desperately to hush his protests. Velasco and one lieutenant sat at a center table, alternately playing cards and studying a crude road-map. They drank heavily. Men groaned and snored in the corridor and adjoining quarters.

The Information Kid, lying bound with rawhide thongs between his trussed colleague and their host, gave himself up for lost. But does not the Prophet say: "Between the closing of an eye and its opening, Allah effecteth a change in the state of affairs?"

It was the broken neck of a bottle that gave the king of the hustlers the first hint that Allah's protection was not entirely withdrawn. The jagged glass was under his shoulder-blade, and by hunching backward softly, he managed to rub his bound wrists against it. Blood flowed, but he persevered.

An hour passed. Velasco and his compatriot spread their blankets on the floor, and composed themselves for rest. The Kid counted slowly up to one thousand. Then he stretched a freed hand cautiously downward, slashed the thongs that bound his ankles, and liberated Henry's wrists, handing him the improvised knife. In a few minutes the Rat performed a similar service for old Manuel.

The Information Kid made motions with his hands and whispered softly:

"If we get separated—boat-landing at the lake. . . . Cross over and dodge the trails. . . . Make for Cañon de Cancio. . . . Wait ten minutes more!"

They nodded, and were still. It was little Señor Bowlegs who delayed their break for liberty. Either Allah's Opal had the colic, or else he had no wish to be deserted. He shrieked himself blue in

the face, and the recumbent Velasco swore at him.

"Name of a dog! Quiet, or I make you so!"

Señor Bowlegs redoubled his efforts:

"*Mamá!*" he wailed. "*Mamá mía! Papacito!*"

"Hush!" implored Benito's wife.

Henry the Rat muttered under his breath.

"Told you that kid was a jinx. We're cooked!"

But the king of the hustlers had room left in his heart even then for that pitiful mite of humanity struggling against the flat chest of the hag who held him. Not so the guerrilla leader!

"Ten thousand devils!" snarled Velasco as the yells persisted. "I fix one prize leettle peeg so it keep quiet forever!"

He staggered to his feet, swung a rifle, butt upward, and lurched toward the shrieking Señor Billy. Promptly the Information Kid abandoned all plans for a quiet get-away. He sprang halfway across the room, sweeping up a chair as he leaped.

"Lights out, Henry!" he gasped. "Smash that lamp!"

Dios, but things happened quickly! Crash of glass—darkness—and the fall of a chair on Pablo Velasco's head! Two shots, fired blindly and at close range, came from the revolver of Pablo's lieutenant. By the mercy of Allah (whose name he ever exalted!) the first shot lodged in the wall, and the second went straight through the heart of the guerrilla leader. In another moment, guided only by the flash of the gun, Henry the Rat had done for Pablo's comrade.

Old Manuel, framed against the moonlight in the open doorway, screeched at them:

"*Andale! Pronto*, for the love of God!"

Each hustler was fumbling in the dark for a revolver, and they located weapons at the same instant. Men came stumbling along the corridor.

"Come on!" squeaked the Rat.

Benito's wife had fled. The Information Kid tripped over a soft bundle, and heard the appealing gasp of little Señor Bowlegs.

"Yea, bo!" he grunted, and bent down. "Go ahead, Henry," he called. "I'm right behind you! Round the house to the left and make for the lake!"

The moonlight betrayed them as they ran. Bullets whistled around their heads. Hampered as he was by the weight of Señor Bowlegs, the Information Kid was still young enough, in the language of the turf, to "pack weight and go a distance." Henry the Rat, scurrying off to the left, emptied his revolver at their pursuers. The Kid followed suit. But Manuel Torreon was past the age when he could run. He stopped behind a boulder.

"Go on, *amigos!*" he gasped. "I hide somewhere! God be with you!"

The hustlers ducked into the shadows of a clump of pine, and then doubled in their tracks, flitting like ghosts toward the little boat-landing at one end of the lake. It was all that saved them, for their pursuers, in the dark and confusion, concentrated along the trails. The two Americans shoved off silently in the one

leaky skiff, with Henry bending to the oars, and his colleague crouched in the bottom of the boat, muffling Señor Billy's frightened protests.

"For Gawd's sake, throw that little jinx overboard!" pleaded the Rat. "Aint you satisfied with what he's done already? What more do you want?"

The Information Kid grunted savagely. His wrists were bleeding freely from ragged gashes; his arms trembled from the weight of the baby; heart and lungs labored under the handicap of countless cigarettes.

"Save your breath, and row like hell!" he puffed. "That's all you got to do!"

THE lake was half a mile wide. They scrambled ashore, shoved the boat off again and began a wild flight down the precipitous western slope of the lowest of the Tres Angeles. Deep down in the twisted soul of Henry the Rat there was after all a strain of the thoroughbred. He saw that his chum was weakening, and though he was near to exhaustion himself, he forgot his fears and grabbed hold of Allah's Opal.

"I'll pack him," he volunteered. "If the little jock gives me a good ride, I'm a cinch all the rest of the way. Buck up, pal—she's a tough race, but we're out in front and headed for the wire!"

It was a night of weird progress. Billy Bowlegs changed riders repeatedly until both were exhausted. They sank down upon the open ground for a few hours' respite. Toward morning, from somewhere high upon the mountain behind them, a desultory firing began, increasing in violence. Later a pink glow deepened against the pale sky.

"They've got old Torreon," said the Kid, "and they've fired the house. Rat, we've got to locate a water-hole, and then one of us had better hike for Cañon de Cancio."

"I'll go," said Henry. "You mind Billy; you're too weak to travel fast. Better let me tie up them wrists again."

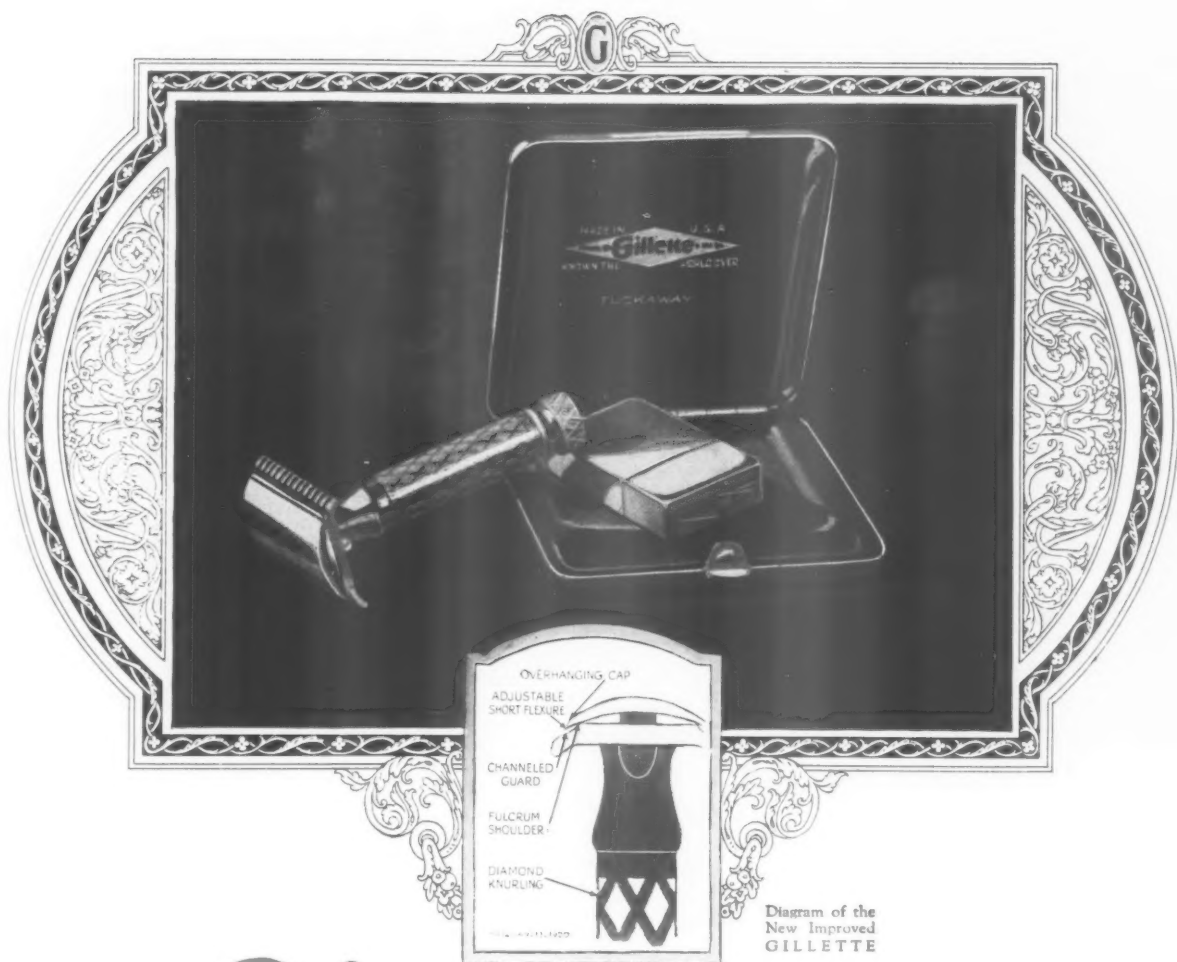
But the sun had attained its full height, and the earth was an oven, before they stumbled by luck across a *tinaja*—one of the rock potholes for rainwater that form the life-saving stations for man and beast in the deserts of Lower California. The Information Kid's legs collapsed under him, and his face went gray. Henry the Rat scrambled to the top of a granite boulder, and looked off toward the west across a waste of sand and brush. A good six or eight miles away his sharp eyes saw a small clearing and a dot which probably represented the grass-thatched roof of a native *jacal*. He dropped from the scorching rock, drank his fill of foul water, and tightened his belt.

"You and the baby just lie here nice and pretty," he instructed. "There's a house over yonder, Kid, and I'll make it or bust. Shake, pal!"

The Information Kid gripped hands, and nodded dumbly. Henry's slim frame left the shelter of the lone palm tree, and set off bravely into the desert furnace. Behind him the disciple of Allah dipped a soiled handkerchief wearily into the water-pool and bathed with motherly solicitude the head of Señor Bowlegs.

Everett Rhodes Castle

has written a number of as lively and humorous stories as you've ever read—written them for this magazine and you. The first, "The Play Must Go On" will appear in an early issue.



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Kotex is made from fine gauze and Cellucotton—the wonderful absorbent material which is so much more effective than cotton. These sanitary pads come in two sizes—Regular and Hospital—and have generous tabs for pinning. They are sold everywhere by good stores that serve women.

The very first box of Kotex usually forms a new habit of comfort and standard of convenience. Bring home a box or two—

Ask for them by name

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Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest-rooms everywhere—hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres, and other places—from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins in plain wrapper, for 10 cents.

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

AND all the while, by the mercy of Allah (may he bless thee, Brother!) that broken trail down the mountain-side, left by two race-track hustlers, was being picked up by an old Mexican and a Yaqui Indian who knew every inch of the country. Close behind the scouts rode His Excellency Governor Don Enrico Costello, at the head of two hundred *rurales*!

Of this the Information Kid knew nothing. But late in the afternoon the creak of leather and the coughing of tired horses and a babel of human voices penetrated his stupor. He sprang up with the child in his arms, and made an instinctive movement to his empty holster. "Name of God!" cried a voice. "Do not shoot, *amigo*! It is I—Manuel Torreon!"

The king of hustlers swayed uncertainly on his feet, staring at the cavalcade of horsemen. Governor Costello had dismounted and was hurrying forward.

"*Papá!*" cried Billy Bowlegs. "*Papá!*" "*Hijo mío!*" sobbed His Excellency. "Behold, comrades, the little one is safe!"

Once more Señor Bowlegs changed riders. The Information Kid pulled himself together and stretched a shaking hand toward the descending sun.

"Get Henry!" he gasped. "Get my pal!"

"*Si, si!*" answered Manuel. "*Capitán*, we follow those footprints. . . . *Pués*—this boy has fainted!"

When the Kid regained consciousness, it was dusk, a fire was blazing brightly, and Henry was kneeling at his side.

"*Atta boy!*" whispered the Rat. "Don't pass out now; we're in the winner's circle. Tell him about it, Governor!"

"*Mañana*," promised His Excellency. "Enough tonight that he understands it is my own little one that he has saved twice—once with so great intrepidity. You comprehend, *amigo*? They were kidnaped—Teresa the nurse, and my son. Velasco demanded protection and morozny under threat to cut the little one's throat. Teresa escape' once, and try to cross the desert, carrying my Tino. Alas, it was not God's will! At Tecate we come

across the rebels, and there is one gran' fight. We follow to the mountains, and there the last dog was shot this morning. Never do I expect to see my *niño* until—by the good God—I meet Señor Torreon, who explains all. *Bueno!* Tonight you rest; *mañana* I ask Señora Costello to aid me in expressing thanks."

The Information Kid grinned weakly. "Well, Henry," said he, "what did I tell you about them 'Arabian Nights'?"

EARLY the next morning the cavalcade moved coastward. Henry the Rat and old Torreon elected to ride with the rear guard, because they had discovered a *compañero* who carried a flask of excellent native *tequila*. But the Information Kid and Don Costello rode on ahead.

"Señor," said His Excellency, "I understand you are interested in opals—no? I should like to hear."

The king of hustlers laughed a little wistfully. "Governor," said he, "I'm a cuckoo lily. You've got the opal that I dreamed about. Let me hold him awhile—he's the cutest kid I ever saw."

So it happened that Billy Bowlegs was still riding with his *Americano* friend when, late in the afternoon, they came to the highway, where a motorcar was parked.

"Behold," said the Governor, "my wife has heard the news, and she awaits!"

The door to the car opened, and a young woman, with lace over her head and jewels at her throat, sprang out, and came hurrying up the road, with her arms outstretched.

"*Gracias á Dios!*" she cried. "Tino, my beloved! Heart of my heart!"

And down from his saddle slipped the Information Kid, to place Señor Bowlegs in the arms of his mother. "Here he is, lady," said the Kid. "I had a hunch he was a thoroughbred!"

There was much weeping and hysteria and clapping of hands and explanations in rapid-fire Spanish. His Excellency's wife, beautiful as any princess of "The Arabian Nights," kissed the disciple of Allah full upon the lips—whereupon Henry the Rat scuttled bashfully into hiding.

"Enrico," said Señora Costello, "you must reward the young señores—"

"Assuredly," bowed the Governor. "They shall be our guests."

"Unfortunately," demurred the Kid. "we got to be back on the job. If you could fix it for us to get across the border, *muy pronto*, you'd be doing a real service."

"In my own car," said His Excellency, "with an escort; but señor, I insist you shall also be compensated for what has transpired. *El Presidente* shall hear of it too."

Praised be Allah, the Beneficent King! Three days later the purple limousine of His Excellency Don Costello, carrying a chauffeur and two passengers, rolled regally along the highway to Tia Juana.

The Information Kid, with neat white bandages around both wrists, lolled back in the cushions, playing "Home, Sweet Home" dreamily upon his harmonica. For the twentieth time Henry the Rat produced a heavy gold watch and inspected it with the proud air of new proprietorship. It was still running.

"And five thousand bucks!" muttered the Rat. "Gee—Rockefeller and us are in the same class now! Let's see that pin the lady gave you. Took it right off her own dress, didn't she?"

The Information Kid nodded. He was still dazed with the wonder of it all. He pressed the lid to a little morocco case exposing an oblong gem of exquisite beauty, a harlequin opal of so many hues that surely it must have fallen from heaven in the lightning as the gift of Allah—whose name be exalted! But no! On her own card Señora Costello had delicately penned this inscription: "*To the Señor Information Kid from his little amigo, Billy Bowlegs.*"

"Henry," mused the king of the hustlers, "I'm going to miss that little cuss. Remember, how he used to wriggle his toes every time he crowed?"

The Rat frowned.

"Forget it," he advised. "That kid slobbered all over the back of my neck, and pulled out half of my hair. I still think he was tryin' to jinx us but we was too smart for him. If this guy's check is any good, let's hit for Canada."

Another fine Gerald Beaumont story in our next issue.

THE LAST EPISODE

(Continued from page 45)

that a breakdown was near. I know something about the nerves. I knew that to refuse his request might cause him to give way to the inclination to hysteria. Moreover, I fancied the idea of John Ainsley, thief, restoring stolen money to a ravished safe.

"My name doesn't matter. Some day, when you are rich, I shall look you up and ask repayment. Until then my identity is unimportant. And of course I will go with you to your office."

I stepped out of the alcove; I did not wish the girl to embarrass me with their gratitude. But as we put her into a taxicab to take her home, she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. Call me a sentimentalist if you will. Convince yourself that stolen money has no

value to a thief. Nevertheless, had I earned with the sweat of my brow the money which I had just given to her lover, the kiss would have been worth every penny of it. I saw her go. I wondered if I would ever see her again. Then I shrugged. Why should I?

TIRRELL and I took another taxicab; we went down Broadway to the Post Office, and then left the cab, proceeding on foot to our destination. In front of the address whither we were bound, Tirrell stopped with a cry of amazement. He pointed a shaking finger at a window.

"There's a light in the office," he gasped.

"What of it?" I asked.

"Mr. Garbon must be there," he said.

"You may have left the light on, yourself," I suggested.

He shook his head decidedly. "He's in there. We'll have to tell him—perhaps he's opened the safe. Let's go in."

I seized his arm. "If he's there, you'll have to confess. You don't want to do that if you can avoid it."

"But if he's found out that the money's gone—"

I interrupted him. "He isn't going to telephone the police at this hour. We'll wait until he leaves, then slip in there, put the money back in the safe, and in the morning, when he finds the money there, he'll think he dreamed it all. At any rate, there'll be no talk of jail."

He pondered this. I made another suggestion. "Has he a telephone at his

home? Then ring him up; if he answers, he isn't in his office. We'll know that you're mistaken in thinking you turned off the light. Try it."

He was trembling now, suffering from the sudden reaction to despair, and amenable to any suggestion. From a near-by lunch-room he telephoned his employer. He emerged from the booth so white that I feared he would faint.

"His housekeeper answered. She told me that Mr. Garbon had gone to his office, in response to a telephone message, an hour ago, from me!"

I whistled. "And you didn't telephone him. I think we'd better enter the office."

There was no one in the lobby of the deserted building. Tirrell unlocked the door of Garbon's office, and we entered the room. There, upon the floor, his bloodstained head indicating his murderer's ferocity, lay Garbon. A moment sufficed to assure me that the old man was dead. The opened safe against the wall furnished the motive for the crime.

I grabbed young Tirrell just as his hand was on the telephone.

"What's the idea?" I demanded.

"The police," he answered.

I pointed at the open safe. "That looks like motive enough, but the police are going to ask questions. Don't forget that somebody impersonated you on the telephone an hour ago."

"But you can prove that we found the body," he protested.

I shook my head. Obviously, I who was avoiding embarrassing questioning from the police on one subject, did not care to invite it on another.

"I would have to tell the whole story of our brief acquaintance. I might not be believed. It might even be said that we planned the murder together. Imagine asking a jury to believe that a stranger gave you ten thousand dollars."

"But you did," he protested.

"We know it; and Miss Peters knows it; but would a jury believe it?" I asked.

He sank helplessly into a chair. "But what else is there to do?" he asked.

I also sat down. The problem seemed unsolvable. Yet there must be a way out. And almost immediately I knew that that way out must be a way that led to the real murderer.

Now, a great thief—and I may be pardoned if I consider myself great—has in him the qualities essential to the making of a great detective. I had always sneered at detectives. Occasionally, as my readers know, I had outwitted the best of the profession. And now, before the *Celeste* sailed, I must justify my sneers.

"How many people know that you are Garbon's confidential clerk?" I asked.

"Hundreds, I suppose," he answered dully.

"How many of them are of the temperament that would make you suspect them capable of murder?"

"How can I possibly answer that?" he retorted.

I nodded. Of course, a boy like this would not be a reader of character. Indeed, no one could be expected to answer such a question. I tried another tack.

"Do you know anyone who could imitate your voice?" I asked.

"It isn't hard to do, is it?" he retorted.

The shock of the tragedy had almost stupefied him.

"It's extremely hard," I told him. "You've been working for Garbon several years. The person whose voice imposed upon him so that he believed it yours must have been an excellent mimic."

A light flickered in his eyes. "Poganni told me today that he used to be an actor," he cried.

"The handbook man!" I bent the whole force of an intellect that certainly is the equal of that of any policeman upon the matter.

GAMBLERS are crooked—professional gamblers, that is; and there is no exception whatsoever to this rule. Poganni knew Garbon and his confidential clerk. Of course, a hundred other shady characters might have known the dead man. Speculators come into contact with all sorts of adventurers. But only today Poganni had accepted a wager of ten thousand dollars from Tirrell. The sum of money might readily have aroused Poganni's cupidity. It would turn his thoughts upon Garbon and his safe.

I had but little time before me. The *Celeste* sailed at five. It was after ten now. I could not spend days, weeks, even months, in investigating the acquaintance of the murdered man. I must leap almost in the dark. For I must sail upon the *Celeste*. Safety demanded it. But decency demanded that, no matter what the cost to me, I do not leave this boy in the lurch. I must find the murderer or offer myself to the police as a witness, even though my credibility be doubtful to them, and even though I must expose my own mode of life, as was inevitable.

Garbon was a client of Poganni. Oh, it was a far-fetched conclusion, but what else could I do but leap in the dark? And so I leaped.

"Do you know where Poganni lives?"

"He may be in the telephone-book," replied Tirrell.

We looked. We found that Rafael Poganni lived in Greenwich Village. We left the dead man lying on the floor, and hastened to Broadway. We took a taxi to Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street and walked the rest of the way to Poganni's apartment. A negro elevator man told us that he was at home; and, declaring that we were friends of his, we induced him to carry us upstairs without announcing us over the telephone. As the lift ascended, Poganni's door opened. I jammed a revolver against the stomach of the man who opened the door. Tirrell pushed past us into the room. I heard him cry out in exultation. And as I backed my man into the apartment, over his shoulder I saw Tirrell struggling with another man. The struggle was brief. Tirrell was powerful, and a savage blow sent his opponent unconscious to the floor. Tirrell turned to me. He pointed to the open door of a bathroom.

"Look there! A shirt, the cuffs still bloody. He hasn't had time to wash it out."

My man shrunk almost physically. "It was him did it," he wailed. "I didn't know he was going to do it."

"It was Harris who did the actual killing, then?" cried Tirrell. All the be-

wilderment had left him. He was tense and alert.

"So help me, it was him," said Poganni, my prisoner.

"Why?" I demanded.

"We knew, from talk he dropped, that he kept a lot of money in his safe. We've not been lucky lately. A ten-thousand-dollar bet we won from Mr. Tirrell is the only luck we've had. Afterward we lost fifty thousand. We didn't have the money to make good tomorrow. So Harris proposed robbing Garbon. I called him up and said I was Tirrell. He came down to his office. I told him it was important. We waited, hidden in the hall, until he was halfway through his door, and then we jumped him. But I didn't know that Harris was going to kill him. We got his key out of his pocket, opened the safe and took the money. But how did you know we done it?"

I laughed. "We didn't." Then I realized my error. With that gift of legerdemain which is my single legitimate talent, I took his pocketbook from inside his jacket. I was holding him tightly so that he did not note my action. I palmed the pocketbook and told him to stand against the wall, with his face toward it. From the pocketbook I took what I expected to find there, a card, which bore his name, and bits of memoranda.

"You shouldn't have left your purse in Garbon's office," I jeered. "Of course, that didn't prove who did the killing, but it sent us up here."

"My pocketbook is in my pocket—" he began. Then, his figure sank, and he slipped to the floor in a faint of fear.

"I'VE no time to waste," I said to Tirrell. "Here's your story. There was a matter of business—you can easily figure out what it was—that necessitated your telephoning Garbon. His housekeeper, to your amazement, told you that you had already telephoned and made an appointment at the office. Your suspicions were aroused. You raced to the office. You found Poganni's pocketbook. You raced outdoors looking for a policeman. You ran into a stranger and told him what had happened. He suggested that Poganni might get away. He volunteered to go with you to Poganni's apartment. So excited that you couldn't think logically, you went with him. Poganni confessed. The stranger went out to get a policeman."

I looked around the room. There was a table in its center. I opened a drawer; it was crammed with the loot of Garbon's safe. I turned back to Tirrell. The two men were still unconscious on the floor.

"Add your ten thousand dollars to this pile of money. We can't steal from a man after he's dead, any more than we could while he was alive. Poganni and Harris will be surprised to learn that there was ten thousand dollars more in their booty than they thought. No one will ever know that you used the money. Tell the police that the bet you made today—it's yesterday now—was made by you acting for Garbon at his request and with his money. They will believe it, because Garbon has placed wagers with these men before."



Are you making the most of your hair? Here are six pictures of the same girl showing her hair dressed in six different ways. Notice how the various arrangements change her appearance.

The way you dress your hair and the way you care for it, means the difference between looking attractive or just ordinary.

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to be attractive

WEAR your hair becomingly, always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

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While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of



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dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

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Carelessness is impossible!

EVEN in the best drug stores, inquisitive people will come in and rub their thumbs over the bristles of a tooth brush! Their fingers are usually dirty—often germ-laden.

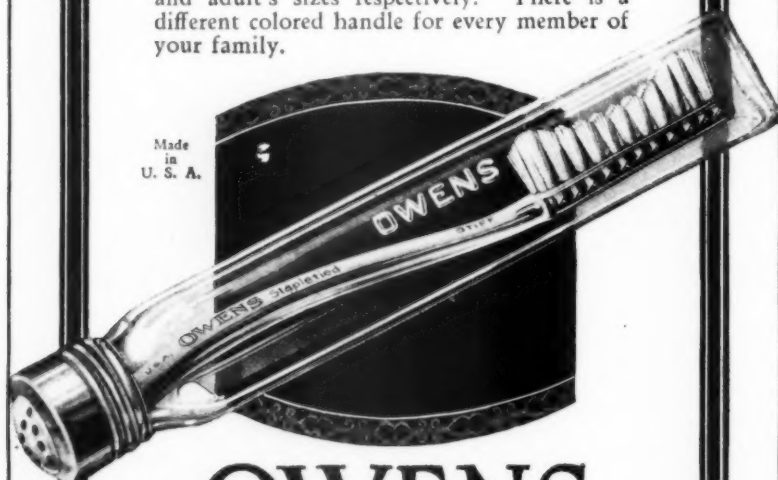
Do you want to put such brushes into your mouth? Would you buy them for your precious little ones?

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You can get this remarkable new tooth brush—*equal to any at any price*, for only 30, 40 and 50 cents each; child's, youth's, and adult's sizes respectively. There is a different colored handle for every member of your family.



OWENS
Stapletied TOOTH BRUSH
THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO.

"It's a lie," said Tirrell. "Ought I not tell the truth?"

"You have no right to tell the truth; you owe something to Rose. What good will it do to tell the truth? God has saved you for His own reasons. Will you defeat His purpose?"

"You saved me," he protested.

"The greatest detective that ever lived would not have been justified in assuming Poganni's guilt. It was an inspiration, and inspirations come from outside of us. I claim no credit for it. Good-by."

"Good-by? Where are you going?" he asked.

"To get a policeman. The negro elevator man will testify that I came in with you. Your story will not be questioned."

"But why would you come back with a policeman?" he inquired.

"Because the police and I are better apart," I told him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"That I'm a thief," I said. "Now can you understand why I am willing to part with ten thousand dollars to a stranger? It is because I know what temptation is. I know that only once in a thousand times can one withdraw after one has yielded to temptation. You can withdraw. I know that you will."

"You are the finest man I ever met," he cried. "You can't be a thief."

"Ah, but I am," I said. And I had regained my own jauntness of manner. "Don't pity me," I told him. "And don't tell the little girl."

"I won't," he promised. And he, who had not wept during his own tragedy, shed frank tears at mine.

I WENT downstairs. Excitedly I told the elevator man that two murderers were in the apartment upstairs. Outside, I saw a policeman, and told him that he was wanted in the building. Then I walked over to Eighth Street and took the elevated downtown. At Park Place I left the train, found a taxi and drove to the *Celeste's* dock and boarded my steamer.

I did not go to bed until after we had steamed down the East River and out into the bay. I was leaving America behind. But though I went as a thief in the night, I also went as one who had done a decent thing. Not that I considered giving away ten thousand dollars a particularly decent thing—nor that I especially plumed myself on having handed over two criminals to the police. But I had saved one soul and made another happy. Few good people have a better record, for one evening, than I, John Ainsley, master thief.

Only, we are all instruments in the hands of a higher power. Perhaps I had been used to save others in order that I might learn how to save myself. Could I save myself? I, a thief? Well, in a new land, I would try to find the answer to that question. Somehow I felt that the answer would be in the affirmative. And then I ceased my speculation. Only, I wondered if this was my last adventure; if I, who thrilled to danger, could be content to settle down to the humdrum life that respectability too often implies.

If I had a Rose Peters, it would be possible. . . . Well, I was still young, and the garden grows more than one rose.



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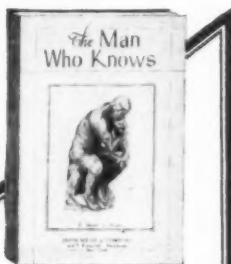
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THE PROOF

(Continued from page 89)

exactly where he was going—to Brutus Elmore's cow-lot. And 'Nias got what he went after; he usually did, unless interfered with by act of God or the Public Enemy. So 'Nias got a slatty-ribbed yearling that needed curry-combs and food. It was not the kind of bull calf that made protest, but a moth-eaten misanthrope who accepted the plow-line around his neck as one of the ills that prospective beef is heir to.

"Come 'long, calf!" 'Nias yanked him out.

Nobody noticed a tiny black boy, a little white wagon and a red bull calf, as the variegated trio arrived to play their part in court. Every idler had crowded upstairs to hear the speaking, and not a single eye remained to see the midget, leaving his wagon beside the walk, coaxing and pulling and shoving his bull calf up the steps. There the boy halted and listened to a thunderous voice from the courtroom denouncing Uncle Brutus.

"Huh!" 'Nias grunted. "Hope dis calf aint come too late."

Deftly he knotted his plow-line around the tree at which that other bone of contention stood hitched, and tarried awhile to mark results. Nothing happened. If this were truly his mother, the calf endured her presence with restrained enthusiasm. And the cow never glanced around from a complacent rumination. It seemed almost like a human family.

"Old cow, can't you do nothin'?" 'Nias grumbled, then shouldered against the calf and shoved. 'Nias had only two legs to shove with, while the calf had four to brace himself; but 'Nias also had persistence, and the yearling submitted, sidling nearer to the cow.

"Now, den, cow!" 'Nias mopped the sweat from his face. "Can't you do nothin'—yit?"

PRESENTLY his crafty eyes saw that the cow was taking notice, taking the very kind of notice that 'Nias hoped for. So the boy hid his wagon in the sheriff's office and sped barefoot up the stairs, where the massive building shook under a bombardment of words. Uncle Brutus was catching it—hot.

Nothing but an eel could have wriggled through the sardine-packing of negroes that jammed the courtroom. Babcock satellites were so elated by the lambasting of Parson Brutus that they never noticed a small boy who squeezed among them, edging nearer and nearer to the front. And grim-faced friends of Brutus wasted no breath upon a squirming child. Like a rabbit-hunting dog in high weeds, 'Nias couldn't see Lawyer Madison, who must be somewhere nigh the middle of that fuss. So he crawled and crept on in that general direction, until he butted against an iron rail. By following this rail to the right, he figured that he must ultimately reach a gate behind the jury-box—and reached it.

To that exclusive inclosure mighty few white folks were admitted, and no negroes at all. 'Nias had never been punctilious

about entering gates or windows where he was unwelcome; so he opened this gate a trifle and wormed his slender body through. The prosecuting attorney had now reached his peroration; he was putting a capstone on the climax of his philippic, with folks listening so intently that none glanced down to see a vanishing black shadow that writhed along the floor and disappeared beneath the table.

Lawyer Madison sat beside that table, trying to smile. In another moment he must rise and demolish the State's arraignment—how, he didn't know. What could he say? How was it possible to break down or explain away the logical facts that fitted stripes upon his client? Something had to be done. While Madison fumbled in his mind to frame the opening sentences of an argument, he felt a jerk at his breeches-leg, and kicked out. But 'Nias tugged again and a faint voice whispered: "Mr. Lawyer? Mr. Lawyer?"

Counsel for defendant glanced between his knees, to see a pinched black face and two big white eyes.

"Mr. Lawyer!" 'Nias spoke low, as Madison bent down to hear. "Look out o' dat winder. Yo' calf done got to his ma."

IN a shiftiness of despair, when men grasp at any straw, Madison shoved his way to a window and looked down upon the yard. There he saw the calf around whose parentage, like that of a millionaire baby, so much acrimony had centered—saw a measly bull yearling, saw a tousled hide full of cockleburrs and misery, saw a wretched and repudiated offspring—but look! Look! He didn't credit the miracle. He looked again, half listening and considering, as the State's attorney closed with a broadside that swept the field.

When the prosecuting attorney sat down, a low applause uprose from the Babcock benches.

"Silence in court!" the sheriff ordered, and Professor Babcock himself settled back with a supercilious smile as Judge Brien inquired:

"Has the defense anything to offer?"

"We have, Your Honor," Madison answered from his window. "But first I'd like for the jury to glance again at our cow."

Immediately behind the jury-box two windows opened between Corinthian columns, and gave an unobstructed view. Jurymen on the rear row need scarcely leave their seats; but every man got up, because they'd already decided against Madison, and wanted to give him a fair chance.

"What about the cow, Mr. Madison?" the foreman asked.

"See for yourselves, gentlemen!" Defendant's counsel waved his hand.

Swarming negroes beyond the rail smelled a sensation—and fought for position to see. One ponderous and perspiring lady who couldn't scrouge nigh a window called to her luckier friend:

"What is it, Sis Porter? What you see?"



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"Look! People!" Sis Porter's voice shrilled out. "Dat cow's lickin' her calf. Jes look how she's lovin' her chil'."

The thing was not done in a corner. Jurors observed it—bystanders, sheriff, State's attorney; even his spectacled Honor bore solemn witness to the prodigy: the cow of much-disputed ownership was licking the calf which admittedly belonged to Parson Brutus. She fondled him, neck and hip and thigh; she licked his matted hair into furrows and turn-rows, then caressed it smooth again. The cow had spoken for herself, and nobody else said a word until Madison suggested quietly:

"Now, if Your Honor please, I am quite ready to present our case."

And when the jury had settled themselves, he began:

"Gentlemen, this controversy has been decided by the mute testimony of a mother. May God forgive our ignorance in sneering at these creatures, when dumb brutes speak with tongues more convincing than the babble of men. Human witenesses fall into honest error, but every caress of that shaggy mother proclaims eternal verity—yea, even in a court of justice. When a mother meets on high the babe she's lost in infancy, does she not recognize it amid a multitude of angels? Among thousands of mutilated dead in France, did not the maternal instinct go straight unto her own? Could you not see how this poor creature loves her babe? Gentlemen, she wouldn't swap that runtzy yearling for an international prize-winner. Where ever yet was found a mother who'd trade her booby for another—"

AS Madison talked on, Judge Brien evidently regarded the case as settled, for he had turned to other matters. He was now bending down from his bench, listening to a captain of police. Captain Brinsley spoke earnestly, and indicated a second officer stationed at the door.

"Wait, Captain," His Honor said, "until the jury retires." Then Brinsley marched back and took position beside his colleague.

The State's attorney realized when he was licked, more thoroughly licked than

the calf, and made only a perfunctory argument at the close.

The juryroom had shut behind the retiring twelve, and the unctuous Babcock didn't look happy, although conversing with vivacious Miss Theeny, who wore the straightest hair in Sheba Church. The apprehensive Professor glanced around when Judge Brien nodded a "go ahead" signal to the police. Young Sheba and the old guard craned their wondering necks when both officers strode to the smooth talker from St. Louis and snapped on the handcuffs.

"Don't move, Babcock," the Captain warned him. "You are wanted in St. Louis, Chicago and Indianapolis; but it'll be a long time before the State of Mississippi lets them have you."

The catastrophe flattened Babcock's Suffragettes so unexpectedly that they sat gasping while their chief was hustled off to jail. Then the facts leaked out: three boy burglars had been caught and confessed that Babcock was head of the gang. A search of the Professor's quarters had disclosed an astonishing amount of plunder.

"Huh!" 'Nias peered like a rat from beneath his table, and grunted. "Huh! White folks needn't think dey so smart. I knowed dat a mont' ago."

Lawyers and audience alike had forgot the sidetracked Parson Brutus, until a smiling jury filed in with their verdict of "Not guilty," and friends crowded up to congratulate him.

Draymen and washerwomen kept Henry Madison busy shaking hands; then he felt the same tugging at his breeches. This time he knew who it was and listened to 'Nias.

"Mr. Lawyer, is Uncle Brutus come clear?"

"Yes—acquitted."

"Kin he go now?"

"Certainly. He's a free man."

"Den listen: Tell dat fool nigger, he aint got no time for skylarkin'. He better git home in a rush, an' wash dat calf befo' somebody find out."

"Wash his calf? Find out what?"

"Find out a heap! Ev'y night dis week I been soakin' dat calf wid brine, makin' him salty, so de cow would git used to lickin' him. She aint his ma."

OUT OF THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 84)

waves against our craft. He moved the lever farther. "Thirty thousand. . . . Hello—what's that?" He glanced at me in sharp surprise. "Listen!"

"Hullo, hullo, Adler! R. H. Q. speaking. Q Branch wants your report." The voice was loud and clear.

"What's R. H. Q.?" I asked.

"Hanged if I know!" replied George. "Listen!"

Another voice answered in what seemed to be guttural German. We couldn't catch a word of it.

The first voice spoke again.

"Hullo, Adler! Fetch Mr. Maguire," it said, on a note of irritation. "Herrn Maguire bringen!" The amateurish German was peremptory in its utterance.

"Ja, ja," answered the second voice. "Warten sie nur."

There was a moment or two of silence. "What have we got on to?" I asked.

"Can't imagine," said George. "It's a most unusual wave-length for telephony." He frowned at the instrument-board while we waited. Suddenly we both jumped at a new voice—a woman's voice on an accent of wild distress.

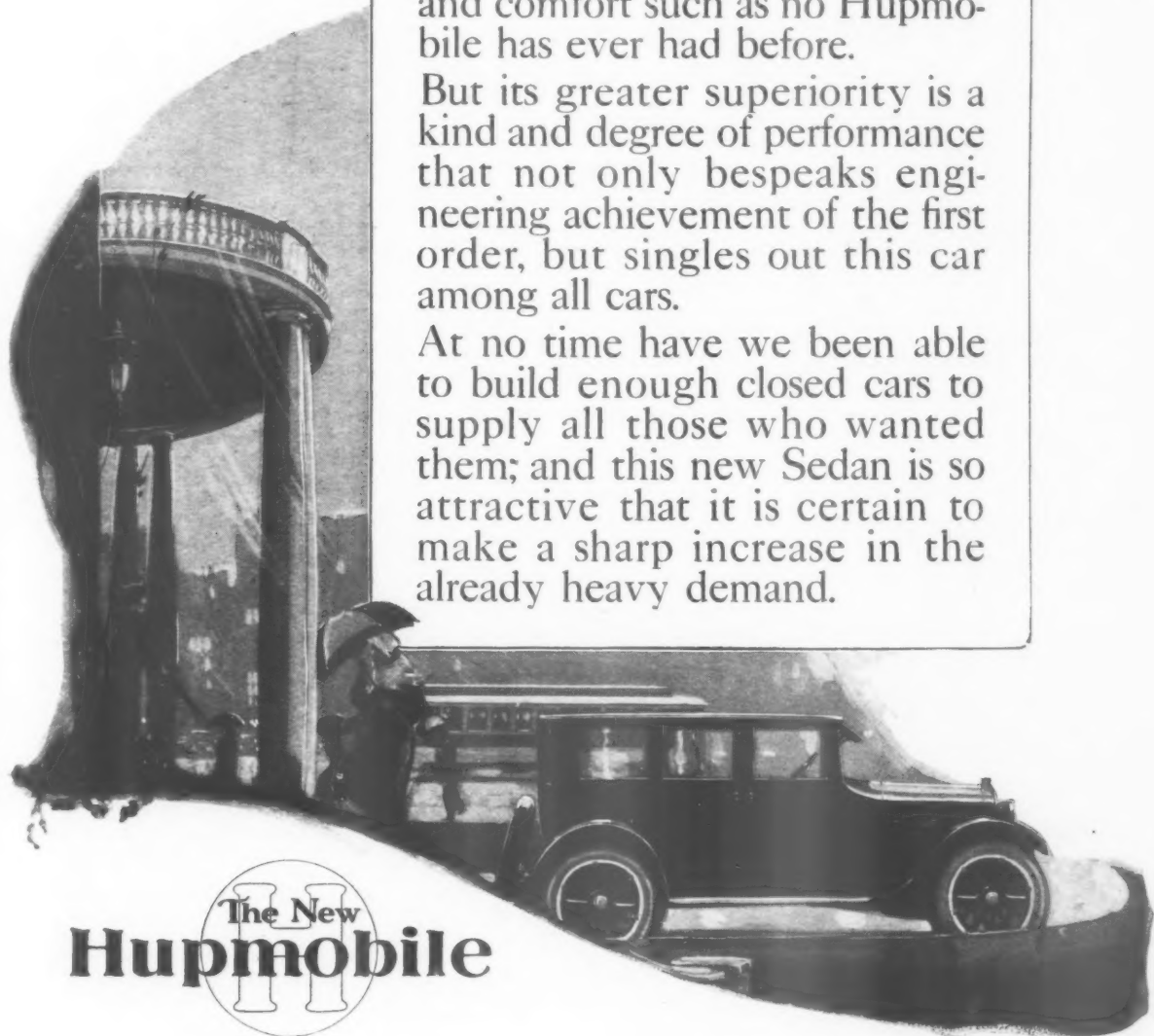
"Help! Help!" it cried. "Help! Oh—"

The voice broke off abruptly as though the speaker had been snatched away from the instrument. A sharp exclamation from George sent my eyes to him. He was staring in front of him, his broad honest face twisted in a curiously tense and startled expression. At the same time I thought I heard an indistinct noise of scuffling from the receivers tight against my ears. But it was George's strange look that held my attention for the moment.

EVERY line and curve in the design of this new Hupmobile Sedan contributes to beauty and comfort such as no Hupmobile has ever had before.

But its greater superiority is a kind and degree of performance that not only bespeaks engineering achievement of the first order, but singles out this car among all cars.

At no time have we been able to build enough closed cars to supply all those who wanted them; and this new Sedan is so attractive that it is certain to make a sharp increase in the already heavy demand.



The New Hupmobile

The Sedan body is designed and built in the Hupp shops. To its beauty is added all the strength and lasting qualities that go into the wonderfully long-lived Hupmobile chassis.

From cowl to the higher radiator the line is long and sweeping, and the rear corners are broadly rounded.

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The longer wheelbase and springs give the Sedan, both in front and rear, entirely new and better riding qualities.

With increased engine power, unprecedented

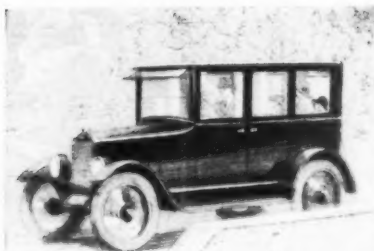
smoothness, and far more sprightliness than any Hupmobile before it, driving the Sedan is pure pleasure, even for great distances.

The new clutch and transmission mean silent gear changes, no matter what the speed or circumstance.

There is a harmony of interior and exterior color scheme that is very pleasing.

Upholstery is handsome gray cloth, with a distinct blue stripe. Exterior finish is a new Hupmobile blue, also with blue striping. Equipment is complete, including rear view mirror; and hardware is bright nickel in finish.

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"No, it couldn't be!" he muttered, frowning. There was an odd puzzled alarm in his tone. Before I could ask him what couldn't be, a man's voice spoke, a different voice from those we had heard.

"Hullo—R. H. Q?" Then, as though he half turned his head to some one behind him: "Take her away! Tie her up somewhere! How did she get loose?" The voice was again clear and full into the telephone. "Hullo—R. H. Q! Maguire speaking. Is that Cassidy?"

"Sure!" came the first voice. "What's the report?"

"All O. K. Five thousand rifles, fifty machine-guns, one million S. A. A. and a hundred cases of grenades landed at rendezvous. Handed over to Captain Flanagan. No interference. We got to sea again at six o'clock"

"Good! Say, Maguire, who was that girl screeching just now?"

"She—oh, she's a—hostage." The awkwardness of the reply was plainly evident. "Some of the boys got loose—burned a big house near by. Belonged to a Free Stater. I managed to save the girl."

"She don't seem grateful." The voice at the other end was cynical. "I shall have to report it. What's the name?"

"Connolly."

"My God!" I glanced round to George. He had sprung to his feet, was trembling violently in every limb. His face was ashen as he stared round at the cabin walls as though expecting to see through them with a vision enhanced to the equivalent of his hearing. "My God! Did you hear that? —Shh!" He stopped my half-uttered exclamation of bewilderment with a gesture of his quivering hand.

That far-off conversation was continuing:

"What name?"

"Connolly—Eileen Connolly. I've got evidence to prove she's an enemy sympathizer." The speaker was evidently a little uncertain of the way his action was being received. "Father was James Connolly."

George uttered a wild, inarticulate cry, sank back onto the cabin settee like a man who could no longer stand. His face frightened me.

"What's happened to him?"

"He's dead," the voice came with a little ugly laugh. "The boys burned him on his own bonfire."

"A Free Stater, you say?"

"Sure. It's one less, anyway."

"I'll report the matter. Hold your prisoner for instructions." The coldly official voice hinted at disapprobation. "Your orders stand—you'll proceed to Hamburg and pick up the second consignment. Good night."

"Good night."

THE conversation ceased. There was silence. I turned to George. His face was ghastly, his eyes staring like those of a madman.

"It's her!" he said. "It's Eileen!"

"But who's Eileen?" I asked, bewildered. "Not—" And then it flashed on me—my sister's friend, Eileen Connolly, of course! That flirtation of last winter—the very name of George's yacht! "Good Lord!" I said feebly. "I say, old

man, I had no idea there was anything serious between you two."

"There isn't!" he snapped at me. "She refused me last winter. My God!" he went on, to himself. "Eileen! Eileen—in the hands of that murdering scoundrel!" He jumped to his feet, flung the earpieces from his head to the instrument-board, squirmed around the table to the few clear feet at the end of the cabin. I could only watch him helplessly as he paced up and down with his fists pressed hard against his temples. "Oh, I shall go mad in a minute!"

"But what has really happened?" I said.

"What?" He glared at me impatiently. "What's happened? You must be imbecile, man! It's all clear enough. That's a German gun-runner chartered by the Irish irregulars. Maguire's their agent on board. And the damned scoundrel's been doing a little raiding on his own account." He gripped with both hands in the air. "If I could only get hold of him!" He took one or two more paces up and down, and then suddenly turned and flared at me. "My God, Dicky, don't sit there looking like a dummy! Don't you see that something's got to be done?" He was like a maniac.

"Yes, but what can we do?" I asked. He stared at me, quieted suddenly.

"God knows!" he ejaculated, and sat down in a sudden lassitude of despair upon the settee. "God knows!" he repeated, looking around him with hopeless vacuity. And he buried his face in his hands.

SILENCE in that little cabin lighted by the slightly oscillating oil-lamp continued until I had to break the awful tension.

"George," I said, as quietly as I could, though I also found myself trembling with the excitement of this crisis that had come to us so suddenly out of the night, "if we're going to do anything about this, we must have clear brains for the problem. Hysterics won't help us."

He looked up, sobered. "You're right, Dicky," he said. "We must get our brains to work. I'm all right now." But he still shook like a man in a palsy, and his face was dreadful in its haggard pallor.

I dug out a bottle of whisky I had brought in my suitcase, poured some for both of us.

"Now," I said, "drink this, and get yourself steady."

He came to the table, drank it down at a gulp. Then he went again to the wireless set, fitted the receivers again over his ears, listened.

"Nothing," he said. "They've shut off. I thought perhaps—" He didn't say what "perhaps" it was he thought, though I could guess. That girl's terror-stricken voice was still ringing in my ears too.

He stared at me hopelessly.

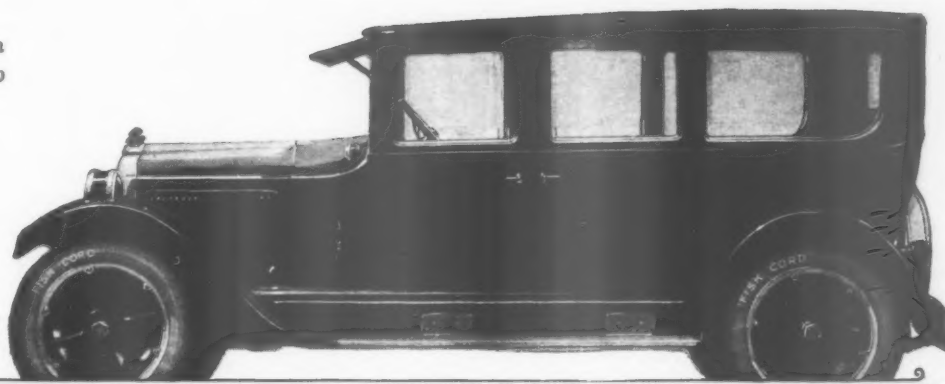
"For God's sake, say something, Dicky!" he burst out at last.

"I'm trying to think," I replied. "I dare say it's all plain enough to you—but it's anything but clear to me. I'm muddled. There's no doubt, of course, that it was a ship talking?"

"Bound for Hamburg—didn't you hear?" he said irritably.

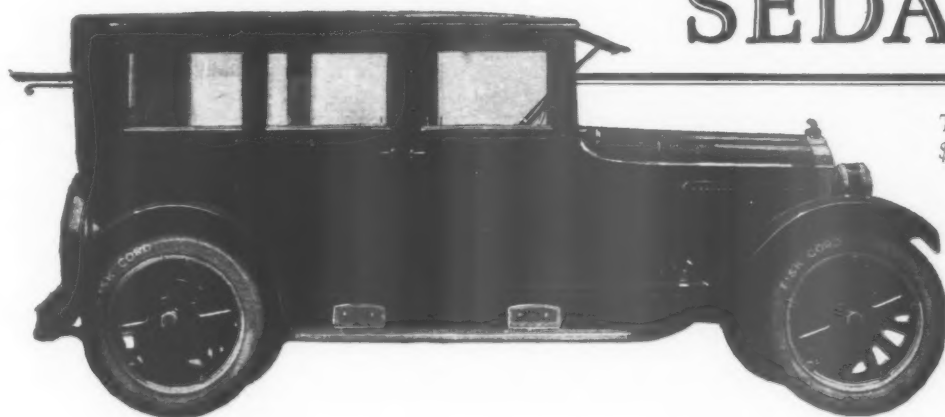
"Good. Well—whereabouts is she now?"

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HE got up, pulled out a chart from the locker. It comprised the southern coast of Ireland. There was a spot on it that had been well thumbed—as George's finger went to it now, I had a sudden vision of him brooding alone o' nights in that cabin, bringing himself into a sort of contact with that girl by contemplating on the chart the place where she lived. I said nothing, waited for his words. He glanced up at the cabin clock.

"It's now nine," he said. "They put to sea at six. Three hours. She'd be a fast ship to dodge the patrols. Give her twelve knots. On a course for Hamburg, she'd be about here." He marked a spot on the chart where the fathom-figures were already sparse by comparison with those close to the coast.

"And how far away is that?" I asked. He got out another chart, placed it upon the table contiguous with the first, measured with a pair of dividers from the indicated point to the Lizard on the second chart.

"About one hundred and sixty miles."

"She'd pass close here, I suppose?"

"Yes." He made a mental calculation. "About ten o'clock tomorrow—if she does twelve knots. About one, if she's only a ten-knotter. . . . But"—he looked up from the chart to me—"even if she does, how the devil are we going to stop her? We're not a torpedo-boat."

"No," I said, filled with a great idea, "but there are plenty of torpedo boats at Plymouth. Can't we communicate with the authorities? Surely they would stop the ship?"

His brows puzzled over the suggestion.

"We could talk to the authorities, all right," he agreed, "but I'm sure it would be no good. This is an Irish matter—and who bothers about the Irish these days? I don't think the British Government would interfere. They're only too anxious to let the Irish settle their own affairs. They'd merely suspect us of laying a trap to mix them up in a row—what the Irregulars have been playing for ever since the Free State started." I wondered at George's knowledge of these matters, and then remembered that he had the best of reasons for close interest. "Much more likely to send a torpedo-boat round to watch us," he concluded.

It seemed a hopeless problem, and I remarked as much.

"It's maddening!" said George. "But"—he glared at me as though I were responsible for our impotence—"somehow or other I'm going to get her off that ship!"

He listened again with the receivers over his head, and I imitated him. There was no sound, except the flapping of ropes overhead, thrashing against the mast in a wind that had sprung up without our noticing it.

"It's not commencing to blow, is it?" I queried uneasily.

GEORGE did not answer. All his faculties were absorbed in listening for a sound to come out of the silent night that encompassed our little craft. I imagined that distant ship, one hundred and sixty miles away, throbbing through the dark sea, with that girl aboard of her. "Tie her up!" the brutal command echoed in me. I wondered in what part

of the ship she was held prisoner. This thought led me to another. I voiced it.

"I wonder how she—how Miss Connolly got to the wireless," I said.

George snapped at me.

"Broke loose—didn't you hear that brute say so? I expect she was hiding somewhere round the wireless house and heard that German fellow telephoning. Directly he went to fetch Maguire, she must have dodged in, run to the instrument and cried for help. Doesn't seem very difficult to me!" He glared at me scornfully. "I can see her doing it!"

"And why did they telephone in plain speech, instead of the usual Morse?" I went on, not rebuffed. I wanted to get a clear picture of the whole thing in my head.

"Oh, don't ask futile silly-ass questions!" George looked as if he could hit me for this repeated interruption of the silence to which he strained his faculties. "Why shouldn't they use plain speech? They're on a wave-length nobody uses—there's no likelihood of anyone listening in. Can you hear anything now? Of course you can't—and we're on the thirty-thousand length. There's nothing doing on it—they've got it all to themselves. They might be talking from one star to another. And unless they use cipher, there's no sense in using Morse. Anyone can pick up Morse. But it's much more convenient to talk straight out—less chance of mistakes. They can talk direct without bothering about operators." George was irritably voluble, once he started to explain, evidently trying to save time by answering in one complete reply any future stupid questions I might be going to put to him. "You exercise your wits on trying to think of some useful plan, Dicky—and don't worry me with things that don't matter!"

I DON'T know how long we had sat there in gloomy baffled silence, when suddenly—I can't recall by what obscure path of thought I had come to it—I found myself contemplating a possibility.

"George," I said on an impulse, "can't you talk to that ship?"

"Talk to the ship?" He puzzled at me.

"Yes." I was suddenly all excitement.

"Talk to the ship—bluff them—tell them to hand their prisoner over to us. She's passing close by, tomorrow morning."

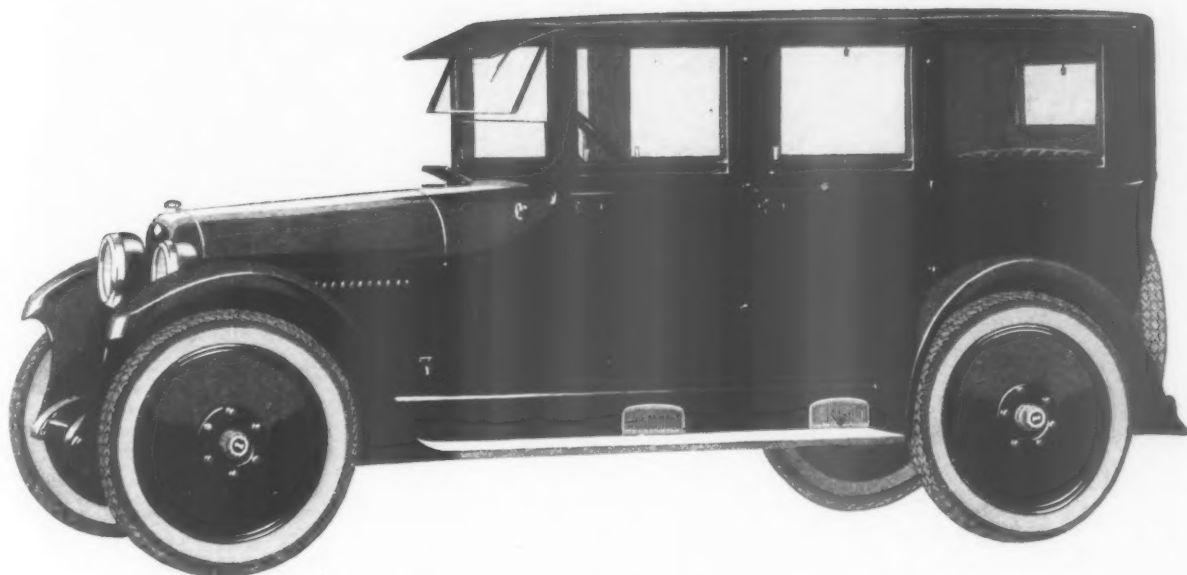
He jumped up with such impetuosity as to hit his head against the cabin roof.

"By Jove, Dicky!" he cried. "You've hit it!" He tore off the telephone receivers from his head. "Keep listening—in case they speak again. I'll start up the motor."

I stopped him before he had got out of the cabin.

"Wait a minute, George!" I spoke with the confident authority of the accepted strategist. My brain was working rapidly now. "Don't telephone yet, whatever you do. Those people in Ireland may be listening. We don't want them butting in. Wait till after midnight. They will probably have gone to bed, but there's certain to be some one on duty on the ship."

"Dicky," he said admiringly, "you're a genius!" He glanced at the clock. "Two hours." He looked at me, and the sudden excitement faded out of his face.



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"But man—two hours! How am I going to wait two mortal hours cooped up here? I shall go mad!"

"No, you won't," I said, firmly. I fished a pack of cards out of my suitcase. "You are going to pour us out a little more whisky—not too much—and play a nice quiet game of piquet with me to pass the time."

He recovered control over himself.

"All right," he agreed. "But keep those carpieces on. We mustn't miss any messages."

FOR the next two hours—they seemed an eternity—we sat there, alert for any sound in our ears, playing the most uninteresting game of piquet I have ever sat through in my life. Not a murmur came to us through the instrument. Only the three glowing electric-light bulbs reassured us that it was still receptive. Despite the headpieces, we could converse fairly easily, and there were many lapses in our game while we discussed the exact message George was to send to that German gun-runner.

In other lapses, too, he told me, shyly and clumsily, something of his feelings for that girl. She was quite evidently the one thing in life that mattered to him. "It was only natural, of course, that she wouldn't marry a chap like me," he said. And since he could not have her, he had hidden himself away on his yacht from a world that had become distasteful to him.

"If ever you fall in love, Dicky," he said, looking at me with honest, simple eyes, "you'll understand how much a

chap wants to be alone. I only invited you because you knew her and could talk about her."

"Many thanks!" said I ironically.

Overhead the cordage drummed against the mast in sharp little puffs of wind.

"I'm afraid we're in for dirty weather tomorrow," said George, with an anxious glance at the barometer.

We continued our dreary game, forgotten for long intervals in George's halting confidences. "She'll never have me, of course," he said, resignedly and miserably.

"Your call," I reminded him.

We were half through a hand, when suddenly he flung down the cards, sprang from his seat.

"Midnight, thank God. Now we can get busy!"

In a moment he had disappeared up the companion steps. A minute or two later I heard and felt the jerky throbblings of the motor as it whirled and flagged and whirled again in its first uneven revolutions. A nauseating atmosphere of gasoline invaded the little cabin. The motor settled into a steady hum where everything vibrated. George returned, wiping his hands on a bit of cotton waste.

He went to the wireless, fitted a mouthpiece to a gadget in front of him, manipulated a few more tiny switches. Then, putting on his receivers, he sat down to it again. I drew close, listening also, my heart thumping with excitement.

"Hullo—Adler! Hullo—Adler!" He leaned forward, spoke into the mouthpiece. I could see perspiration glistening

on his forehead. "Hullo—Adler!" He switched to receive the reply.

There was no response. George glanced at me—a quick, scared look. My thought was the same as his. Supposing there was no one listening on board that ship!

"Hullo—Adler!—Adler!—Adler!" He fumbled a little with his tiny levers, altering them a trifle at each utterance of the call. "Adler!—Adler!—Adler!" Again he flicked down the switch which permitted the reply to reach us.

It came—startling us both with its uncanny loudness of direct address.

"Ja, ja, Adler—ja. Wer ist's?"

"Adler—R. H. Q. speaking. Fetch Mr. Maguire. *Herrn Maguire bringen!*" He turned to me, whispered: "What's 'at once?'" "Sofort—augenblicklich," I whispered back. "Sofort—augenblicklich!" he commanded peremptorily into the telephone.

"Ja, ja—he sleep—I go wake him," came the answer, distinct despite the throbbing of the motor behind us.

GEORGE turned to me, the telephone switched off for safety.

"I daren't ask to speak to her, I suppose?"

I shook my head.

"Too risky."

We waited, through long minutes of silence.

Then again a voice came to us, gruffly bad-tempered.

"Hullo—hullo—who's that speaking?"

George's face went grim and hard as he bent forward to reply. It was as if he felt himself face to face with the owner of that now familiar voice.

"R. H. Q.," he said, sharply, authoritatively. "Is that Maguire?"

"Yes. —Is that Cassidy?"

"No, it isn't," George, as he explained to me afterward, tried to speak with the brusque peremptoriness of a wartime "brass-hat." "This is Intelligence speaking. Q Branch reports that you have a prisoner on board—a Miss Connolly. She is urgently required at H. Q. for examination. A most important prisoner. She is to be handed over without delay. In the meantime you will be held personally responsible for her safety."

"Oh," said Maguire. There was a trace of disappointment in his tone. "Shall we put back, then?"

"No." George made a gesture of "Heaven forbid!" to me. "What time do you pass the Lizard tomorrow?"

"I don't know."

"Go and find out from the captain!"

George's tone could not have been bettered by the most important of staff-officers.

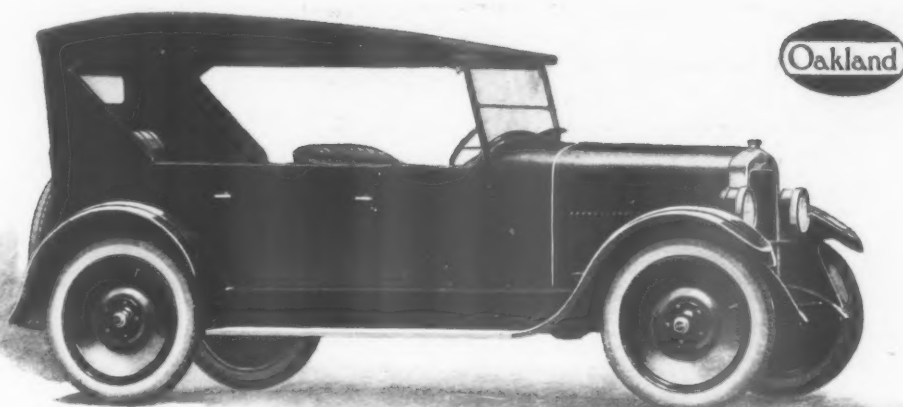
There was a pause in which we listened to nothing but the throb of our own motor working the dynamo.

"About eleven," said the voice suddenly.

"Very well. Tell the captain to go close in to the Lizard. You will be met by a small yawl, flying the signal-flags R—H—Q. Answer with the same flags, and then send your prisoner aboard of her."

"But who am I to hand her over to?"

"Agents of ours. We've already arranged. All you have to do is to obey your orders." We were fairly safe in



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From axle to axle—it's new! It embodies features of mechanical superiority—of beauty and com-

fort and performance—heretofore unheard of in cars of its price! Every single part—from the new engine to the new bodies—was designed and built to fit and function in perfect correlation with every other part.

And because it has been so carefully designed, so soundly built and so thoroughly tested—Oakland places upon it, without hesitation, the same written 15,000 mile engine performance guarantee and the same Mileage-Basis gauge of value that have proved the quality and the value and the excellence of Oakland cars for years!

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assuming that he would not query what
to him would be merely another of the
mysterious ramifications of the Irregular
organization. "Just repeat, please."

The voice repeated the instructions.
"Very good," said George. "Remember
—on no account miss that yawl. It might
have the gravest consequences—and you
will be held responsible. Good night."
"Good night."

There was once more silence. Then
George turned to me and said:
"And now to wait till morning!"

WE agreed to take alternate watches
at the wireless in case any further
conversation took place with the *Adler*.
George was to have first watch. Utterly
wearied by my long day, I rolled myself
in a blanket on the settee and was almost
instantly asleep.

I woke to find the light of morning
pouring through the skylight, and George
no longer there. The place shook with
the throbbing of the motor, and the yacht
was pitching heavily. I could hear the
thud and splash of seas upon the deck.
Mystified, I made my way, lurching and
scrambling, to the companion-stairs, and
climbed out. George, still wearing the
telephone-receivers attached by a long
wire which went down into the cabin, was
in oilskins, steering the yacht through a
smother of spray. She was running on
the motor.

"Had to clear out!" he shouted at me.
"Weather's been worsening since dawn.
Not a word from the *Adler*. Take the
tiller while I get a rag of canvas up.
We've got sea-room now and can heave
to for a bit."

It was a foul morning. A heavy wes-
terly wind drove a gray wrack of mist
and rain over a livid green sea that
leaped and boiled at us as our motor
thudded us through it. The Lizard was
a cloudlike mass only faintly to be dis-
cerned far astern of us. I kept the
Eileen bows-on to the sea while George,
having put on my head the receivers he
had been wearing, struggled with the
canvas. At last, close-reefed and helm
lashed, the engine stopped, we hove to for
a mouthful of cold breakfast down in the
cabin.

He had looked pretty bad the night
before. This morning he looked ghastly,
dark rings under his eyes, his features
pale and drawn. He had not had a wink
of sleep. "No sense in waking you, old
chap," he said. "I couldn't have slept
anyhow."

It was an interminable and miserable
time waiting for that ship. George lent
me a suit of oilskins, and with the re-
ceivers on the long wire over my ears,
I sat on the cabin steps and talked to
him while he steered. "Don't leave them
off for a moment," he had said. "We
mustn't miss a word if they speak. I'll
navigate the yacht."

DIRECTLY after breakfast he had set a
course for a point just off the Lizard;
and then, in heavy blinding squalls of rain,
buffeted by a sea that grew worse every
minute, we cruised up and down in the
vicinity of the spot where we might ex-
pect to meet the *Adler*. Our three signal-
flags blew stiffly out from the halliards.

"There she is!" cried George suddenly.

Out of the mist emerged a dirty-looking
tramp-steamer, the black smoke blowing
forward over her bows as she wallowed in
the following sea. I stood up on the cabin
steps to look at her, saw three flags run up
to her signal-halliards.

George put the helm over, and we came
round, beating up toward her, maneuvering
to get under her lee.

"She's stopping!" said George. "Look
—they're getting ready a boat!" I could,
in fact, see a little group of figures busy
about one of the davits.

George set the motor on at full power,
and pitching and plunging under close-
hailed canvas among the waves that
crashed over our bows, we came close
to her. She had now stopped, was squat-
tering amid creamy-white foam. From
her deck men were scrambling into the
boat still slung upon the davits.

"There's Eileen!"

George's eyes were quicker than mine,
but I also now saw a muffled-up figure
hurried by two men along the deck and
pushed into the boat. Then they began
to lower away. Breathlessly we watched
the boat descend on the lengthening ropes,
swinging and swaying sickeningly as the
steamer lurched and wallowed in the
waves. At last it touched the water, was
out of sight for a moment, while the
davit ropes, released, streamed on the
wind.

"Here they come!"

THE boat rose on the sea, four or five
men rowing for all they were worth.
Steadily it approached, out of sight one
moment, hoisted high the next. In the
stern-sheets I could see two figures—one
of them, certainly, the girl. George
brought the yacht up to the wind, kept
her steady with the motor at half-speed.

The boat was a little more than half-
way to us when suddenly a voice spoke
into my very ear.

"Hullo, *Adler*!—Hullo, *Adler*!"

Intent on watching the approach of
the boat from my position on the cabin-
steps, I had forgotten that the wireless
receivers were still over my ears.

"Hullo, *Adler*."

"They're calling, George!" I cried.
"Calling up the *Adler*!"

He glanced at me, but said nothing.
I saw his face set hard as he measured
with his eye the distance yet between
ourselves and the boat.

"Ja, ja—*Adler*!—Wer ist's?" came the
reply.

"R. H. Q.—Where's Mr. Maguire?"

"Herr Maguire—he vos in boat."

"Boat? What do you mean? I want
to talk to him. Fetch him at once.
Orders for his prisoner, tell him!"

The other voice commenced an ex-
planation in broken English.

"Never mind what they're saying!"
shouted George. "Take those things off
and stand by to help her out of the boat.
I can't leave the helm."

I did as I was told. The highly inter-
esting conversation between "R. H. Q."
and the *Adler* ceased for me abruptly.
I could only guess at its purport by the
figure I saw dart out of the wireless house
and run to the officer on the bridge. A
moment later the propeller of the ship
began to revolve and I saw a wisp of
white steam blow away from halfway

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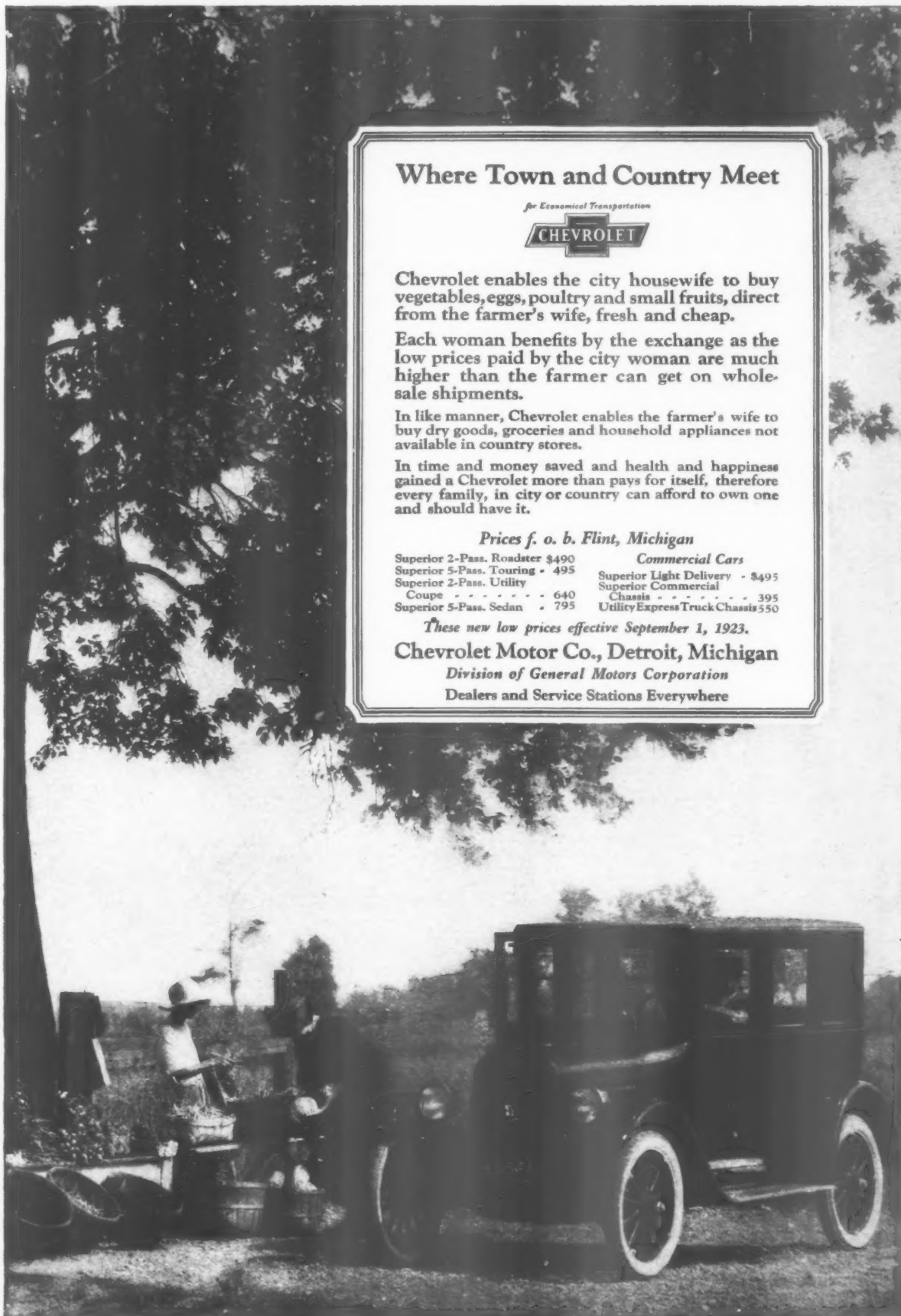
Superior 2-Pass. Roadster	\$490	Commercial Cars	
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Coupe	640	Chassis	395
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Wreck survivors tell how tobacco kept them going

When food and water gave out
on third day, they smoked
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Perhaps they were only pirates of the sea. Nevertheless, they were very much human beings when they found themselves miles out to sea adrift in an open boat.

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Late in the afternoon of the fifth day a tramp schooner saw their distress signals and came valiantly to the rescue.

"The only thing that kept us going at all was tobacco," one of the survivors admitted when he was safely deposited on dry land again.

Pipes filled with Edgeworth probably have no more soothing effect than pipes filled with other tobaccos, but most Edgeworth smokers feel that they need Edgeworth to get complete pipe satisfaction.

If you have never smoked Edgeworth, send your name and address on a postcard to Larus & Brother Company. They will be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Smoke a few pipefuls and judge for yourself whether or not you wish to become a permanent member of the Edgeworth Club.

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To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



up her funnel. The melancholy wail of her siren drifted across to us.

"They've discovered the trick, George!" I shouted in alarm.

"Never mind!" he said. "It's too late now! Stand by to pull her on board."

The boat rose on a wave just in front of us. The men had ceased their rowing and were looking back at the ship, puzzled at her signal. The yacht was under way, and the next instant, swung by a deft touch on her tiller, was grinding alongside the ship's boat. A couple of men clutched at the rope we had slung ready alongside. Once more the steamer's siren hooted long and loud. She was moving through the water now, coming straight toward us.

"All right!" I shouted to the man in the stern-sheets. "There's a destroyer coming up—that's all. She wants you to get back as soon as possible. Pass up the girl!"

There was no time for hesitation with the two boats grinding against one another in that sea. He did the instinctive thing, hoisted the girl upright by main force—she drooped as though she were

half fainting—and seizing the moment, pushed her into my grasp. I dragged her on deck in a tumbled heap.

"All clear!" I shouted, but George had not waited for my word. He set the motor to full speed, but the helm overloosed the mainsheet ready to his hand. The yacht whipped round like a top. I just heard an angry shout from the boat's-crew—and then we were already distant from them.

The steamer was coming for us as though she meant to run us down, sounding her siren in quick and angry blasts.

"Don't matter about them!" cried George as the yacht flew on before the wind. "They'll be half an hour picking up their boat's-crew—and we're well away. . . . Look after her!"

I bent over the girl. She lay huddled upon the deck, staring at me with a face blanched with terror. Then she looked at the man at the helm.

"George!" she cried.

Behind us the *Adler* was blotted out in a squall. The *Eileen* changed course slightly, raced, like a living thing, for shoal water and safety.

A POUND OF CURE

(Continued from page 50)

it was he who relieved the intense awkwardness of the moment—

"Miss Marbury—" he started, and she interrupted:

"Don't you think, Doctor Hale, that since we are to be married, you had better call me Ruth?"

"Why, yes—yes indeed. I think that is quite essential—Ruth."

"That's better. Although,"—and she chuckled,—“while it is possible for me to call you William, I'm afraid I could never even think of you as Bill.”

THEIR wedding was a simple affair which terrified both. The interested glances of the few guests seemed to shriek accusation. Doctor William Hale faced the clergyman with the all-gone sensation of a surgical patient who has bravely consented to an operation and suddenly finds himself robed in sheets and gazing into an ether-cone. The impulse to escape was forcibly present, and with it the irrefutable knowledge that escape was not to be.

Those who attended the wedding commented upon the fact that never had Doctor Hale looked more severe, more professionally impersonal. But the girl waiting for him at the altar in her new coat-suit of navy blue, saw the color of his cheeks and the deep blue of his usually gray eyes—and thus was conveyed to her the information that beneath that outward frigidity there was emotional turmoil.

But she too was frightened. After all, this was marriage, solemn, well-nigh indissoluble marriage—or rather a contract of marriage. She realized that her position was unenviable: she was a shield for this man against other women. She was giving nothing save protection, and she was getting much in return—wealth, leisure, assurance of a sheltered future. The situation reeked of absurdity. Yet she went gamely on with it.

There followed the usual jocular and the usual shower of rice and old shoes; then they were on the train together—where for the first time the finality of the situation struck home. The thing was impossibly bizarre—married, honeymooning—impersonal!

They reached their destination at nine o'clock that night. He had wired ahead for rooms which adjoined but did not connect. Fatigued with travel, they walked briskly for a couple of miles, then returned to the hotel, where he bade her a frigid and exceedingly embarrassed good night. She undressed slowly, then crept into bed and lay for a long while staring into the darkness. “So this,” she reflected, not without a suggestion of bitterness, “is marriage!”

Marriage it was not; but it was her marriage, and she was vaguely dissatisfied. In the next room William Hale stood solemnly at the window gazing out into the night. He was again introspecting.

He felt that he should be exceedingly pleased with himself, but even so the thrill of elation which warmed him could not be accounted for. It did not arise from the fact that he had attained his desires, achieved a very difficult goal. He found his thoughts playing truant—dwelling upon the girl in the next room. Strive as he might, he could not rid his mind of her; and finally, being thoroughly introspective and utterly honest with himself, he flung around angrily. “Well, why shouldn't I think about her?” he queried the darkness. “Isn't she my wife?”

The fortnight which followed was filled with a delicious sense of danger and growing intimacy. William Hale became a trifle less introspective, a wee mite less honest with himself, as day followed day into honeymoon history. He struggled valiantly to convince himself that Ruth was a pal, a good fellow—anything but a woman. And she played fairly. If



"Say, Doc, don't you think you've had your money's worth out of that old cripple?"

"Well, Tom, I promised myself a new car when this set of tires wore out but blamed if it don't look like they'd last forever."

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she possessed a repertory of feminine wiles, she did not deign to use them; and her aloofness piqued him. Not that he admitted that pique even to himself—there were limits beyond which his analysis of self even now refused to venture. Quite unconsciously he found himself striving to impress her with himself—and apparently with no success.

It was all right for her to play the game, but confound it, she didn't have to carry sportsmanship to such absurd extremes! Here he found himself speculating constantly upon the touch of her hand—warm and electric. He made a thousand little excuses to hold that hand. She was his wife, and he'd held the hands of girls—many of them—with whom he would never consider such a relationship. He meant nothing by it; all he wanted was to hold hands as they walked through the park together—innocent little byplay, barren of meaning. It was her rigid adherence to the letter of their contract which deterred him. He became obsessed with the idea that she would bitterly resent the slightest familiarity. "If I did this to save myself from women," he mused one night, "I'll confess that my plan has been one hundred and ten per cent successful."

THE big house on Glenview Road was ready for them when they returned, the domestic staff under the iron thumb of Wiggins, the ponderous English butler who had been with the family since before William could remember. William's mother had made a great sacrifice by turning Wiggins over to her son's service, but his dignified presence in the house assured the bride a relatively easy period of domestication.

Followed then a period of calm, during which Doctor Hale tried to bury himself once more in his surgical work. He found himself inspired by a freshened ambition and renewed stamina. He experienced an exhilaration which was unaccountable to the mind which was now considerably less honest with itself than it used to be. There were long evenings together in the big, comfortable house when he discussed his plans and his ambitions—discussed them with her, and listened to the answers she made in a language which he could understand.

Each day told a new story of his scheme's success. He and Ruth attended many social affairs where he was lionized by all and sundry, and made much over by young, pretty and eligible women. He found himself regarding them critically and unemotionally. It was absurd, he told himself, that he could ever have fancied himself falling in love with one of them. They were all right, of course, but they lacked—well, not one of them could compare with Ruth.

He was getting all that he had bargained for—and a great deal more. He commenced making excuses which would keep him home evenings; he protested against the round of social activity. And he visited the best tailor in town and purchased three new suits. They were all navy blue—Ruth's favorite color.

He ran up a considerable bill at the haberdasher's for shirts, newfangled collars and neckwear. He blossomed forth in clocked hosiery. And through it all he

deliberately ignored the fact that something was happening to him.

But when he discovered himself telephoning her three or four times a day during office-hours, personally selecting flowers for her boudoir and jewelry for her adornment, he stopped, looked and listened. His nature was undergoing a metamorphosis. This thing was beyond all reason. Heretofore the purchasing of flowers had been a mechanical thing: "Hello—florist shop? This is Doctor Hale. Please send a dozen American Beauties to Miss So-and-So. Charge 'em to me." Jewelry he had never before purchased—not women's jewelry, at any rate. He was learning a great deal about that. There was, for instance, the diamond and sapphire wrist-watch he bought for Ruth. He had always thought that wrist-watches were wrist-watches, that one arbitrarily decided how much one desired to pay, then went in and bought whatever watch the dealer happened to have at just that price. Now he knew better. This watch cost a great deal more than he originally planned to spend, but the moment his eyes came to rest upon it, he knew that that watch, and no other watch in the world, was the one for Ruth.

Her delight at his attentions never seemed to lessen. Himself grave and reserved, he yet thrilled to her spontaneous exuberance. He knew that it was not the intrinsic worth of his offerings which charmed her, but rather the taste with which they were selected—a taste which he was cultivating slowly, and which betokened careful and worrisome thought.

For months he tried to deceive himself as to the true condition. And then he retired to his study and resorted to the old pastime of introspecting. It was a long and difficult siege of thought, and from it he emerged square-jawed and determined.

THEY sat before an open fire that night. The lights in the big living-room had been extinguished, and the flickering flames sent weird shadows dancing crazily along the walls. Ruth was staring into the fire, an expression of ineffable contentment upon her face. And finally he spoke.

"Ruth," he broke out suddenly, "I am extremely introspective."

She restrained a wild desire to laugh as she recalled another interview which had started in very much the same manner. She nodded gravely. "Yes."

"And I am honest with myself—rigidly so."

"Yes, William."

"Well, I have just had a siege of self-analysis. It has proved very disturbing. I am too honest not to admit conditions frankly, and too level-headed to permit them to continue. Ruth—a very terrible thing has happened."

"What is it?" she questioned softly.

For a moment he did not answer; and then, somehow his voice took on a queer tremble and his long, slender fingers clasped so tightly that it seemed the bones would break.

"Ruth, I have fallen in love with you!"

Her little gasp was lost in the crackle of the flames. He was leaning forward—



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eager, intense, gazing upon her averted face. Then, because she did not answer, he went on:

"I think it is horrible."

"It is—unfortunate."

"It is worse than that, Ruth. It would be bad enough were I single. . . . But here I am, a married man. And the worst of it is that I have fallen in love with my own wife."

"The conditions—are—unusual."

"Certainly. There is no escape."

She faced him squarely. "William, yes, William, there's plenty of escape for you. You see, you have fallen in love with me—or think you have; but I haven't fallen in love with you."

He wilted.

"It was a part of our bargain that sentiment was to be kept out of this marriage," she went on. "You married me to avoid matrimonial entanglements, to avoid love. You know—we have talked it over many times—that even though you might think I am different from other women, I am not. I am a normal woman and you a normal man. If I were to permit myself to fall in love with you, we'd merely tread the path that all other couples have trod. A short period of happiness—then misery, or horrid contentment. Isn't that so?"

HE winced, but he nodded gamely.

"Yes—that is so."

"Supposing we were in love with each other: would you be dishonest enough to look into my eyes and tell me what every lover-imbecile has told his sweetheart since time immemorial—that our case would be the exception—that we would find the perfect bliss which not more than one couple in a hundred finds? Would you?"

"No. I might be weak, but I am not a fool. A man does not have to lose his common sense because he falls in love. However, I can understand that even such a man as myself might deliberately sacrifice a career for a few months of delirious happiness with the woman he loves."

"I wouldn't allow that, William; even though your love were reciprocated. As a matter of fact, you are *not* in love with me."

"I am!" he asserted violently. "I have studied myself, and I know my own emotions."

She shook her head. "No, you're not. Propinquity has gotten in its deadly work. You like me—but that is all. You admit that women are your weakness, that you cannot resist an attractive woman. I merely happen to be the woman who, at present, you are unable to resist."

He stared at her dazedly, then spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "What are we to do?" he asked.

Her answer was instant. "Separate. Oh, I don't necessarily mean divorce—that would be absurd. But I can go away on an extended trip, and by the time I return, you will realize that this was a momentary infatuation. Don't you think that a good idea?"

He speculated upon it for a long time. Then: "Yes, Ruth, it is. My impulse is to keep you here. But I am more honest, more sane, than other men in a similar position. Much as I think I love you, I know that we are no different from

other people: Our marriage would fail just as all marriages fail. And it is merely an infatuation. Before you've been away a month, I'll be cured—just as I admit my love, I admit that. For whatever my weaknesses may be, lack of self-knowledge is not one of them. You must go away, Ruth—for several months."

AND so a week later Mrs. William S. Hale departed for Ormond Beach. He accompanied her to the train, bearing flowers for her drawing-room and bringing with him a new and very freakish putter which he declared the salesman had guaranteed never to miss. Somehow the parting seemed to draw them closer together. They laughed hysterically at everything; their merriment was undue and unnatural.

The train pulled out. Doctor William S. Hale returned forlornly to a large and inexpressibly empty house.

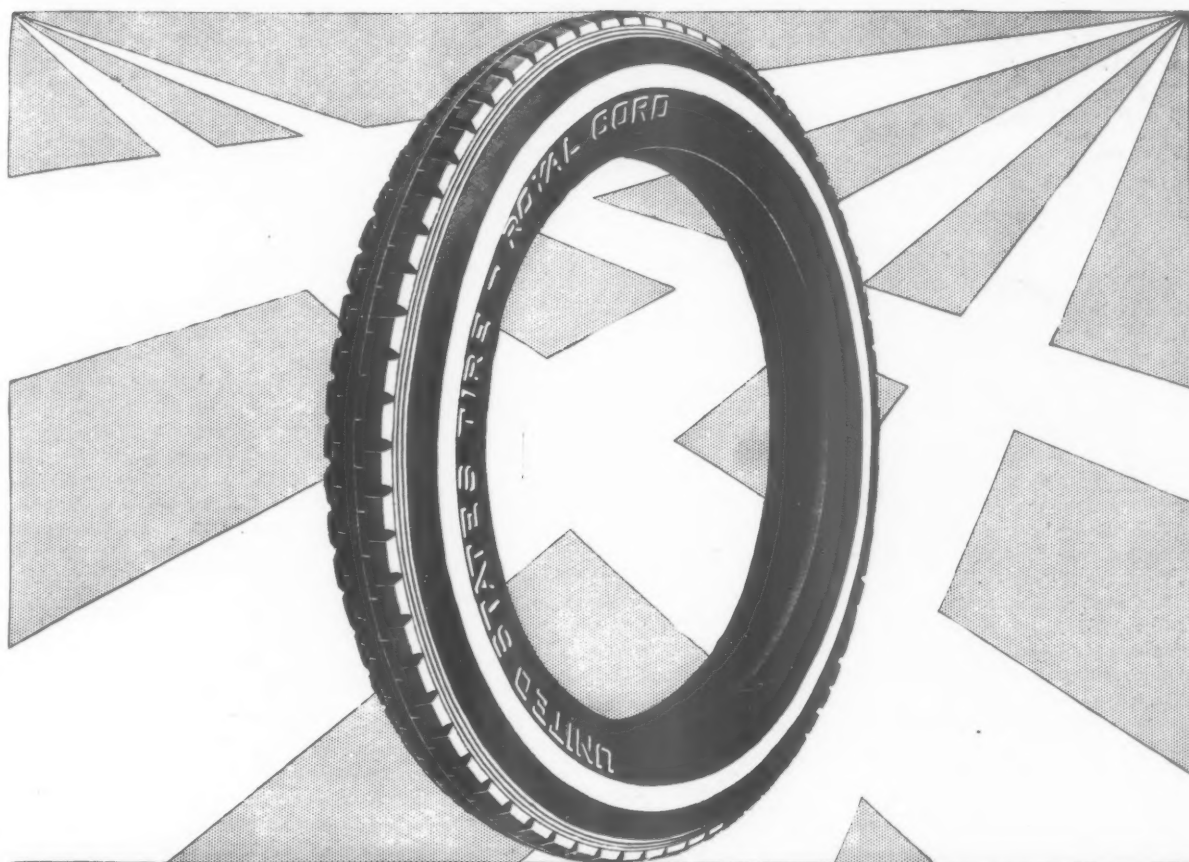
At Florence, South Carolina, a telegram was delivered to her drawing-room: "Having a great time. Cure is certain to work. Good luck. William." At Jacksonville she received another: "Having the time of my life. This trip of yours great idea. Sending your white sweater; thought you might need it. William." The day after her arrival at Bretton Inn there came a third telegram: "Of course I miss you but so does the dog. Don't worry. This plan certain to be effective. Love. William."

He flung himself into an orgy of work and study, took medical journals home with him at night. But he never read very much. After a half-hour or so the volume would lie neglected on his lap, and his eyes—a rich blue now instead of gray—would be staring into the flames, and his thoughts a thousand miles truant.

What a good sport she was! And a wonderful girl! Inconceivable the way she filled up that stark, empty house. He couldn't work when she was away. Why, confound it, she spurred him on! He liked to work when she was there. What the devil did it matter what the rest of the world thought? She thought he was the greatest surgeon alive! And her opinion was the only one which counted. A word of praise from her was worth pages of encomium in the *American Medical Journal*.

Absence was getting in its deadly work. It was making his heart grow exceedingly fonder, but he became daily less introspective, more a victim to delusion. He hunted frantically for excuses to bring Ruth back to him. His daily letters became longer and more personal. After six weeks he found himself starting the letters with "My dear Wife" and signing them simply, "Your Husband." Peculiar thrill in that signature, barren of significance though it was. There was infinite bliss in the thought that at least she could never be the wife of another man.

He marveled at the three years Ruth had been in his employ: what a stupid idiot he had been never to have noticed her beauty, her manifold excellences! It was inconceivable that during all that time he had regarded her as a secretary and not as a woman. If only he could think of a sane, logical excuse to bring her back! He wouldn't admit the truth—even to himself, now. And no adequate



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excuse presented itself, until one day his next-door neighbor remarked that brides didn't usually remain away from husbands for such a protracted period. That night he indited a long letter which concluded:

... and folks are talking. I'm afraid that they think we have quarreled. Of course I am anxious for you to remain away six months, but it would never do to get people gossiping about us. As a matter of fact, I am thoroughly cured of the brief infatuation which prompted this trip of yours. I think you are a sweet little girl, one of whom any man would be proud, but you may return with perfect safety. In fact, I suggest that you make your reservations as soon as possible. It is much better that others do not become too interested in our personal affairs.

YOUR HUSBAND.

P. S.—I have wired to Jacksonville reserving drawing-room on northbound Coast Line train leaving there Thursday night. Will meet you at station Friday.

Two days later came a brief wire signifying her assent to his plan. She had obtained the drawing-room and would be with him in accordance with his wishes.

He apprised Wiggins of the imminence of Ruth's return. She was due at three o'clock in the afternoon. He engaged a caterer to prepare their dinner. He visited the town's best florist and gave that gentleman *carte blanche*. But he did insist that her own rooms were to be filled with yellow jonquils. He purchased a new reading-lamp for her room—a hideous affair which he fondly thought beautiful. And then he waited.

THE wait seemed interminable: the hours dragged on leaden feet. He thanked the Fates for several desperately ill patients who did their humble best to afford distraction. They were very nice about it—and the morning of Ruth's arrival he was able to pronounce them out of danger. The evening promised to be empty of emergency calls. He shamefacedly left word with his new secretary—a very Gorgon of efficiency—that he would be out of the city that night, and any calls were to be turned over to his assistant.

Four hours before train-time he commenced a systematic harassing of the train-dispatcher for information on the northbound flyer. Once it was reported twenty minutes late, and he succumbed to dank misery, only to attain the zenith of elation when the twenty minutes were made up and the train was reported on time again.

And eventually it did come in. He was on the platform, eying the dust-coated Pullmans hungrily. She alighted from the third one—a bit fatigued, but radiant. He took her two hands in his and held them tight while he drank in her beauty, gazing deep into the twin brown wells of her glorious eyes. His greeting was utterly boyish and simple:

"Oh! I'm glad you're back. I've missed you so."

Her answer was stilted: "Thank you, William." But the vivid color of her cheeks flamed an answer less impersonal.

They had little to say as he drove her home. She told him briefly of her trip, the people she had met, the atrocious

golf she had played—asserting however that it would have been many strokes worse had it not been for the magic putter with which he had presented her, and which had not been out of its bag. He was content to drive in silence, happy in the knowledge that she was beside him.

Ruth sparkled with appreciation of the flowers; she went into ecstasies over the reading-lamp with its gold-embroidered shade. He hovered about her with a fatuous grin on his cameo face—or sat silent and worshiped—her proximity was electric.

The dinner amazed and delighted her. She gave full credit to Wiggins, but that honest dignitary refused to take credit which was not due him.

Eventually the meal was ended and the servants had gone. Doctor Hale and his wife were alone in the big living-room, seated side by side on the spacious lounge before the crackling fire.

They did not speak. He puffed meditatively upon his cigar and occasionally stole a glance at her. She was so small and fragile and exquisite! He tossed the cigar into the fire, and as he settled back upon the lounge, discovered that he had moved closer to her.

He caught his breath. For a few seconds he sat rigid, motionless. Then for the first time in his deliberate life, he acted without thought.

His arms were about her, and he was holding her tight against him. Into her ears he murmured the chaotic words of all lovers: "My darling—my precious—my girl—I love you so—I can't live without you. . . . Oh, I love you so!"

And then he felt her arms creep shyly about his neck, and as they tightened, his right hand forced her chin back. She gazed her love frankly and unashamed. Reverently his lips bent to hers—and then for a long time neither spoke. It was he who broke the magic silence, and there was wonder in his voice.

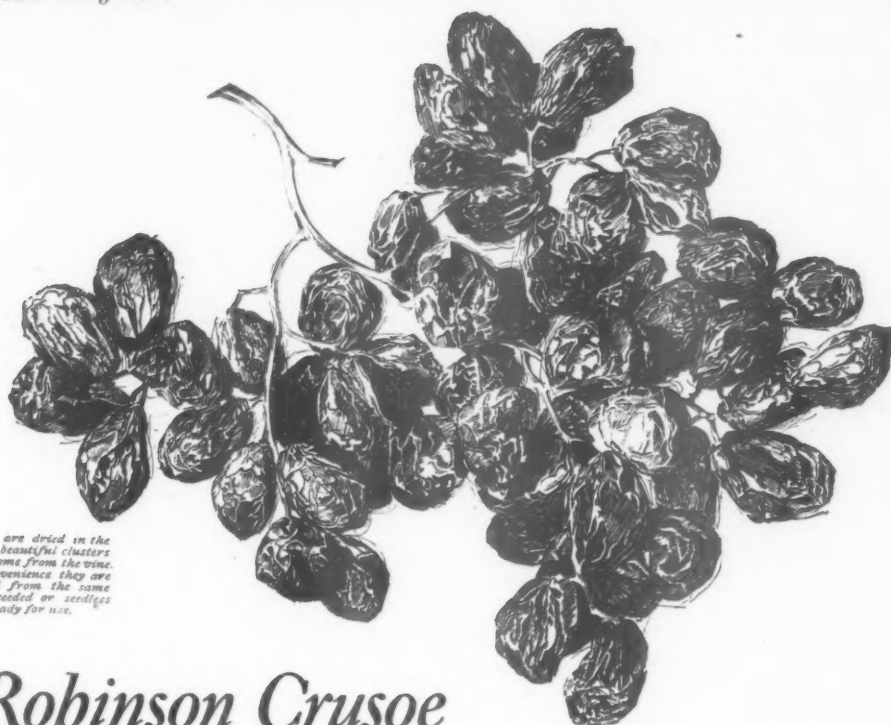
"My sweetheart! I just happened to remember. We're married!"

She blushed rosily and buried her face against his new vest. He stroked her hair gently, and his voice was very serious.

"How wonderful it is, Ruth—how marvelous! In love with each other—and already married. On the threshold of a life of eternal happiness. Do you know, my dearest, I've thought of this moment, dreamed of it, prayed for it. I've been afraid—horribly afraid—that you might not care for me. . . . And I couldn't live without you, dear. Funny how I used to be afraid of marriage. You know how extremely introspective I am, and while you were away, I thought—and thought—and saw how blind I had been."

His arms tightened about her. "Look at me, sweetheart." She obeyed, her eyes starry. "I don't take back anything I've said about marriage. But ours is different. We are different. No other man could possibly love a woman as I love you. Ours is the one marriage in a hundred which will be genuinely happy. I know it, dear, because I know myself. Our love will last forever. . . . Don't you think so, Ruth?"

"Of course I do," she answered with utter shamelessness. "I've thought so ever since the day—long before our marriage—that I fell in love with you."



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You remember his joy when he happened, one day, upon a little valley of his lonely island—a valley purple with ripening grapes.

How he hung the heavy clusters in the sun to dry—then fought to save them from the birds. And finally stored away in his castle home large baskets of this tempting sun-made fruit.

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And yet, for all their goodness, how much inferior must have been such raisins of wild grapes to the large, plump, flavorful fruit that comes to you from California today—

From the garden valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, fenced by the snowy Sierras and the Coast Range mountains, where the boundless vineyards bear this royal fruit in its perfection.

Here, ripe to bursting with their goodness, the perfect clusters are taken from the vines and placed on trays to dry. And here the golden California

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*Bring their stored-up sunshine
to your table often!*

You know, of course, how much more tempting you can make your favorite cakes, your cookies, and such good things with this delicate fruit.

But to the old, familiar foods—like good white bread, rice pudding, or Cream of Wheat for instance—you can

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THE FOOT OF THE
(Continued from

added optimistically, "but it takes so long, Barb!"

"There's nothing you can really do?" Adeline persisted, rising.

"She's a dandy waitress," Mabel suggested, laughing good-naturedly.

BARBARA chuckled reminiscently. At the last charity entertainment of the Vingt-et-un Club (limited each season to twenty-one selected members) she had carried off the honors as the soubrette of the evening. The entire second act had taken place at a formal dinner-party, and her amazing and realistic deftness as the pretty waitress had been discussed in a quarter of a column in the Sunday paper—to the Aunties' sick horror! The editor had written a deprecatory note to them, later.

"As a matter of fact," Adeline announced, getting into her coat, "that's the real future. Food! If I were to begin again, though it's too late now" (she was twenty-eight), "I'd go into that. If you can feed people,—intelligently,—your fortune's made. You've only got to look at our cafeterias. And those women who make candy! There never can be too much competition there. You mark my words. It's food."

She stood in the doorway, nodding at them, then vanished. She needed twelve minutes to get to her office.

"Addy's dead right," her sister commented. "The trouble is, too many women try to make it with no capital. They make a few sandwiches—and expect to pay the rent on 'em. Catch a man doing that! It's capital. Do you know what I'd do, if I had—well, two thousand saved up?"

"What?" Barbara asked idly.

"I'd get another girl, who could put in as much, and one more, say, who had, well, say a thousand, and could cook. Really cook, I mean. I'd keep the books and do the buying—I've looked into our cafeterias pretty thoroughly. One would cook. The other to serve and manage. It would take three. I'd go somewhere around New York—it's no good here; everybody eats at home. I'd call it a tea-house, first. And get into the automobile route-books. Of course, there's furnishing, but if you've had experience and can show good business references, and really know how to keep books, credit's easy. Where women fall down, Barb—they don't understand where they are, from day to day. That's bookkeeping."

"I suppose so," Barbara agreed. *She* didn't know how to keep books.

THE next week found Barbara at Cousin Hattie's. At first she had been inclined to rebel, but rebellion slipped off helplessly from the sugared ice of the Aunties' polite decision. Once in New York, it became evident that things need not be as she had feared—that the cloying, squirrel-wheel routine need not go on, unless she chose—that things had changed, in fact.

Cousin Hattie was electing a governor.

LEISURE CLASS

(page 81)

Cousin Hattie was a Democrat. Cousin Hattie was a chairman. Her daughter Rita was studying nursing and spent her days in a linoleum-scented hospital, and three evenings a week at free clinics. Orthopedic surgery, it appeared, thrilled her to the marrow of her bones, and strange charts of the human foot, in all stages of unsuspected structure, adorned her bedroom. Barbara passed almond cookies and Caravan tea to young doctors who discussed the metatarsal arch, as they munched, and consumed *vol-au-vents* with ladies in pearl necklaces who babbled of the Fifteenth Assembly District.

It was vaguely stimulating, but she soon perceived that she must become either a political secretary or an anatomist in order to impinge upon the life-circles of her relatives, and neither career attracted her. Here would have been the great opportunity for a would-be—nay, a passionate, stenographer. Of course! But Barbara had no money. Her wardrobe was impeccable, her pocket money at the precise stage where she never lacked a dollar but could never save ten. The Aunties seemed to possess an uncanny foresight. And Dr. Bullwinkle had agreed that study, at present, would not prove desirable for her eyes, a little strained, he inferred, from late reading.

"Enjoy yourself, my dear—we're only young once, you know," he had said, and patted her.

MONEY! How did one get money? How did one go about two hundred dollars? To borrow was not a verb included in the Frewe vocabulary. Poor relations and old servants, who had married unwisely, borrowed.

"What a good-looking waitress, Hattie!" said one of the lunching Democrats, one day. "Where do you go, now? We've had no man since the war, either."

"My dear," said Cousin Hattie, "my life is changed. I get her by the hour. Eleven to three, four to eight. Or you can have them eight to twelve, one to five. Or anything you please. No meals, no room. As many as you want. If anything happens to one, another comes. No quarrels, no grievances, no personalities. I tell you, my life is changed."

"Oh, I know," said another Democrat; "it really works, then?"

"Works?" said Cousin Hattie. "My dear, for the first time, somebody besides me really works in this house!"

Another Democrat spoke.

"Jane Eager has one for a cook," she said. "When her old Katy left, it was very funny. Katy gave notice an hour before a big luncheon."

"Oh, very well," said Jane; "just hand me the telephone, will you." And she ordered one by the hour from that place. Katy forthwith flew up in the air and lectured her.

"A fine pass we're coming to!" she said. "In the old days I've known the lady take to her bed for three days, when I left! There's no chance for an honest girl, today, among you!"

Barbara read while Emma Toley ar-



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57

Heinz Tomato Ketchup has a flavor that gives to every food a new zest—an inviting, appetizing, delicious taste. It is made in model kitchens of spotless cleanliness, from red ripe tomatoes grown where soil and climate unite to produce the best.



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As you know, many illnesses start with sore throat. The mouth is the open door to disease germs.

So, particularly at this time of year and, in fact, all winter, it is wise to use Listerine systematically.

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LISTERINE



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ranged the drawing-room for tea. Emma was tall, handsome and composed. Her lips moved unconsciously as she raised the shades higher and straightened the chairs.

"What are you saying to yourself, Emma?" asked Barbara curiously. She spoke more frequently to servants than we do in New York, undoubtedly because at home she had grown up among the same faces, and loved them.

"Pardon me, Miss Frewe," Emma replied, flushing a little. "I didn't remember; you were so still. To tell you the truth, I was adding, in my head."

"Adding what?" said Barbara.

"Money," said Emma Toley. "You see, Miss Frewe, I'm only waiting till I can save enough to go into business."

"What business? Don't you like this work, Emma?"

Emma smiled.

"It's all right, Miss Frewe, but it's not my idea exactly. It's a stop-gap, like. You see, it's private, and except for butlers, there's no future in private. Doing this way, I have my mornings, and I carve in a cafeteria from nine to eleven. I'm training for restaurant cook. Eight to ten, I go to cooking-school. A butler is going to buy a road-house up the Hudson, and he offered me a job if I could pay a thousand. I'll have it, in about six months. And this work is so easy."

"How much do you earn?" queried Barbara, her interest aroused.

"Sixty cents an hour, Miss Frewe. At eight hours, that's four-eighths. That's thirty-three, sixty, a week, you see. With what I make at the cafeteria, I can pay board to my sister, and save a good deal. If I'd had an English accent, I could have got seventy, in one place—as butler-maid. But I can't talk it—only American. My grandfather, I've heard, was English. But that doesn't help me."

Barbara giggled. "Like this?" she asked.

She spoke a few sentences from the *Vingt-et-un* play. Emma beamed.

"Just exactly," she said admiringly; "you'd make a wonderful butler-maid, Miss Frewe!"

Both young women laughed. It was more like talking to Mabel than like talking to Cally, somehow. What was it—that independence, that certainty of controlling events? Barbara pondered.

LATE that night she talked with Rita, earnestly, demonstratively.

Rita laughed and exclaimed and frankly admired.

"Barbara," she declared, "you're a good sport! Why not? But could you? I mean, can you really do the thing?"

"Yes," said Barbara, "I could."

It is noticeable that people who know what they cannot do, usually know, also, what they can do.

"I'll write you a reference," said Rita, giggling. "I always do Mother's."

In a very few days after this conversation Barbara left the house at eighty-three with her cousin. She wore an oldish but well-cut tweed ulster which had covered Rita's riding-clothes for some years. In her hand was a lawyer's brief-case.

At a corner they parted.

"Good-by, old girl," said Rita, "and

for heaven's sake, whatever you do, don't lose your nerve! You don't have to stick it out, you know, but don't make a scene. If anything got into the papers, Mother would kill me. And don't telephone, will you?"

"No, I won't telephone," Barbara assured her.

"And don't forget we're dining at seven. Barb—the curtain is eight-fifteen, precisely, and that woman's terribly musical and makes a fuss if you're not actually in the box. I promised Mother."

"I'll be back," said Barbara. "I love 'Carmen,' anyway."

They grinned at each other and parted.

At nine Barbara stood respectfully before Mrs. Oliver Archibald, breathing deeply, extremely fetching in a mauve-and-white striped gingham, an embroidered apron and an almost ostentatious cap. It was, indeed, very nearly a musical-comedy cap. But Mrs. Oliver Archibald relished it exceedingly.

"Really," she said, "it's a relief to find a maid who understands how to dress herself, nowadays."

"Yes, madam. Thank you, madam," said Barbara.

She meditated a curtsy, but decided that this was only for the lodge-gate, when the family drove through, and omitted it. Afterward she decided that Mrs. Oliver Archibald would have enjoyed it.

"I still feel," said Mrs. Archibald, "that seventy cents an hour is ridiculously high pay."

"Yes, madam," said Barbara respectfully.

"I'm only giving the chambermaid fifty; but of course she isn't English—"

"No, madam."

"And as I explained, if the laundress is willing to help in the kitchen and we have no kitchen-maid, it may be— You have brought your own luncheon?"

"Yes, madam."

"Another reason I sha'n't mind so much, is Hughson. It will be a great relief to me if some one can be found to— to accommodate themselves to Hughson. You understand that Hughson's system— After all, *some one* must be—we are all perfectly satisfied with Hughson, and he certainly ought to understand what— I do hope you can get along with Hughson."

"I'm sure, madam," said Barbara.

"Personally, I cannot see why anybody should object to a typewritten list of their duties—"

"I should like it very much, madam," said Barbara, with such grateful sincerity that Mrs. Oliver Archibald sighed and began to feel that seventy cents an hour was not an undue price for possible peace in her large red-carpeted house.

Hughson, that hitherto insuperable obstacle to the dignity of parlor maids, melted before the suave demeanor of his latest acolyte as an iceberg melts in the Gulf Stream. He received her in what he called his office, a screened ell of the butler's pantry, and her humbly appreciative reception of his famous typewritten schedule left him fairly genial.

"I think," he announced to the cook, "I think I may say we've found one at last!"



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To keep the hands smooth and attractive all day. To relieve catchy fingers apply while at work.

Use after shaving to make the skin comfortable and relieve irritation from soap or close shave.



"We'll see," said the cook conservatively.

"A little crude, per'aps, but willing to adapt, I thank God, and not one of these know-alls. 'And if you'll excuse my early mistakes, Mr. Hughson, I shall do me best,' she says; and what man can say more?"

"As long as I don't feed her, she can do as she likes," said the cook. "Has she brought her lunch?"

"And a very neat one," said Hughson. "I told 'er she might fetch it inside at twelve. She's at the vacuum, now. You'll remember 'ow that pig-headed Scotch girl said she'd thank me to tell 'er how to begin at a room? Never a murmur from this one; she's workin' in towards the center, just as I made clear."

"Indeed!" said the cook. "Well, time will tell. I hope you made clear to her that my range is not a plate-warmer, while you were at it, Mr. Hughes? I'm no typewriter, but I have me rules."

"No fear, Sadie," the chief executive assured her eagerly. "I've me own eye for a young gel, and this one has seen 'ouses that Mrs. O. never laid 'er eye against, or I'm a monkey."

BARBARA pushed the shining vacuum cleaner easily about on its ball-bearings and directed the nozzle most efficiently. She arranged the flowers with great pleasure (this technique had been stressed in her reference) and attended the door with a passionate zeal. Mr. Hughson took over this duty after his luncheon, except on special occasions, confining himself to answering the telephone. At ten o'clock she served young Mr. Olly Archibald's breakfast at a small table in a sunny corner of the large William and Mary dining-room. Mr. Hughson devoted the hour between ten and eleven to the pressing of Mr. Olly's garments and his own. Mr. Olly was a broad-shouldered young man with a discontented face, who read his mail while he ate and noticed his waitress no more than to say:

"I'd like some of that red jam, today, Janie."

He was quite unlike his mother, being as dark and definite as she was fair and vague. He seemed in a hurry.

To him, scowling and eating a costly pear, his mother entered, soft and expansive in a beautiful uncertain sort of negligée.

"And what are you doing, today, dear?" she asked, a would-be brightness in her tone, but clearly watchful of him.

"Now, what is the use of that?" he demanded, a kind of ungracious affection in his voice. "What *would* I be doing? Nothing, as usual. You know."

"Oh, Olly!" she protested.

Barbara removed his fruit-plate.

"Well? What do you want me to say?"

"My darling, you must have engagements—"

"Certainly I have engagements. I thought you asked what I was *doing*."

"Olly, really! I can't see—"

"No, you can't see," he said shortly.

"Well, let it go at that, Moth'. Any matches, Janie?"

Barbara dashed to the pantry.

"Her name is Barbara, dear. New

today. Hughson and Janie didn't get on. He quite likes this one. She's English. Mr. Archibald likes big matches, Ja-Barbara."

"I'm sorry, madam. Please excuse me, sir."

"Never mind. It doesn't really matter."

He looked at her and scowled a little less.

"But Olly, dear, it does matter. Surely you are in a position to—"

"For heaven's sake, Moth'!"

Barbara left the room.

At twelve she laid the luncheon table for eight, under Mr. Hughson's elaborate direction, and having eaten her own with relish, an attractive combination of chicken sandwiches, plum tart and a pear very nearly as costly as Mr. Olly's, she changed into a delightful black frock and a lacy apron and a cap that was really a creation, and served a large, expensive luncheon in Mr. Hughson's solemn wake, to eight large, expensive ladies. She was deeply interested and enjoyed very much anticipating their frequent wants, which were more varied than their conversation, as the Archibald cook was a jewel of the first water.

By the time she had washed the dishes—in rubber gloves provided by Rita—and put them away and tidied the dining-room, it was time to begin getting ready for tea.

Mr. Hughson was immersed in his stamp-collection; the cook was a bad-tempered efficient woman who preferred, and even enjoined, silence; the laundress inhabited the basement, and the chambermaid rarely left the two higher floors. Mrs. Archibald's personal maid crossed their orbits only at such times as the chauffeur might be expected; and as Sadie, the cook, detested him, he gratified her expectations infrequently. Barbara had her tea quietly in the pantry, cheered by a cup presented, at Hughson's Olympian request, by a perspiring but sufficiently affable laundress, who called her Deborah. Nobody seemed in the least interested in her, and she soon became as detached and skillful as Emma Toley—to whom she owed her luncheons.

"ARE your classes interesting, dear?" Cousin Hattie asked her kindly, between committees.

"Very, thank you, Cousin Hattie," she answered gravely.

She wore Aunt Grace's aquamarine pendant, and looked lovely in Copenhagen blue net.

"It's a great relief to have the girls really interested in something," said Cousin Hattie. "I wish your hours weren't quite so long, both of you, but I know they take household economics very seriously now. I wrote Cousin Lou not to be worried. Rita says it's more practice than theory, now."

"Yes, it is," said Barbara.

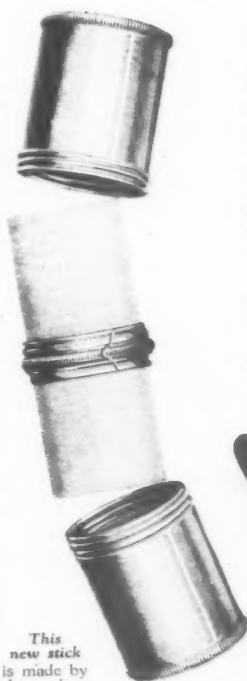
"Of course you do what you like, Saturdays?"

"Yes, Cousin Hattie."

"That's good. As I wrote to your Aunties, it's a wonderful training for a girl, when you have your own home to manage. They were afraid you weren't getting fresh air enough, but I wrote them that both you and Rita walked both ways.



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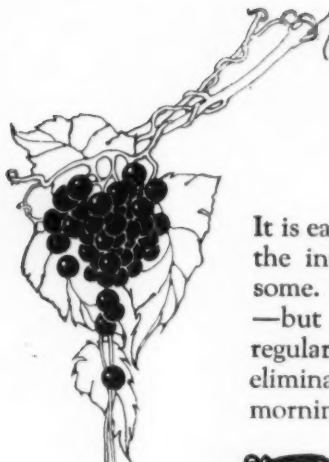
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START THE
DAY RIGHT
WITH ENO'S

I wish I had time to! And Cousin Gracie wrote me that you certainly seemed to be enjoying the concerts."

"Yes, I am, Cousin Hattie," said Barbara.

Rita winked.

It was Rita's subtle brain that arranged the elaborate Saturday and Sunday programs which accounted for her cousin's prolonged absences. But it was Barbara's good temper and unflinching respectful obedience that induced the great Hughson to unbend and freely offer her a long lunch-hour when, on Sundays often, on Saturdays sometimes, she appeared, a little breathless and hurried, at Cousin Hattie's table. Once, when Mrs. Archibald was away, he presented her with an entire Sunday afternoon, and one day when she bought him a rare Guatemalan stamp and asked if it would be possible for her to take the hours from eleven till lunch-time (a terrible second cousin from the South had appeared, undoubtedly on scouting duty for the Aunties), he smiled and patted her shoulder.

"Get on with you, Barb'ra, me girl, and I'll handle the luncheon," he said cordially. "Be spry with your rooms, now, and not a word. Madam's alone for lunch with only Mr. Olly, and they can quarrel as well with me as with you to help them."

So the second cousin brought back a delightful picture of Barbara thrilled at a morning concert, merry at luncheon, and only leaving the matinée a little early because of another pressing engagement. And the Aunties smiled at each other wisely. If their idea of her "classes" was a little vague and patterned on a few parlor-talks on First Aid once attended by Auntie Gracie, who had been quite advanced in her day, no one in a position to do so was likely to enlighten them. They forgot the very name of Mabel.

SO it would have been a great shock to them, could they have seen Mabel and Barbara happily dining together in a small restaurant one winter evening.

"But I don't see," said Mabel, "who waits at dinner, Barb?"

"Hughson, of course. They don't have dinner parties—only luncheons."

"But why?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Archibald only knows women, I think. Anyway, she doesn't entertain—that way. She goes out, sometimes. Hughson wishes it were oftener. I think Olly's shy—he wouldn't be the host for anything."

"What does he do?"

"My dear, he does nothing. Nothing at all!"

Barbara grew very scornful.

"She won't let him. Isn't it ridiculous? Her father was in the pork business—Wistle's Bacon—you know? She was Miss Wistle. And she won't let him do a thing."

"What does he want to do?"

"Anything—he doesn't care. He drives his cars all about and plays golf. But he wants to go into business."

"Well, why doesn't he?"

"Oh, she cries and gets pale and won't eat, and says he doesn't love her and everything; and really, Mabel, it's pretty

hard! He went to school in France, you know, and she wanted him to go to Oxford!"

"What does she want him to do, then?"

"She doesn't care—so long as he doesn't have any business! She says she has more money than they can spend, and why should he? She doesn't care whether I'm there or not, Mabel, when she talks to him."

"What does she do?"

"She has massage," said Barbara, "and gives luncheons, and goes to Musical Mornings, and has fittings, and goes out in the car. She says she always means to take up something, but she doesn't see how people get the time!"

"Good Lord!" said Mabel. "How much money have you got, now?"

"Five hundred and forty-eight dollars and eighty cents," Barbara answered, beaming. "Isn't it wonderful, Mabel! And I've saved nearly forty more. I have to go back for Christmas, you see, but they'll take me on again, when I come back. I said I had to visit my aunts, before they went home to England, and I might never see them again!"

"Barbara Frewe, you are a marvel! And will they let you come back, do you think?"

"They'll have to," said Barbara. "I'm of age on the twenty-third of December! And by April I'll have the thousand. Emma Toley has that now, but I told her about your tea-house, and she likes it better than the butler's. She'll wait."

"All right. And now I'll tell you something," said Mabel. "I've got the house!"

"Mabel! Where?"

BARBARA blushed pink, and a middle-aged gentleman at a table near them nudged his wife and sighed.

"The old subject," he said. "They all look the same when they talk about Him, don't they, my dear?"

"It's just out of White Plains—Adeline heard of it and went out to look into it for us. It's a wonderful location, she says, and it got a good start—two sisters had it. One married, and the other couldn't manage. The furniture's awful, she says, and it hasn't been kept up well, and she tried to run a gift-shop too. But there's no other place for a long way each side, and there's a fine view. It's an old farmhouse. Her lease runs out in April, and she's leaving then."

"Oh, Mabel!"

"Uncle Fred's promised to lend me a thousand, with no interest at all—isn't he a wonder? He said he was going to leave us a little, and if I want to risk it this way— And one of the women on Addy's board was so interested and offered to put up a thousand more! Aren't people kind? She's helped lots of girls, she told Addy, and now that women are in a position to do things, she likes to help 'em out."

"Oh, Mabel, it's too wonderful! And you'll really wait for me? I know I can make good—Hughson told me I had a real feeling for what was wanted; he told me I could be a butler-waitress any day I liked!"

"You're a real sport, Barb," said Mabel. "You bet we'll wait for you!"



Teeth Like Pearls

Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dainty people meet, you see prettier teeth today.

In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.

Make this free test, if only for beauty's sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

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Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and stays under old-way methods.

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The new-day method

Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-type tooth

paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

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A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acids and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effects.

Thus, without harmful grit, Pepsodent is doing what grit could never do. It has brought a new conception of what

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We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation.

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Only one tube to a family



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Flowers of the Orient

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PARIS NEW YORK

"Those young things are planning a junket, my dear," said the middle-aged gentleman. "Well, well, let them frisk while they can! The hard work comes soon enough!"

BUT Barbara was not to wait till May, after all. She could not see the Aunties at Christmas, for they had come down together with influenza, and would not hear of her entering the house, or even the city, till they should have recovered. And when she went, in a soft, springlike January, it was to a darkened house and a funeral, and Aunt Lou and Aunt Gracie had at last broken their delicate and unmatched routine of forty Dresden years. It was sad, but even their leaving the world they had so long deprecated was more like a decorous shadow of sorrow than sorrow's vivid self; and Barbara's new importance among the cousins and servants as the undoubted heiress of the Grove, the interesting question as to who would chaperon her there, the hinted advisability of her marrying or her traveling or her investing, lifted the whole thing into a sort of dainty little royal succession. She was young; she was healthy; she had her wonderful secret (so unnecessary, now, poor Aunties!) and it was difficult to be sad for very long.

The Fairy Godmothers were dead—long live the Little Princess!

And then—and then strange, frightening rumors grew and grew. Inscrutable lawyers gathered in the dining-room; papers came out of black boxes; Cousin Clara Dixon journeyed on from Vicksburg. Nobody looked straight at Barbara, but everyone was particularly kind and gentle to her and asked her to visit them.

Mabel Riggs stalked boldly up the driveway, demanded her friend, and escaped with her to the beautiful bedroom where Cally, the faithful, slunk about strangely silent among the mahog-anies and chintzes.

"See here, Barb, hasn't anyone told you?" she demanded bluntly. "I think it's a shame. I told Mother I bet you didn't know."

"Know what?" said the Little Princess, a bit puzzled.

"That they never made a will," said Mabel. "They're all talking about it in the office. There simply isn't any. Old Bullwinkle says they certainly meant you to have everything, but he thinks now that they thought you'd get it, anyway—being practically like a daughter, you see. That's what it is to be so refined. They didn't know a darn thing, and they wouldn't ask anybody's advice."

"You mean that the Grove isn't mine?" Barbara asked.

"**N**OR anything else," said Mabel. "It seems your great-grandfather cut your father out, when he married. And any issue! They took you, it seems, to sort of pay that back. And your mother's people were pretty peeved, and agreed, all right, but they've never spoken since. And now it all goes back to the Dixons in Vicksburg. Your aunts would be furious, Dr. Bullwinkle says, because they don't approve of Mr. Dixon. He spends all he can lay his hands on for race-

horses. But she told one of the women on one of Mother's committees that you could always have a home with them."

Barbara drew a long breath.

"You'll still wait till April, Mabel?" she asked. "I've got over six hundred dollars, now!"

It was Mabel who cried. . . .

It was all over very quickly. A week's gossip, many kind invitations, a few horrified skirmishes with old friends, a day's patronage from Cousin Clara Dixon—and then the ordinary, normal human indifference.

Dr. Bullwinkle, by sheer bullying, produced a dozen beautiful pieces of furniture, a chest of linen, a great box of prints and engravings, a set of marvelous china. The piano, he swore, was Barbara's, and all the furnishings of her room. For the aquamarines, the sapphire ring, the seed pearls, the Valenciennes flounce, the Spanish lace shawl, Cally was witness.

Cousin Helen recalled that the first editions of Thackeray and Dickens, the shelf of red and gold *Punches*, the autographed Tennyson, were always referred to as Barbara's. It was remarkable what memories Dr. Bullwinkle stirred, among friends.

And the first of February found Mabel, Barbara and Emma Toley triumphantly ready for business in the Mulberry Tree Inn!

"You see, Barb," Mabel explained, "your furniture alone is worth ever so much more than a thousand. I figure you've put in quite as much as either of us. Just look at that grandfather clock! Why, it *makes* the hall. And that eagle-top glass and those gate-legged tables! And that china on the wall! No wonder the girls are crazy over us!"

MABEL, you see, had noted the big girls' school a half-mile away, and had judged that with judicious advertising and plenty of chocolate cake and mayonnaise sandwiches, this educational institution could be made to carry them through till the motor traffic began, which it did. Long before Easter it had become the rest-house for visiting parents, and Cally was summoned to attend upon them. By June it had become the proper thing to motor from the ninth hole of the hotel links and get toasted muffins, and apricot jam and real cream in your tea from the three "Mulberries." One sat at her desk; one carved and cooked in plain sight, before you; one welcomed and served you. All wore bewitching mulberry chintz gowns and mob caps and heavy linen aprons—but the waitress wore a string of tiny seed pearls.

In July a foursome from a famous near-by (if you go by motor) links scorched up to the door, and a discontented, broad-shouldered young man dropped into a comfortable, mulberry-cushioned wicker chair and asked for some tea. And jam—plenty of jam.

"Will you have—er—red jam, sir?" the waitress inquired solicitously, and the cashier jumped and stared at her, for she spoke with a sudden unusual accent.

The young man agreed, then stared. When she returned with the tray, he stared again.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he asked abruptly.

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"Have you, Mr. Olly?" she asked, and smiled.

He banged on the table.

"It's Barbara!" he cried loudly. "So that's the reason you left—to take a job here!"

"That's why," she agreed, and smiled again.

He looked at the pearls.

"Doing rather well, I should judge?" he suggested.

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Olly."

"Oh, cut that out, can't you? I'm not Mr. Olly any more, anyway. I'm a working girl, Barbara, like you, you know."

"What!" she cried delightedly.

IT is a fact that her tone expressed the congratulation that you or I would throw into our voices, if one of our friends should say, "I've come into money—I don't have to work any more!"

"Yes, didn't you hear about it?" he said. "Mother's lawyer speculated for her. She did some pretty tall plunging and bumped the bumps on a Texas oil-well. Not everything, of course—they got enough out for her from some of Dad's old investments she couldn't touch. About ten thousand a year. But of course she could hardly expect me to play much polo on that. She's abroad. So I had to hustle."

Barbara saw then that he was not really discontented-looking at all; it was only a characteristic little frown, a narrowing of the eyes.

"And what do you do, Mr. Ol—Archibald?" she asked.

"I sell cars," he said. "Crazy about it! Only thing I knew anything about, you see. Selling one now, to those golf friends. I do a little racing, too. Read about that coast-to-coast record of the Franck? I made that."

"And how is Hughson and—and Sadie?"

He laughed. "You remember 'em, eh, don't you?" he said. "Old Hughson's running a road-house somewhere up the river, here. He was sore because he was in love with a waitress-lady, and she was coming into his business, but she threw him down and went off with some woman where she was working. Hughson said he'd have the law on the woman if he could find her—specially after you left us, Barbara. He hunted high and low for you. Traced you by a reference to some house on Madison Avenue, and then he couldn't get any farther. I must tell him where you are, when I go by there next."

"Oh—don't!" cried Barbara. "You mustn't, really!"

Something struck him. Her voice, perhaps, for it had changed suddenly. Her eyes, perhaps, for they were laughing at him. Certainly not her cap nor the tray in her hands nor her quick obedience to the manager's call. But was the manager girl laughing, too?

"I'll look in again," he said, baffled. "Want all the trade you can get, I suppose?"

"Indeed we do, Mr. Ol—Archibald!" said Barbara.

HE brought them teas and luncheons and dinners. He brought them picnic orders and motor baskets and even break-

fast-parties, after late dances. He very soon found out all about Barbara, for he saw her fall into the enthusiastic arms of a girl named Rita Somebody, to whose fiancé, a rising young surgeon, he had recently sold a very attractive little coupé.

And when he found out, he became temporarily speechless with admiration.

"It's just like Hughson said," he told her solemnly; "if it's in you, it must out! Old Hughson used to feel sorry for me, you know, Barbara." (He could hardly be expected to begin Miss Frewing her!)

"You see, sir," he said to me once, 'at home'—he said 'at 'ome'—it's a bit different, if I may say so. A wealthy young gentleman there seems more busy, when not engaged. But here the time appears to 'ang more 'eavy.'

"Now, look at you! Why, the Mulberry fits you just like—like a pea in a pod!"

WHETHER Cousin Helen thought so is not certain. "I went out there with Hattie Spelman," she reported. "They are certainly earning a great deal of money—for three young women. And are treated with the greatest respect, I must say. But I doubt if Cousin Lou and Cousin Gracie could have borne it. It seemed so odd to see the old things there. They have all that Crown Derbyshire on the wall.

"But the thing I can't quite understand—One is that Riggs girl Barbara was so fond of. She was a clerk in an office here. But the other, my dear, was a—housemaid. In service! And she seems to call them by their first names. I certainly heard her. There is no doubt that things have changed, my dear, if these three girls are to be treated the same!"

Not that Olly treated them the same—far from it. It was to Barbara that he mentioned his idea of adding a garage to the Mulberry Inn, equipping and conducting it.

"It's the one thing you need, now," he said. "I can keep up my agency just the same, you know. Only I'd want to go into partnership. I want to be in on the whole thing."

"I don't see why not," said Barbara, nodding thoughtfully. "I think it would be great, Olly. I'll speak to Mabel—she knows all about the papers; she got ours drawn up."

"I want a regular contract," he said, standing closer to her. They were inspecting the site he had proposed, together.

"I don't want you to walk out on me as you did on Hughson," he reminded her gently.

"Oh, but I couldn't," she said, and laughed. "It says 'terminated at the pleasure of the contracting parties,' you know—something like that."

"Then it wouldn't ever be terminated, Barbara," said Olly quickly. "Ours would be one of the till-death-do-us-part kind of contract,—could you sign up for that?"

"Y-yes, Olly—I'd sign up for that," she answered, without even a pause.

And at such a point, housemaids, book-keepers and Frewes of the Grove do just the same thing!



Photo by Nicholas Muray

Ugly ragged cuticle will mar the loveliest hands

THE WAY THESE SALONS REMOVE IT

THERE are no more expert manicurists than those who preside over the excellent and fastidiously equipped Terminal Shops and Beauty Salons in New York. Their subtle skill transforms even neglected nails to lovely gleaming things, with that smooth unbroken rim around the base of the nail that is the envy of everyone.

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With an orange stick wrapped in wet with Cutex, the girl softens and loosens the dead cuticle and ragged shreds by working around the base of each nail. Then she rinses your fingers and wipes the surplus cuticle away leaving the nails smoothly framed in a lovely rim of the soft skin.

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Then to bring out the full beauty of the smooth rim, the shapely nails and snow-white tips, the girl gives the nails a bewitching rose tint lustre.

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Introductory Set—Now only 12¢

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There's no need to suffer the torture of tender, aching bunions and enlarged toe joints or the annoyance of bulging, unsightly shoes. Nearly 100,000 bunion sufferers get relief from this pain and deformity every year through the use of Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer.

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Apply Sloan's generously. No rubbing is necessary. It sends an increased blood supply straight to the spot. The throbbing ache is relieved, the swelling and inflammation reduced. Get a bottle of Sloan's today and have it on hand—35 cents at all druggists.

Sloan's Liniment kills pain!

THE GOLDEN

ashamed, never dreaming that what pained her was not their invasion of her innocence, but the poverty of their attire.

She paused under the great tree at the corner of Broadway and Wall. To the south was Bowling Green, then the Battery, and then the sail-flecked Bay. But she had had enough of water, and she turned north under the trees along the filthy pavement where the swine wallowed and the cows browsed or meditated their cuds. Off to the west she caught glimpses through the leafless gardens of a wide river that she supposed to be the Hudson.

FOREIGNERS said that there was not a handsomer street in the world than Broadway. It was paved with cobbles now, from Bowling Green to Murray Street, and Betty in her progress soon came to the new brick sidewalks that ran clear to the Park. A year ago they had even begun to number the houses, there were so many of them! And it was only eleven years since the British had marched out, leaving only ten thousand forlorn souls in a region of ashes and ruins!

Now the streets were a throng with splendor. Liveried coachmen went by, lording it over the phaëtons and the open chairs the poor rode in.

The wide hoops of the ladies crowded her immodestly narrow skirts toward the gutter. Gentlemen in three-cornered hats perched on snowy wigs with long be-ribboned queues, strode by like marquises, and probably were, for the city was swarming with foreign nobility. Many of them carried on their arms baskets filled with their purchases from the markets—but they carried them grandly.

Mixed with the gorgeous gentlemen in blue silk coats and yellow silk breeches were the new republicans, the Jacobins in the new fashion of long pantaloons, and short wigs and no powder.

Trying not to stare and gape like a yokel at the grandeurs she beheld, Betty followed the sidewalk out past the new home Mr. John Jacob Astor had just finished near the Park.

She sauntered on further into Great George Street, which they now included as part of Broadway. It was unpaved and hilly from here out. She climbed to Catherine Street and looked down upon the Collect, the Fresh-water Pond where half-frozen men and women were fishing, and children setting little ships afloat. Before long Mr. Fulton would be running a toy steamboat there. Beyond were wide, ugly marshes, and still beyond, the Lispenard meadows, and groves and homesteads.

Off there in the distance lay the beautiful houses of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, two lawyers and politicians alternately rivals and colleagues. No pull of Fate yet hinted that Burr's and Betty's lives would be united in the dim future. She was a wandering wanton. He had been already a soldier, a Senator, an Attorney-general, a Supreme Court judge, and he would soon be tied with Jefferson in the vote for President.

LADDER (Continued from page 61)

Just now he was mourning the recent death of his wife, who died of cancer in spite of all his efforts to find a cure for her or even relief for pain. If she had not died, he might have had a very different fame, for he had adored her.

Broadway ran on and on, uphill and down for two miles more, but Betty turned back into the crowds, taking with her no premonition of her destined splendors. How it would have quickened her leaden heart to know that the future held in store for her more wealth than Broadway could boast. All the lands and houses along that street had been assessed at less than a hundred thousand dollars the year before; and one day she would own thirty times as much.

But now the only land she possessed was the dust upon her, the dust so thick in her throat that she went to one of the pumps in the middle of the street and pushed through the slops about it to get herself a drink. She tried to drive away a fat swilling hog, but a neat and gallant Frenchman seized the pump-handle from her delicate fingers. He was a handsome fellow of some thirty years, and he spoke in a voice that reminded her of Pierre. He said as he handed her the cup he had filled for her:

"Fairmeet me, Ceetizeness, yes?"

"Thank you very *beaucoup*, m'sier!"

"*Non*, no, please; not *monsieur*, but *citoyen*, Ceetizen Genêt."

"Are you Citizen Genêt?" Betty gasped.

"Yes, I am it," he smiled, and touching his hat, walked away.

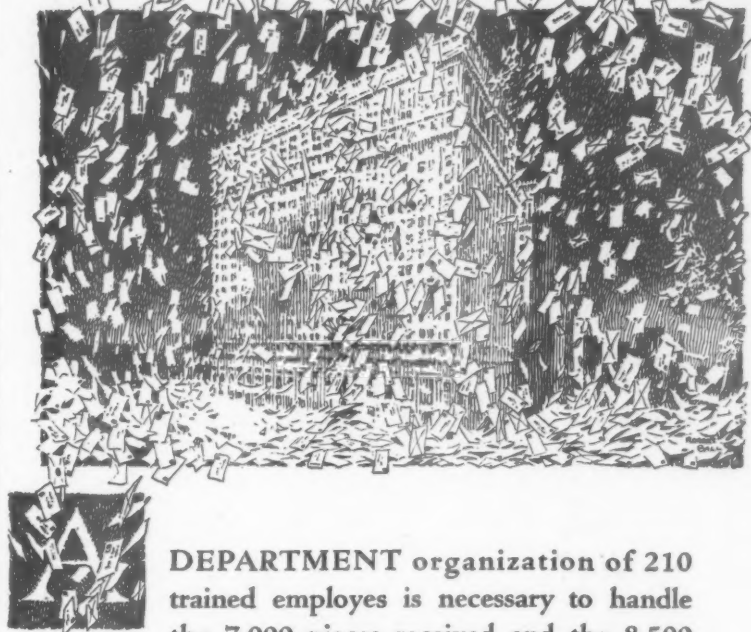
He was a bridegroom of but a week's duration, and his courtesy to Betty was pure philanthropy. Perhaps he understood her lonely humility, for he too had been brought low.

SO that gracious gentleman was the archfiend who had torn the new republic almost to pieces, when he came as minister from the still newer republic of France, with his liberty caps, his heroic diatribes against patricians, and his new fashion of calling people "Citizen" and "Citizeness!"

His evil fame had even reached Providence, for he had almost brought on a civil war, splitting the country into two camps of ferocious enemies. Had not ten thousand people paraded the streets of Philadelphia threatening to drag "the British tyrant Washington" from his house and set up a new president because he refused to permit Genêt to raise troops for a war on England? Had not all the styles been changed, till the wearing of knee breeches and powdered wigs was held to be a crime against liberty, equality and fraternity? But when Genêt defied Washington, he achieved sacrilege, and the Americans gradually turned against him. Then his party in France, after swallowing the monarchy, was itself swallowed by the Jacobins of the Mountain, and the Citizen became a mere citizen afraid to go home.

Still, he had found solace in the arms of love, and only a week or so ago he

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had married Miss Clinton, the daughter of the Governor of New York; and now he was an out-and-out American.

But Genêt's influence on the styles did not end with his own vogue. The good old times were going fast, and Betty wondered if she had not been born too late to live beautifully. Even the women, like the men, were beginning to cover their limbs with the long loose horrors called "trousers." Which reminded Betty that she ought to be wearing them.

She drifted to the everlastingly fascinating art-gallery of the shop windows. Pearl Street was one long torture, and she reveled in it like a starved hermit in a cave, seeing visions of paradise.

The very names of the fabrics were forbidden music. She had a woman's intuitive scholarship in textures and models. She did not need to read the cards describing the visible luxuries just off the ships: cambrics, and long lawns, wide linens, velure and Barathée, changeable and plain mantuas, thread lace, thread of Rennes, Kerseymeres, Scotch threads and britannias, figured and stiffened satins, silk mercery, and colored Barcelona handkerchiefs, silk gloves, silk stockings and red-rossetted shoes of celestial blue satin, and silk and oilskin umbrellas, enameled watches, perfumed hair-powders and perfumed pomatum, shalloons, durants, dorsetseens, and moreens, taboreens, rattinets—what not, and why not?

She went back to her hotel and flung herself on her bed in a fever of longing. If anything could be better devised for driving people to desperate acts for the sake of companionship and distinction than a barren hotel room in a strange city, it is not on record. How could Betty gain prestige except by following the path her mother had trodden, only with a more careful choice among the multitudinous fellowships awaiting a pretty woman?

AFTER tea at the tavern, where she had given her name as Miss Capet of Newport, she went out alone into the dark streets, lighted only from the windows of the houses and by occasional oil lamps. She found her way to the town's one theater. Unattended women were not numerous but not unknown, and she had her first glimpse of that immoral world, the drama, which the preachers in town were trying to drive out of its sole refuge in New York. Actresses, Betty had heard, earned great fortunes and sometimes married titles. But she had no gift of mimicry, not a jot of the dramatic sense, and she felt that this avenue was utterly closed to her. She could not sing or teach.

She stole back to her room, and in a cell as bleak as a nun's, fell on her knees and prayed—prayed!—but not for submissiveness and patience until a heavenly reward should be vouchsafed. She prayed for pride and material glory on the earth and at once. She wept too, but not for benefactions omitted, nor for sins that she had done. She wept for the sins she did not know how to commit profitably.

She fell asleep when the passionate tears glued her eyelids together, and she woke in a cold mood of unimpassioned intelligence. Remembering the words of

Captain Delacroix, "When you come to your senses, come to me," she rose grimly, made herself look her best, and after breakfast, inquired of her landlord the shortest way to the Bull's Head Tavern.

Fearing that he was about to lose a guest, he sent her in the wrong direction. There were four hundred and eighty-four taverns in New York that year, but Betty found the one she sought. And just in time.

Chapter Nine

BETTY'S search for Captain Delacroix led her far up town, out along the Bowery Road to a district that reminded her of Providence, for a cluster of slaughterhouses scented the air and wrung the delicate scrolls of her nostrils with a familiar distress.

Betty wondered why the Captain should lodge so far from the waterfront in this haunt of cattle-drovers and cattle-murderers. But it was also the haunt of the horse gentry, the rat-baiters and cock-fighters, and the Captain was a keen sportsman.

Slipping into the women's waiting-room of the Bull's Head, Betty beckoned to a fat old waitress, who went to find news of Captain Delacroix. She brought back word that he had gone to the Fly Market to buy a seagoing cow of Mr. Henry Astor, but he ought to be right back.

She was interested in Betty, but failing to learn anything either by open cross-examination or artful traps, she talked about herself and the great people hereabouts. Why, she could remember the day when President Washington stopped right here at this very door of this very Bull's Head for a mug of Bowery ale—and wouldn't Miss like one for herself while she waited—no? Well, yes, the General stopped his horse in front of the tavern while he waited for the British to pull their flag down and get out of town. Somebody had greased the flag-pole, and there was a long wait, but General Washington waited, and praised the ale, too.

She and her father had been so happy when that grand man rode into New York after so many years! She and her father were patriots, of course, but they had to let on that they were Tories. . . . But there was the Captain now! "Captain, if you please, here's the sweetest young lady ever I laid eyes on, waiting here for to see you."

She bustled out, and Betty turned her head with a shy readiness to be rebuffed as too late. But the Captain had been mourning her more than he would admit, more than he knew. It was dull sailing across the ocean for forty or fifty days with nobody to talk to but sailors, and he had been dreaming of decorating his old boat with the charming Betty.

He wanted to shout with joy at her sudden return to his eyes, but he was afraid to give her the advantage of that knowledge. So he frowned and drank her in as he would drain a glass of wine, staring at her, savoring her bouquet, and then, as it were, tossing her off into his heart.

She did not need to act confusion, for he threw her wits awry as he stepped

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forward and caught her up from her chair into his arms, lifted her till her feet dangled above the floor, and crushed her till she gasped:

"And now you've broken the only pair of stays I have on earth."

"I'll buy you a dozen pairs to have by you as I break 'em on the voyage."

"The voyage?"

"The voyage! What else have you come to talk about but the voyage?"

"Oh, I could never take so long a voyage."

"And what or who's to prevent but yourself?"

"Oh, but I have—"

"Nothing to wear?"

"Only what I have on and a few old rags at the tavern. But I wasn't going to say that."

"There are shops enough in town."

"Oh, Lord, there are much too many, but the prices here are out of all reach of what few shillings I have left."

"What a pilot you'd make! You brought that heavy old lumber barge into the slip as handsomely as could be."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, I understand you. And I like you no less for maneuvering so cleverly. You'd have made a great figure at the French Court if they hadn't destroyed the court. But there's always a future for a pretty girl with a cunning brain. Would you have dinner here with me, or would you make your foray on the shops before you eat?"

"My foray on the shops? Haven't I just told you that I am a pauper?"

"And haven't I just told you that I am going to buy you everything you want, and damn the price?"

"Oh, Captain!" And she came as near to swooning as ever in her life.

AND so their treaty was made, and like most treaties, had little or nothing to say of the all-important principles involved. She went back along the shop windows of Pearl Street, but not now as the outcast peering in and slinking by. She peered in only to make sure of what she wanted and then hurried through the door to handle and muse upon the fabrics.

When she had to allude to the big man who stood back and let her hungry soul expand, without thought of expense, she referred to him as "my husband." And that was all the ceremonial there was. The shopkeepers took her word for their relationship, and took his cash for their own satisfaction.

While she was prolonging the sweet anguishes of decision in one of the shops, Captain Delacroix hailed a hackney coach loitering along the street, and kept it for Betty's service. Being a man of the sea and the wind, he was used to long calms, and he did not fume at Betty's delays. At last the coach was so laden with her purchases that when she had exhausted her courage and the daylight, she and Delacroix were almost lost to view beneath the bundles.

She returned to her hotel in state, and if she had any qualms of conscience, they were stifled instantly by the sight of Lavinia Ballou beating out a broom on the steps of a home where she had evidently taken service.

Lavinia gazed at Betty's cavalier and

her trousseau as if she were bewitched. Triumph bred no forgiveness in Betty's heart for the foiled assassin of her reputation. She muttered:

"If only we could have run over that cat, my day would have been heaven."

Captain Delacroix left her at the King's Little Tavern as if he had escorted Marie Antoinette home. She was so rosy with ecstasy in her new wealth that he felt sad for her because of the inevitable brevity of all joy and all joyous beauty.

"I wonder what I am leading you to, my girl!" he sighed.

Betty could think only of what he was leading her away from. Anything was better than that, and whatever it was to be, its preface was beautiful clothes and a voyage to another world. And so she answered his solemn query with a chirp:

"To paradise, I expect."

"I wonder. The sea itself is dangerous in winter. The British and the French privateers are both on the hunt for American vessels. Not long ago the British captured an American ship and flogged the captain on his own deck for his impudence. I'd not like that."

"I'd kill them if they hurt you!" said Betty, who did not believe in flogging. He smiled sadly at her pledge of protection, but he went on with the catalogue of perils:

"Even if we get to France without being sunk by a storm or a round shot, you may not be allowed to land. Americans are hated there now, because the French say that Americans betrayed them after they rescued America from destruction. And there's another danger: my wife does not often come to port to meet me, but she might this time. And she—well, you'd better pray for a privateer to get you first."

"I'm not afraid of women!" Betty laughed.

But he knew the hazards, and he persisted:

"I wonder if it's wise to take the chance?"

She answered with all the intrepidity of her soul:

"It's always wise to take a chance—if you're lucky enough to get a chance to take."

Chapter Ten

BEING a lady of wealth, Betty rode in a hackney coach to the wharf at the foot of Gouverneur's Lane. She was taken out to the ship in a rowboat, and the ripples kept reaching for her, but they could not drag her back. She came aboard with the mail. It was a monstrous ship of nearly two hundred tons' burden. There was only one bigger ship in harbor.

She watched her trunk come over the side, and it was new, and she felt like a queen. She had a stateroom of her own, too. She was so happy arranging her things in graceful security that before she had her trunk cleared, she heard the anchor chains screaming. Her little world began to sway, the trinkets to slide about, the things she had hung up to swing as if in a wind. The floor beneath her eddied, and she reeled in a drunken unsteadiness.



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She scurried aloft to bid America goodbye. It grieved her as the little group of wooden buildings at New York's tip, and the gardens, and the high steeples of Trinity, and St. George's, and the new Dutch Church slowly dwindled and retired into mist.

Then the green hills on either side of the Bay retreated with their hamlets and spires, their groves, the coves and hills. Little islands fell back too. The hills grew together again about the loitering ship at the Narrows, then opened wide the doors and released her to the sea. Now it was time to drop the pilot into the pilot-boat that lurked between Staten Island and Sandy Hook, and he and his boat slipped back into nowhere.

The Captain had no time to spend with her yet, for getting out of the Bay meant passing the Customs, the Quarantine, the shoals and the whimsical currents and the throng of other ships at anchor or on their various tacks. It meant the proper stowing of the cargo and breaking in the new crew according to the gentle methods of the time. The Captain was the little god and father of the ship, and he did not spoil his children by sparing the rod, or the fist.

WHEN a negro steward fetching him a cup of coffee stumbled over a coil of rope, tossed the cup and contents overboard and presented the Captain with an empty saucer held out in a shuddering black hand, Captain Delacroix knocked him down, of course. When the fool got up, the Captain knocked him down again, set his foot on the fellow's neck and stamped on it three times. When the steward, kneeling, begged for mercy, the Captain kicked him down the sloping deck.

A passenger whom Betty came to know as Quentin Haddington, of Dalkeith, stood at her elbow during this scene and commented:

"A trifle brutal, but somewhat national."

Betty, feeling that her nation was being insulted, answered:

"The Captain is only half American; the other half is French."

"Indeed!" quoth Haddington. "Then we may soon expect to see a guillotine set up on deck to encourage us others."

Betty sniffed at this, but she was sorry for the steward and she hoped the Captain did not treat his women the way he treated his sailors. She had known what it was to be knocked and kicked about, and she did not like it. In spite of all the proverbs, she did not like it.

Gradually the waves grew longer, larger and of a more profound voice; the wind took on an oceanic purity, and a strength in gentleness; the sky deepened; the world enlarged; and the sea swallowed the earth. The lighthouse on the long sickle-tip of Sandy Hook was ahead, was abeam, was astern, was a little finger stuck up in the waters, was no more. Everywhere was ocean and heaven, the heaven a mob of clouds, gathering to some ominous meeting-place; the waves anxious and tumultuous, a vast populace throbbing with an irresistible emotion.

Watching the big Captain and seeing him watch the sky, Betty realized suddenly that he, for all his power and

authority, was only a tiny creature in a tiny shallop on an awful ocean with a number of other midges dependent on his skill in besting the universe.

She wished herself again in Providence, in the old shack where her mother lived, or in the dingy refuge of Mother Ballou. She wished she were in a church somewhere, a church of stone in the shelter of a hill where the winds and waters could not reach it. She wished she had been a better girl. She wished she could run back across those lengthening waters to the safety of New York built on the firm rock. She wished it were not too late to be a good girl now.

What if she told the Captain that she could not go on with her wicked plan? He would laugh at her, no doubt, and call her virtue cowardice. And he would take away from her her pretty clothes. The very gown she wore must be sacrificed first, and the hat and the silk stockings, and the pretty shoes with the bright buckles and all the gewgaws she had spread out in her cabin. The mere thought put a stitch in her heart, wrung from her a gasp of pain.

She could not pay her fare across. Even if she gave up her treasures, she could not work her passage as a man might do. No, she was committed to her fate, to the sea, the storm, the Captain, and to whatsoever future awaited her in stormy France.

She would be as good as she could try to save money so that she could afford to be really good hereafter. This thought comforted her, and she said to Fate and the Captain: "What becomes of me on this voyage is your business, not mine. After the voyage—"

Well, the end of the voyage was on the other side of the horizon; and the horizon, like tomorrow, kept always just a little ahead.

The Captain gave her hardly more than a nod all day. He would not come below for any of the meals, but his battered steward had a place for Betty at the Captain's table, and told her to ask for any wine she wanted—not excepting champagne. He whispered this last, for champagne was not given to the other passengers, though they had any other liquor they asked for, and the popping of corks was like a distant battle.

NEXT to Betty sat Mr. Haddington. He complained of the extravagance of food and the number of meals—four a day: breakfast at eight, luncheon at twelve, dinner at four, and tea at eight. He called it "abominable sensual gratification."

Of the hundred passengers aboard there were seventy wretches in the steerage, and thirty in the cabin. Eight of the cabin passengers were women. And all of them by some instinct avoided Betty. But Betty was used to the disdain of women, and she rather welcomed it now. She much preferred the company of men, and took the scorn of women as a tribute of fear.

All that day and all that night the Captain did not come below at all. There was business enough above for him. He kept all the watches of the sailors on the run up and down the decks, and up and down the masts.

There was thunder and lightning, and there were buffets of rain that came down like breaking waves upon the broken sea. But Betty had gone through a baptism of storm in the little sloop, the *Swiftsure*, with her Captain as a passenger. Now her Captain was the Captain, and she lay in her berth and sang softly like a mermaid adrift, until she fell asleep.

THE first morning out showed her a world of water and sky, a bottle-green sea frothing everywhere with the suds of the beaten waves. For all their frenzy, they seemed to plead for respite, flinging up white hands of appeal, then bowing their shoulders and running from the yelling flagellation of the merciless wind.

When the Captain spoke to the sailors in his voice of thunder, they were more afraid of him than of sea or wind, for they leaped to their posts, dived into the very waves, monkeyed up the masts, sidled out on the yards and fought the canvas though it struggled like roped pythons.

The Captain's eyes were wild with lack of sleep, and when he glanced at Betty, he was almost too weary to feel her beauty. At last she defied the stewards and the sailors and the Captain's own fierce gesticulation, and gripping at whatsoever handholds she could find, made her way along the deck to where he stood.

He watched her fighting toward him, and let her make her fight just to see what mettle she had and how much of it. At length she reached an open space with nothing to cling to, and the waves swept it.

He thought this would have stopped her, but it did not. She fell back before a torrent of water that drenched her, but when it passed, she must pierce a gust of wind that threatened to tear her clothes from her, and so pressed them against her that she came toward the Captain as good as naked in her striding sculpture, with all her draperies swept back of her in a torment of wrinkles.

There was a grandeur about her that stirred him. He was transfixed a moment; then, as he saw a comber pour over the side like a rush of pirates to seize and carry her away, he leaped to save her, caught her in his arms and held her while the flood raced with them toward the waiting sea.

Luck swept them against a backstay that went up to the leaning mast, and with his free arm hooked about that, he clung till the water was gone and the ship tilted the other way and almost flung them into the opposite depths.

He hauled her with him to the safety of his post and hugged her tight while he cursed her for the imbecile she was. Only, he called it in the French fashion "ambayseel," and that made it gentler. When she laughed with a desperate joy, he kissed her full and fair on her salty mouth, and she made no pretense of maidenly alarm. She gave him a siren's kiss of equal courage, and all the immortal challenge of grace to power.

None of the passengers had dared to be abroad to see this courtship of two eagles defiant of the storm. None of the sailors dared to seem to witness it. But thereafter, the Captain made no secret of his alliance with Miss Capet. And the

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passengers were afraid to protest, for the Captain was the czar of all the waters; he was their ruler and their one safety.

Betty's pride rose faster than her station. It was not long before she became almost unbearably domineering. The Captain ruled the ship, but she ruled the Captain. She walked the deck as if she owned it, and the masts, the cordage and the servile crew. She sat and mused upon the very ocean with condescension, her chin so high that she looked down across her lower eyelids upon the horizon.

She was so exalted in her exultance that she looked down on the Captain now. The bulky brute was fond of her because she was pretty and cunning and pleasant to pet. He thought he was carrying her off like a purchased slave. He thought he was helping her down the road of destruction. But he was carrying her to some high destiny. The fool was nothing but a porter, a crossing sweeper to lift her over the mud.

She would give him kisses and all her favors like tips one gives a stagedriver. She was not robbing herself. She would have plenty of kisses and favors left for future servants of her destiny. Let Delacroix sail the ship well, for it was her ship, and he was her captain. When she tired of him, she would get another.

She remembered a motto she had heard somewhere: "Rather than be a glow-worm twinkling in a hedge, I would be a skyrocket. Let me perish, so I be exalted!"

Chapter Eleven

THE breeze one day whistled a half-remembered tune against the sails, and the sea carried the hull along like a child perched on a friendly shoulder. The day was crisp enough to keep the flesh a little thrilled with cold, and yet it stirred the heart to keep the blood alert. The crimson simmered in Betty's cheeks; her bright ringlets whipped about her throat and lips; and her eyes were keen with many ecstasies. A quick rippling breath agitated her white breast where regret and terror and hope and contentment made a turbulence that both delighted her and hurt.

To have left New York so soon, and before she had more than learned to love it, was her one distress; and yet, though New York had forty thousand people to Providence's miserable six, she was bound for Paris, where there were five hundred thousand people! And busy as New York was, it was a graveyard compared to Paris, where revolution after revolution had finally reached a climax of climaxes in the frenzy of the Terror.

When she grew too cheerful, Delacroix tried to frighten her with pictures of Paris as he had left it on his last voyage. He said it was like a theater on fire; people were throttling and trampling one another to death lest they be throttled and trampled. A Protestant minister had proposed the Tribunal of the Terror, not knowing what demons he set free. The bewildered judges, feeling an apostolic call to duty, sobbed and wept as they condemned bewildered wretches to death. They got drunk on liquor to whet their stomachs for blood, and murmured,

"Guilty!" without knowing who was accused of what.

Paris was another hell on earth, and in the name of patriotism people had reached almost the fiendishness hitherto attained only in the name of religion. If something did not stop them soon, said Delacroix, they would put as many poor souls to death for imagined treason as had hitherto died only in the name of heresy.

The poor were in power and were showing themselves nearly as indifferent to the sufferings of the rich as the rich had always been to the sufferings of the poor. The red caps had conquered the red heels. And yet they were not happy! In spite of all their massacres, the winter was bitter than ever, and famine prevailed.

That was Delacroix' one hope of being well received. His ship was heavily laden with things to eat.

HIS chatter was interrupted by the one man authorized to break in upon his voice. A cry came down from the sky. The sailor in the crow's-nest had descried a little open boat adrift across the course, and in it a man.

He was too weak to signal, and when they ran alongside and lifted him out, he was all but gone from starvation and thirst and exposure. They put him in a berth, and the women ministered to him till Betty joined them; then they fell away and left him to her care.

She fed him with fresh milk from the cow that Delacroix had bought of Mr. Henry Astor. Just as he was growing strong enough to cling to her hands and babble of his gratitude, the Captain came down and ordered her away. He questioned the stranger roughly in French and learned that he was another of those victims of the black insurrection in San Domingo. His name was Elie Laloi. He had been hiding and making his way slowly homeward to France through an Odyssey of misfortunes and delays.

In the storm that had lately harried the sea, the fishing ship that was taking him to Newfoundland had foundered, and he was the only survivor of the boatload that had put away without provisions or water-casks. The other had gone mad and leaped into the sea, but his madness had been a resolution to live until he could return to the old grandfather and the young sister he had left in France.

When he fell asleep, moaning with homesickness, Delacroix left him and went to tell Betty what he had learned.

"I leave it to you to find out more," he said. "He may be useful to us in France, so you can be pleasant to him—but not too pleasant, remember! I'd hate to have to throw you overboard."

"Would you, if—"

"Without a moment's hesitation—or regret," the Captain answered.

She knew he meant it and took it as a compliment with a smiling, "Thank you, Mister Monsieur."

"Don't use that word *Monsieur*. It has been erased from the dictionary. It is dangerous."

The Captain's jealousy gave Betty a little anxiety, since it is hard for a woman to be pleasant to a man and not be too pleasant, especially when she must satisfy a jealous lover. Sometimes, too, in being pleasant to a man, one grew so fond

Gee! But It's Great To Be Healthy!

Up in the morning brimming with pep. Eat like a kid and off for the day's work feeling like a race horse. You don't care how much work awaits you, for that's what you crave—hard work and plenty of it. And when the day is over, are you tired? I should say not. Those days are gone forever. That's the way a strong, healthy man acts. His broad chest breathes deep with oxygen purifying his blood so that his very body tingles with life. His brain is clear and his eyes sparkle. He has a spring to his step and a confidence to tackle anything at any time.

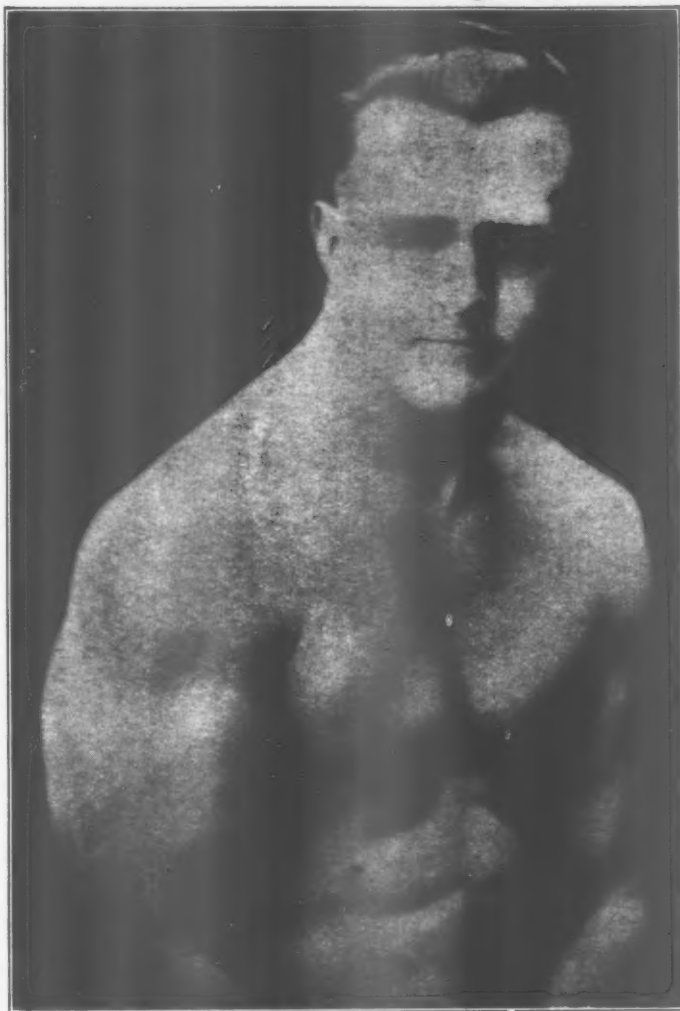
Pity the Weakling

Don't you feel sorry for those poor fellows dragging along through life with a neglected body? They are up and around a full half hour in the morning before they are half awake. They taste a bite of food and call it a breakfast. Shuffle off to work and drag through the day. It's no wonder so few of them ever succeed. Nobody wants a dead one hanging around. It's the live ones that count.

Strength is Yours

Wake up fellows and look the facts in the face. It's up to you right now. What do you plan to be—a live one or a dead one? Health and strength are yours if you'll work for them, so why choose a life of suffering and failure?

Exercise will do it. By that I mean the right kind of exercise. Yes, your body needs it just as much as it does food. If you don't get it you soon develop into a flat-chested, narrow-shouldered weakling with a brain that needs all kinds of stimulants and foolish treatments to make it act. I know what I am talking about. I haven't devoted all these years for nothing. Come to me and give me the facts and I'll transform that body of yours so you won't know it. I will broaden your shoulders, fill out your chest, and give you the arms and legs of a real man. Meanwhile, I work on the muscles in and around your vital organs, making your heart pump rich, pure blood and putting real pep in your old backbone. This is no idle talk. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. If you doubt me, come on and make me prove it. That's what I like.



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of him that promises and loyalties went down the wind with wisdom and caution.

She would have felt safer if Lalo had been huge and handsome and tyrannical, for she had already one lover of that sort. But this man was wan and afraid and poor and shabby.

Pierre had been like that, and her heart had gone out to him with her alms. She felt her heart tugging toward the new-

comer. Her affection was all she had to give, and she was spendthrift of it. She was in danger of forgetting her mother's warning. She was terribly tempted toward charity.

And now the strange career of Betty Bowen enters upon its most extraordinary phase. Be sure to read the next fascinating installment—in our forthcoming November issue.

FIRES OF AMBITION

(Continued from page 76)

She took up her cup and sank back into her chair. "And now," she said cheerfully, "let's talk about something else. Do tell me about Flora."

"I can't talk about anything else," said Bertha explosively. "And I've got to talk plainly. I can do that, you know. Most people misunderstand me. But you don't. I think you're the one person in the world who knows that I don't always talk just to be rotten."

Mary laughed. "Go on, then. I fortified myself before you came, to hear anything."

"I'm glad you did. And what I wanted to tell you is that you're committing social suicide. Everybody knows that you married Bart Savage for his money and his position. And everybody knows just how Bart went about getting his divorce so that he could marry you. I know you weren't responsible, and I'd love you even if you were, but it was a pretty raw deal for Lillian and the kids. I never cared for Lillian. She was too damned colorless to fit into my picture, and it didn't matter much to me what happened to her. But there are a lot of people who haven't forgotten her or forgiven you. Lillian's friends, and Bart Savage's—I don't know how you stand with him, but he isn't a man who cares to be put in the wrong. And he can do you a terrible amount of harm if you antagonize him. He's relentless. I advise you not to rub him the wrong way. And if he wants you back, Mary, for God's sake go to him—"

SHE stopped breathless. Mary spoke calmly.

"I'm not going back to him, Bertha," she said.

Mary's smile was gentle, but the tone of her voice had a sense of finality that was impressive. Bertha rose and strutted to the window.

"Well, I'm damned!" she said distinctly. "I might have spared my breath."

Mary got up and put an arm around her visitor.

"I don't care what people do to me, Bertha—other people—if my friends are true. I've made up my mind. It took me a long while to decide, but I'm not going to change it now."

Bertha took her hand and held it for a moment.

"If you've made up your mind—" she said listlessly. "I'm sorry. But I wish—"

She broke off and glanced at her wrist-watch. "Oh, well! Of course it won't make any difference in our friendship. Good-by, dear. I must be off."

MARY buried herself more deeply in her work, for Mrs. Leavitt had returned from Paris, and the new models would soon be ready for exhibition. She wondered why she couldn't share with the other women the enthusiasm for the coming season that her return to active partnership had inspired. She had been out of the game for so long, with other interests which had seemed so much more important, that she had forgotten the little technical tricks at which she had been so clever.

But the season opened bravely enough. Women came, as usual, and bought, and Mary faced them. It was well, she thought, that there should be no misunderstandings. She was Madame Denise again, and no longer Mrs. J. Barton Savage. She did not really fear her husband now, but admitted to herself a slight uneasiness whenever a man entered the door. Bart did not come, but a suave elderly gentleman called one afternoon when she was in the front shop and announced himself as her husband's lawyer. She was quite equal to the occasion. He had answered her first note, repeating his wish to see her, and she had not replied. She recalled to him the terms of her note to him—reassured the fact that she had permanently left her husband, informed him that she had nothing to say, and indicated a desire not to be further disturbed.

He told her as politely as possible that her attitude was both vague and unreasonable, but she rose at once and brought the interview to an end. She had been as polite as her visitor, but she could see that he was deeply offended. Later she received another note from this visitor, informing her that her attitude was incomprehensible, that Mr. Savage was very much incensed at her refusal to come to terms, and that unless she made some more definite statement of her position, he could only assume that she meant to antagonize him. The terms of this note affected Mary unpleasantly. And so she put it in the wastebasket.

A HUNDRED times Mary was tempted to call up Joe Bass or to write him a note, but each time pride forbade. She wanted him. Things weren't going well with her. She felt the need of a strong spiritual support. He couldn't have helped her in any matters connected with the business, of course. And she was certain that she didn't want his help in any connection with her personal affairs.

She heard that he was a very busy man—too busy even for social engagements; and she read of him addressing

meetings down on the East Side where he had been born. One night she had secretly gone to one of these meetings, and sitting in an obscure corner, had heard him give his useful message to the young fellows who sought to emulate him. He had spoken in homely phrases that they could understand, homely human phrases of encouragement that Mary recognized as a part of his philosophy of life. It was the philosophy that he had tried to teach her, the gospel of efficiency and utility, honesty of intention, steadfastness of purpose; of work and achievement without vainglory or hypocrisy; the sanctity of marriage and the family relations. . . . It seemed to Mary that it was her own magnificent failure that he might be using as an object-lesson—a horrible example of how not to get on in the world.

There had been an idea in her head to go up with the others to the platform and shake his hand. But her courage failed her at the last moment, and she hadn't dared. She had stolen away into the darkness and so to her hotel. Their meeting, if it was ever to take place, must happen by chance. It was the only thing that her pride permitted.

Chapter Thirty-four

BUT it was Joe Bass himself who was at last to save her the trouble of sending for him. For just before Christmas she found a note from him at the office. She read:

My dear Mary:

Mr. Savage has informed me of your unhappy decision to leave him, and of your refusal to discuss the terms of your separation. He has therefore asked me, as his legal representative and your friend, to see you if possible.

I have agreed, with some mental reservations, to do this, and only with a sense that I am, perhaps, after all, the one who could now accomplish this delicate mission with the least friction, pain and publicity.

I would be obliged, therefore, if you will let me know when and where I may see you, so that we may discuss the matter privately.

As ever,

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH BASS.

She read the note twice and then sat thoughtfully gazing at her disordered desk. A business communication merely, written by hand of course, to deny the intrusion of curious stenographers, and friendly, perhaps, so far as friendliness was necessary in the interest of his employer. The sight of his handwriting had given her a thrill, but her first reading of the note had left her cold.

That night, alone in her rooms at the hotel, Mary took out Joe's note and read it again. She had to admit that if matter-of-fact and businesslike, it was neither cold nor unfriendly. Five months had now passed since she had left her husband. Mary knew that he hated her as only such a man could hate. But he had accepted her assertion as a fact, reconciled to the situation as long as she kept silence as to the affair of the *Cybele*. She had felt the impulse of his animosity here and there, but she had known that in



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avoiding contact with him, or with his lawyers, her position was still inviolable.

Now to see Joe as the agent of Bart! She wanted to see him—to talk to him, to hear his voice speaking to her, even—yes, even if he came as the representative of her enemy.

IF Mary had been expecting a visit from Bart Savage, she could not have felt more nervous. Long before the appointed hour, eleven in the morning, at her rooms in the hotel, she sat awaiting Joe. She had prepared herself not to be surprised at his air of assurance, for this, as she knew, would be the one that such a man would wear for a professional visit. But she was a little astonished at the ease with which he took control of a difficult situation and placed himself at her disposal, in a few well-turned phrases which created, almost at once, the impression that it was she and not Bart Savage who was to be considered in the negotiations. And although she was aware of the amiable intentions implied, she could not resist the slight sense of shock at his facility. Perhaps her months of introspection had softened her too much. She listened while he spoke, studying him with an air of outward calm, but greatly perturbed at the discovery that he could be so complacent.

But he was kindness itself, actuated by a friendliness that was undeniable. She couldn't analyze her impressions of him. They were too subtle—slight impacts upon her consciousness from tones, gestures, each trivial in itself and yet significant of the months, almost years now, that had passed since they had been on terms of understanding.

"Let me put your husband's case briefly to you," he said gently. "You understand now that I must do that, don't you, Mary?"

She nodded. "Yes, of course."

"Mr. Savage tells me that you made certain charges against him the night that you left his house. He denies absolutely all of the charges that you made. And should you make the attempt to prove them, he warns you that you will find it impossible—that he will fight you at every step, no matter what the publicity involved in such a course."

"So he told me."

"He wishes it understood that he is prepared to continue living with you as before. He offers you first the opportunity to return to him—"

"No—no!"

"He promises to respect your privacy, to show you every mark of consideration both in public and private, and gives assurances of a wish to repair any fancied wrongs that you may have suffered."

"Fancied!" she said bitterly.

"I am merely giving you his message as it was given to me. He offers you an adequate income of your own, the amount of which shall be decided between you. He gives you perfect freedom to go and come as you please, claiming himself the same privileges—with the additional assurances that he will in every way live up to the moral obligations of this promise."

She was a little bewildered by the paradox of Joe's gentleness and his dexterity.

"I will never go back to Bart Savage," she said firmly.

She feared in his moment of silence that he was about to plead with her. It would have been rather horrible in Joe to urge her to live with Bart again.

"That, of course, was what I expected you to say. I did not think that you would agree to such a proposal." And then with a lowered tone: "I suppose I am unprofessional in making a comment upon the relationship of a client and a friend, but I've wondered how you've lived together so long."

She thrilled softly at the personal note.

"It was impossible, of course, from the first," he went on. "Mr. Savage is not your sort. You're not his. That's why I don't urge you to go back to him."

She bent her head away from him.

"He—he's been intolerable," she said constrainedly.

"Let me complete my message to you, then, Mary. You have left his houses and him. He wishes it clearly understood by you that he is willing to take you back at any time upon the terms I have mentioned. If you insist upon remaining away from him in spite of his invitation to you to return, your act is one of desertion. I suppose you know that?"

"I do."

"And you are willing to abide by the consequences?"

"Yes."

She waited for him to go on, but for a moment he said nothing.

"Is that all, Joe?" she asked.

HE frowned and straightened. "I'm afraid not, Mary. The expedients for his divorce from the previous Mrs. Savage were, as you know, questionable. They didn't hurt him appreciably—I mean in a business way,—because the first Mrs. Savage was more or less an unknown quantity. But as you will see, a second divorce, with unpleasant allegations, following so closely upon the first—"

"I know," she said stormily. "His board of directors will ask his resignation. Business!" —scornfully. "It's all he cares about in the world!"

"I don't care to comment on that," said Joe. "What I am here to tell you is that, for your sake as well as for his, unpleasant publicity is to be avoided. I hope you will not make the mistake of bringing this matter into the newspapers. It is unthinkable from every point of view. Whatever happens, only harm could come of it, both to him and to you."

"He doesn't feel very sure of himself," she countered coolly.

"Perhaps I haven't made his position clear. He is so sure of his power to damage you that he will accept the challenge, if you insist on publicity instead of compromise."

"A threat?"

"It seems like one, Mary."

"And the compromise?"

"A settlement of money,—enough to provide for you in the way to which you're accustomed,—a separation, the divorce in another State, on the terms of incompatibility."

He paused a moment. "It seemed to me very generous," he finished.

She smiled as she rose and walked to the window. It was not a pretty smile, not even her ballet-dancer's smile. He

thought that he had failed in his mission and rose, staring at her back uneasily.

But she swung suddenly into the room with a hard little laugh and faced him.

"Let me reassure you," she began. "I have no intention of making this affair public. Bart Savage need fear nothing from his board of directors. I will not smirch him. I will not discuss even with you, Joe, the reasons for my desertion. But there it is. I've left him—of my own free will. And I will not go back to him. You may tell him from me that I don't want anything from him, anything at all—except freedom."

This was not what Joe Bass had expected—not what Bart Savage had led him to expect.

"That's pretty fine of you, Mary," he said genuinely. "Your position is beyond praise, but it isn't common sense. You must accept a settlement of some sort."

She was smiling at him quite calmly now. "I see, Joe, that you don't believe me any more than Bart Savage did."

He stared at her, frowning. But there was no doubt that she meant what she said. "But you have been used to so much," he ventured.

"I shall have enough." She laughed lightly. "I'm back at work, Joe. I sha'n't starve as Madame Denise."

"That was not enough for you once," he said slowly.

"But it is now. I've learned some things, Joe—out of life itself. I had to learn—that way."

There was a silence. So far as Joe's mission was concerned, his visit was over—and from the viewpoint of his client Bart Savage, completely successful. But he had no sense of that, rather a sense of failure. He had come with only a superficial knowledge of the facts of Bart's position, but he seemed to know that whatever Mary's shortcomings had been as the wife of his client, he knew that she had suffered much from him and had emerged a finer creature than she had been.

JOE'S hat and gloves were near his hand, but he did not reach for them. There seemed something more to be said. She did not want sympathy, he knew, and yet it was the only thing that he could offer her.

"I am so terribly sorry for you, Mary," he said softly.

It was not the lawyer that was speaking now, but Joe. She felt it in the relaxation of his figure, in the old familiar tenderness of his sympathy. Her throat closed and she could only speak with difficulty.

"It isn't pity that—that I want, Joe," she gasped. "Not pity—not from you." As she raised her glance, he saw that her eyes were moist, but she was smiling. "You know I never could stand your pity, Joe. It was always harder to bear than your criticism. We always quarreled in either case, didn't we?"

It was the first time that the past had been recalled. A smile flickered at his lips and then disappeared.

"Yes, we did," he said calmly, "but there was a lot of genuine affection behind those quarrels." He paused a moment, with the old awkwardness—so far re-



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moved from the dexterity of a moment ago. "I haven't forgotten that affection, Mary. That's why I came here when Bart Savage asked me to. I thought I could help you. You always used to send for me when you needed me. But I knew you wouldn't send for me this time. So I just came. You haven't let me help you much. But I want you to know before I go that you can count on my friendship always."

Tears were falling now, trickling down between her fingers. His voice, more deeply resonant from public speaking, seemed to enfold and hold her like a caress. She felt his nearness in every fiber. She did not dare to look at his eyes, for fear that he would discover her secret. She had never known that she could feel so much. Always it had seemed that nothing could awaken her. But she was awake now, trembling, weak, drenched with emotion.

She hoped that he wouldn't know what she felt—not yet, at least. For this was the man who had always loved her, who had told her more than once that he would love her always. It was a terrible retribution to her that he spoke so kindly to her—thought so kindly of her.

"I—I suppose you think I'm foolish to give way," she stammered. "I wouldn't have cried if you hadn't spoken of the past. I was always so unkind to you—so cold, cruel and heartless in my self-interest. But I have learned to value you, Joe—dear old Joe!" She thrust out a hand, and he took it in both of his.

"Well, don't cry any more, Mary," he said with a smile. "That's all over now."

He paused and fumbled with his hat and gloves. She waited for him to say good-by—but he did not. And suddenly she had a presentiment—one of her quick intuitions—of disaster. Her heart contracted. She could not reply, and only stared at him—she hoped, calmly. He was still fumbling with his hat and gloves. "Mary," he was saying awkwardly, "I want to tell you something. I know you'd want me to be happy. I'm going to be. . . . It hasn't been announced yet. It's just—happened. Fanny Simpson and I—are engaged."

SHE wondered why the rush of blood to her heart did not kill her. She wondered too how she faced him so calmly. She only knew that he mustn't know what she suffered. She had needed self-command before, but never so much as now. She knew that something was required of her—something immediate, something joyous, and she managed to speak.

"Joe! Oh, Joe, I do congratulate you—with all my heart."

She gave him her hand again and he pressed it heartily.

The conventional phrases now fell glibly, and she went on rapidly. She was talking against time. Why was he staring at her face? Didn't he know that he was killing her? Wouldn't he ever go?

"Well, good-by."

The smile that she gave him as he went out of the door was the consummate achievement of her years of dissimulation. She still wore it for a moment after the door closed. It seemed to be frozen on her lips.

Then as she reached the divan, every

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muscle in her body, as though at a given signal, seemed to relax at once, and she crumpled, her slender figure racked by noiseless sobs. And the tears came, bitter tears.

AT last her sobbing grew less violent and less frequent, until she lay silent, motionless, in complete exhaustion of mind and body. It was a kind of coma without thought or feeling, ending at last, perhaps, in sleep. When at length she stirred, she saw that the day had darkened and that the rain was falling. Her face was hot, as though caked and furrowed by dry tears.

She rose painfully and stared at her wrist-watch. It was nearly two o'clock. She had slept, then! She had a dismay at the thought of her face in the mirror, but she compelled herself to look at it. A horror! She looked a hundred. Was that what she was going to look like when she grew older? She must never weep like that again. She must not grow old before her time.

Upon the mantel was a photograph in a gold frame of Alan Wetherby, the last that he had had made. His cool eyes looked at her quizzically, kindly, but, she thought, reproachfully. They seemed to be pleading with her, trying to speak.

How could she have forgotten those hopes of his, so soon. "Carry on for me, Mary." She could hear his voice speaking the words. "The traditions of Madame Denise." She had forgotten them—almost forgotten Alan too, in the vain search for her heart's desire.

Carry on, Mary! That was what he was asking her to do again, for him, but for her too. It was the solution of her problem, its only solution. Carry on!

Carry on! Alan was with her in this. From the wardrobe she took out a small hat and a dark dress, things of elegant simplicity, and put them on, looking at herself again more critically. Her figure, thank God, had not changed. Next, the sable cape. . . . Yes, she would do.

She glanced out the window. Steel-blue snow-clouds were piled high above the Jersey shore of the river, but the rain had stopped falling. She would walk. The air was what she needed. It was not probable that she would meet people that she knew, but what mattered it if she did? She was clothed in a new armor of righteousness, and walked forth into the Avenue with her head high, her glance a little hard, a little bright, looking neither to right nor left. She was conscious, though, that people were looking at her—men mostly; and she knew that there was power left to her. A patch of blue appeared in the sky to the northward. A quick flurry of snow, a cool bracing air, and then a shaft of sunlight shot across the Avenue, blazing in the opposite windows.

She approached the shop of Madame Denise, looking critically at the drapery of the windows. Two brown frocks, and a red-and-green hat. Stupid arrangement! She would have to see to that—to manage other things that had long been waiting for her old interest, her old enthusiasm.

She gave a glance up and another down the street, then quickly opened the door and disappeared within the shop.

THE END

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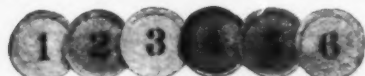
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BLUE BLOOD

(Continued from page 41)

Day after day she had returned, in defiance of every tradition in her, reckless and eager. Once he had called formally at the camp, and once they had ridden over to his ranch for dinner. But of the daily meetings no one knew. It was an inseparable part of her sentimental need—this quality of the clandestine and the forbidden.

She had no conscience in what she did. She did it deliberately, with a passionate cry in her heart that life owed her this much. But all at once she took fright—the play had become too real. For the first time she seriously questioned whether she was not falling in love. There had been moments, when she had felt his arms around her—once when her horse had lurched against his and almost unseated her, and again when, laughing, he had picked her up and forded a stream—when for a short dizzy interval she had been terrified at the sudden incomprehensible instinct of delirious surrender which had pervaded all her being.

In him many things appealed to her. She liked his hatred of shams, his frank and contemptuous acknowledgment of his ruthless pursuit of a purpose, his incapability of pettiness, his direct casting aside of subterfuges, and the startling abruptness of his arriving at a point. Then there were other things—that she recognized. It was not herself but her love he sought—wise in his forbearance, never making the advances, but with a curious quality of drawing her toward him. When she had finally admitted to herself that if he were free, such a man might easily dominate her, she realized that a crisis had come. The next day she had left without even a farewell, precipitately, in full flight.

SHE knew that he would not remain upon this termination. She awaited his arrival in New York in her own setting with a little apprehension, at first determined not to see him, fearing disillusionment, and so inclined to defend the memory of her romance. Yet increasingly she was aware of a great curiosity about him, in his beginnings and his advancing progress. Many stories were repeated to her of his stormy days, of his legal battles with his enemies, of a State bought up and owned by him, of his ruthless crushing of opposition and his final emergence into the wider field of municipal traction and the amalgamation of great industries. His enemies did not spare him; yet none denied him the quality of loyalty to his friends.

At this moment Haggerty was just entering the hazardous field of Eastern finance, not as a suppliant, but knocking on the door imperiously, with the challenge of one who knows recognition as only to be enforced by joined battle. At first she had refused to see him, moved perhaps by the patrician's fastidious prejudice against the self-made man. They had met finally at a dinner, and she had been frankly agreeably surprised at his bearing. He had made no attempt at

imitation of social types, and had not ventured into the sophisticated small-talk which made up her traditional world. But he said what he had to say quietly, with authority, with the ease of one secure in the knowledge of his own worth. She saw that he attracted and interested. There was a quality of the future about him that impressed. When he spoke to her, he made no reference to intimate memories, greeting her as a casual acquaintance, nor attempting to signal her out by any special attention. After dinner, when the men had returned, there had been a discussion continued from the smoking-room, between Haggerty and a member of an English mission; and he had spoken on international problems with knowledge, authority and a shrewd holding to his own point of view. There had been much laughter at his bluff common-sense and his humorous turning of his opponent's arguments. What he said interested her. She was pleased with his success as though it were a little her own, and when her car had come she had left in a reverie, vaguely disturbed.

He did not call, and she comprehended finally that he would not make the first advance. Against her own judgment, wondering a little at her own motives, she had invited him to dinner. He came in the same attitude. He showed no resentment and no precipitation to advance beyond the limits of the strict formality in which she permitted him to meet her. Yet once or twice when, baffled by this reticence and studied reserve, she had looked into his eyes questioningly, she had seen in his glance a touch of amused irony that disconcerted her. She began to yield to moods, restless and dissatisfied, her curiosity dangerously provoked. Little by little, without an explanation, insensibly, quite naturally, they drifted back to their former intimacy. She had permitted it; she had even wished it, with a sense of unfinished combat, of an issue that had been avoided, confident in her own background, yet discontented, feeling that the advantages of position lay with him. She had promised herself never to see him otherwise than in formal gatherings, and to avoid any possible concession to intimacy. Yet when he had called that afternoon, without a moment's hesitation she had yielded eagerly, deceiving herself with the specious excuse that it was to provoke a complete explanation.

Chapter Six

RITA had been almost an hour motionless before the fire, submerged in her thoughts, when Mrs. Majendie came in, her arms full of the photographs which had interested the society reporter De Witt.

"You have come out very well," she said, approaching Rita, "but then, you always do. What do you think of mine?" Rita roused herself and glanced at her mother.

"This is not why she has come," she thought. "Has she perhaps a suspicion?"

"You look a little tired, my dear," said Mrs. Majendie critically.

"Yes, a beastly headache," she said indifferently. "Let me see them."

"I'm suffering myself," said Mrs. Majendie heavily. In the intimacy of her family she abandoned her youthful sprightliness for the indulgences of an invalid. "I've been pestered to death all day. This ball will be the death of me—photographers, reporters, invitations and then the question of decorations. I wish you would look over the scheme Harrison has submitted."

"I saw it and made several changes."

"Oh, you did!"

"Yes. They were necessary. By the way, Cora was in, complaining."

Mrs. Majendie exploded. At such a time when she was rushed to death, her brain racked with details, when no one was any help, not even Mrs. Parlow the housekeeper, or Miss Tibbitts her secretary, for Cora to make a scene about inviting the Dagleeshes!

"Well, why did you invite them?" said Rita, continuing to examine the photographs. "You are always laughing at them!"

"Why?" said Mrs. Majendie, who did not wish to disclose her real reason. "But everyone invites the Dagleeshes now!"

RITA shrugged her shoulders. She knew perfectly well why her mother had included in her prospective triumph the Dagleeshes, whose ball up to now had been quite the most ostentatious affair of the season. In society persons you don't like necessarily take a certain priority.

"By the way, I sha'n't go to the opera with you tonight," remarked Rita. "I'm not up to it."

"But then we're only four in the box!"

"No; I'll send Dick along with you," Rita said, referring to Captain Daingerfield, who was of the party. "The proofs are not bad."

"Do you like mine?"

"Rather well," replied Rita indifferently. Such things were too trivial at this moment.

Mrs. Majendie lingered, seeking an opening.

"Is there anything you want to say to me?" said Rita in her direct way.

"No, nothing." She turned as though to go. "By the way, your father's back."

"Yes, I know."

"He came in to see you?" said Mrs. Majendie anxiously.

"Yes, he dropped in for a moment."

"How did he seem to you?"

"Why, as usual," she answered carefully. "—in a rush."

"Did he say anything to you?" asked her mother nervously.

"About what?"

"About business matters, of course."

"Yes, but there's nothing to worry about."

"You're not alarmed?"

"He has already talked to her," Rita thought uneasily, but resolved on discretion, she answered lightly: "Not the slightest! Why? Now, don't agitate yourself over nothing, Mother. You understand nothing of such things, anyway."

"He acted so strangely," said Mrs. Majendie, persisting. "And you know

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ever since that dreadful panic, with the tendency that is in his veins—Rita, something is wrong! He is in trouble."

"What did he say to you?"

"Oh, nothing definite," said Mrs. Majendie evasively. "It was his manner, and the way he looked."

"My dear Mother, you are quite wrong," asserted Rita with a calm she did not feel. "Father has his worries, naturally, like everyone else in these times. But such things are only temporary. If necessary, we'll back him up: that's all."

The mother's eyes dropped. She knew what she had come to find out. Her husband had not communicated to her daughter her refusal of help. "Then it isn't as serious as I feared," she thought.

"Well, I hope nothing will happen, just now," she said aimlessly, and went out.

"What on earth made him go to her?" Rita thought anxiously when her mother had departed. The more she considered the extraordinary quality of this move, the more her alarm increased. Only an extremely critical situation could have impelled her father to apply for assistance in such a quarter. As the danger visualized itself, her self-possession increased. She abandoned the languid indecision of her former attitude, sprang up and began to pace the floor, turning over rapidly in her mind the expedients to which she could resort. That her father had directly applied to her mother for assistance and had been refused, she of course did not know. For a moment she was on the point of calling in her mother and sister and taking common counsel. Then she rejected this idea, realizing what a wound to her father's pride she might deal him unnecessarily. After all, the only danger she could yet perceive was the corner in International Motors; and why should that rouse in her such ominous presentiments?

BUT was that all? What else could there be lurking in the shadows, still indecipherable? She could not get Haggerty out of her mind. For the tenth time she went over their interview, and now all the gay assurance with which she had flung her challenge to him filled her with a growing dismay. She herself had called it a duel, and had told him that they remained antagonists. She remembered the quiet irony in his eyes when she had delivered this ultimatum. What cards did he hold? Gradually the suspicion grew in her, until it amounted to a conviction, that he had engineered the *coup* for the sole purpose of humbling her pride, of forcing her to come to him as a suppliant.

"Never!" she said to herself in a fierce revolt. "Half my fortune, if necessary; but he shall never have that satisfaction!"

All the attraction that she had felt an hour before, vanished. He appeared suddenly before her as nothing but a brute masculine force, seeking to subdue and imprison her to his inclinations. She did not stop to consider her own responsibility in awakening this ruthless desire. Her logic was submerged in her instincts. Everything in her resented and strove against such an antagonist, as though the grip of his great arms already held her in their vise.

"Never!" she repeated to herself in cold anger. "I shall never ask him a favor! There must be some other way out."

She thought of Captain Daingerfield, went to the phone and asked him to come in early. Then she began to dress.

Chapter Seven

THOUGH Rita Kilblaine had her own establishment, she was to dine that night at her father's. She took more than ordinary pains with her toilet. Twice her maid Augustine had to recommence her coiffure, before she earned a staccato word of commendation. Rita chose, after much deliberation, the wine-colored dress, extremely *découté*, which she had worn at the opening of the opera; and discarding the rope of pearls she habitually wore, she put on the necklace of rubies, with their old-fashioned setting, which had been her wedding present from her husband. A diamond arrow shot across the black undulation of her hair slightly to one side; another brooch formed of a single diamond caught up the rich Venetian velvet folds which hung from one shoulder, loosely, in generous drapery and gave her the airy erect grace, a little *farouche*, of her whom laughingly she was accustomed to call her patron saint—Diana the disdainful. She considered herself a moment in the long cheval glass of her boudoir, which was like a jewel-case in itself, and then shed her rings, retaining only the pigeon-blood ruby which harmonized with her costume. Then, satisfied, she descended to the room in which she had received Haggerty, and passing through the Picci doors, entered the *salon* of her father.

All her *sang-froid* had returned; for on reviewing the incidents of the interview with her father, she was prepared for the worst. Face to face with a crisis which could not be avoided, all indecision vanished. When she traversed the luxurious rooms enriched with the heirlooms of generations of Majendies, thought out and garnished by her own taste, when she beheld the liveried servants moving in the dining-room through the dazzling glow of massive plate and fine linen, she said to herself with a sudden rebellious anger at the persisting fates which again threatened her:

"Never! Not an inch will I yield!"

Her first action was to ring for Phillips, who came in with so evident an alarm in his manner that she said to him directly:

"Phillips, I know I can count on your discretion. Don't ask any questions, and don't talk—do you understand?"

The old family butler, who had seen her grow from childhood to a woman, stiffened at once.

"You may count on me, Miss Rita."

"The instant my father comes in, notify me!"

"Yes, madam."

"Better not announce it—a look will be sufficient."

"I understand, madam."

"Understand, Phillips, there must be no slip-up. He must not leave again before I see him."

"Very well, madam; I shall attend to it. You can trust me, Miss Rita."

"I know I can. That's all. Is Captain Daingerfield here yet?"

"Just arrived, madam."

She went in to meet him.

OF all the men Rita had known, the one who had been closest to her was her brother's old friend Dick Daingerfield. He had adored her blindly and slavishly from their childhood days. She had rejected him twenty times, good-humoredly, carelessly, peremptorily, impatiently, at times with a certain unreasoning display of cruelty. Yet in her secret mind, even as a young girl she had often said to herself:

"In the end this is the man I shall marry."

She did not love him. He had never for a moment stirred her imagination or disturbed the rhythm of her control, as Haggerty had disorganized her at the first exchange of their glances. In settling upon Daingerfield as a future husband, she had frankly admitted that she would probably never love him, as in her experience she conceived love to be. On the other hand, she knew him with a sense of complete exploration and confidence. There would be no surprises, but then, there would be no disillusion.

Dick Daingerfield worked tremendously hard at the profession of being idle, and did it rather well. He had been born with the instinct to play, enjoyed people, competition of all sorts, and was without an enemy. He had hunted big game in Africa, crossed the Atlantic in a yawl on a wager, been the hero of several hard-fought international polo matches, and come back from the war with a D. S. C. His most engaging quality was the very low opinion he held of his own qualities. He had tried several times a business career and lamentably failed, retailing his discomfitures with ready good humor for the amusement of his friends. He had a good supply of aunts, rich aunts in failing health who died at convenient intervals to replace the sums he lost in land ventures, the launching of a new automobile, or a patent dredger. The last attempt at exploitation was so disastrous that his uncle, Benjamin R. Cragin, whose heir he was acknowledged to be, had called him into consultation and made a compact with him: he was to receive twenty thousand a year on the express condition that he should hereafter keep out of business. . . .

He was standing by the fireplace as she came into the room with that trick of holding her head high, as though overlooking the crowd, which made people rate her as disdainful, which perhaps ordinarily she was.

He came forward eagerly, and then paused at the sight of her loveliness. One of her greatest fascinations was her power to unfold a sudden dramatic beauty which in ordinary life she kept unsuspected.

"What's the matter, Dick?" she said, giving him her hand with a smile. Then, reading the reason in his dazzled glance, she said quickly: "No time for compliments. I want to talk seriously with you. I am in trouble."

"You?" he said, astonished.

"That is, I may be," she added hurriedly. "I am facing a crisis tonight. I don't know how it is going to turn out. It may be nothing at all, or it may be a real crisis. And by the way, I shan't go with you to the opera. It's impossible. But I want you to go, and I want you to

telephone me at ten o'clock. If necessary you will bring my mother and sister here at once. But until then, they are to know nothing."

"I'm rather slow at guessing, Rita," he said apologetically. "Just what's up? I imagine it's your father, isn't it?"

"Just what have you heard?" she said quickly.

"Nothing more than everyone. The story of the corner in International Motors—that's it, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's it," she said after a moment's hesitation. "There has been an attack on him, and a friend has turned traitor."

"Tell me what I'm to do."

"If the worst comes to the worst, I want to raise a large sum—a very large sum, Dick, on my property, Mother's and Cora's too, on this house, the Newport place. Oh, there's ample security: the question is to get a quick loan."

"Before the market opens tomorrow?" he said thoughtfully.

"Yes, I am still in the dark. I shan't know definitely until I see my father in an hour or so. But I want to be prepared for anything that may come up."

"Whatever I have is yours, Rita," he said as a matter of course.

"Thank you. Of course, you know that's not possible. Whom have you, you could go to tonight, if it were necessary? Your uncle?"

"He would be the best," he answered after a moment's thought. "The only one, I'm afraid. I imagine you are thinking of a large sum."

"Yes, a million—possibly two," she replied. "Could you take me to see him tonight—if it were absolutely necessary?"

"You bet I could."

"I don't want you to get any exaggerated ideas, Dick," she said with a frown. "Perhaps this may sound terrifying to you. But this has come on suddenly, and there is so little time! What I don't want is anything public! I am taking every precaution—there are other ways, too. I want to be prepared for anything—even," she added with a little nervousness, the first she had shown, "even what I can't foresee."

"You don't need to tell me this," he said with a shrug. "Whatever I've got is yours, you know."

"Yes, I know." She reflected a moment. "Perhaps it would be just as well to phone your uncle and ask to see him at half-past ten. If everything is all right, we can invent some pretext. This way we can be sure he'll be at home."

"By Jove, yes, that's an idea," he said hastily.

"There is a telephone in the next room."

"Right-o!"

"That is at least one anchor out," she thought, turning to receive the guests.

THE dinner was interminable. She hardly noticed what was placed before her, while the conversation was a meaningless babble. Her brother-in-law was still at Palm Beach. Her sister was a modern type who accorded as much liberty of movement to her husband as she arrogated to herself, and had contrived after five years of married life and the bearing of three children, to retain toward her

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husband an attitude of casual acquaintance. On the present occasion, while the ubiquitous Carleton Brady appeared as the male attendant of Mrs. Majendie, the daughter displayed a superior contentment in the attentions of the young Vicomte Benoit de Chapdeloupe, the scion of that illustrious French house which in each generation has had the ruin of an American fortune to its credit.

At another time Mrs. Kilblaine might have relished, with her unfailing sense of humor, the total eclipse of the best that the American product could produce before the virtuosity of a young master. The Vicomte de Chapdeloupe at twenty-two had already discarded every illusion and reached that stage in his sentimental extravagances where he could repose on his record and permit himself to be loved, without any financial tax on a purse which was waiting to be filled. Whereas Carleton Brady possessed nothing but bad manners, and had more cents than dollars in his pocket and none at all in his head, De Chapdeloupe was impertinent with wit, condescending with charm and patronized his hosts with such limp, languid grace that Mrs. Majendie was visibly discontented with the comparison.

As a matter of fact, Rita heard nothing that was being said. Her imagination was with her father, trying to visualize him in the desperate ventures into which he was forced.

"He must have met with a rebuff," she thought uneasily, "or he would be back by now. Poor Daddy, how his pride must be suffering!"

She pictured him, hat in hand, waiting on Gunther or Forsheim or Slade. Her father a suppliant to such men! At the very thought, a dull anger rose in her. After all, what was the basis of their aristocracy in a vulgar modern world? Nothing more than that same parvenu money without which generations of proud traditions could sink back into oblivion. If he would only come! If she could only know!

Inaction, to such a nature, was torture. But to begin, one must at least see the danger! A dozen times her eyes rose questioning to Phillips as he passed in and out of the room—until all at once she saw it in his glance. Her father had returned. At last she could act. She nodded to Captain Daingerfield and rose, calm and collected.

"My headache is really too bad," she said quickly. "I'm going to make my excuses. Don't rise. Good-night, everyone."

Chapter Eight

HER father was in the library as she hurried in, seated by the table, his hand on the telephone, staring at the floor. He rose at the sound of her coming, and as he struggled to his feet, she was appalled at the sudden physical collapse she beheld in him.

"So it's bad news?" she said, taking his right hand in both of hers.

He nodded, incapable of speech, and with a nervous look he returned to the table, his hand groping instinctively for the receiver and clinging to it.

"You are waiting for a message?"

"Yes, from Christiansen," he said inaudibly.



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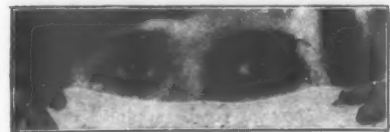
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She turned hurriedly and going to the doors, closed them. As she was returning, the telephone started to ring. Instantly he had snatched it up, waiting while it continued to buzz dully. She came and stood beside him, her hand on his shoulder, waiting too.

"All right, all right," he said irritably. "Yes, hello! Christiansen? Well?" He listened and then said slowly: "Gunter has—left—town? That is definite? I see. I understand. Thank you. You've done what you could. Thank you. No. No, nothing more. Good night, Christiansen."

He put the receiver back gingerly, stared down at his hands and absent-mindedly turned over his ring.

"Daddy!"

He looked up at her with a queer tired smile.

"Well, dear," he said grimly, "I guess the game is over."

The agony of suspense now passed, he knew and was looking steadily into the future.

For a moment she could not believe it—one short moment of appalled consternation.

"Rita, dear?"

He held out his arms and caught her to him, and for a moment they clung together. Then she disengaged herself and rose.

"Now it's my turn," she said quietly.

He shook his head.

"It can't be done," he said. His voice was even but tired and far away. He rose, but as he started to cross, a sudden weakness caught him and he leaned heavily against the table for support.

"Wait there."

SHE went quickly to a cabinet, poured out a little tumbler of brandy and came back.

"All right now, Daddy, drink this. That's better. Straighten up. Now let's get to it. Exactly where do you stand?"

He spread out his hands in an empty gesture.

"Bankrupt?"

"Cleaned out!"

"How did it happen?"

He crossed to a chair and sat down, passing his hand across his forehead in an effort to concentrate. She stood before him, alert and unemotional.

"I speculated," he said slowly. "I had to—a last desperate chance. A pool to depress International Motors—Forsheim, Kennedy, Slade. Slade sold us out; the others ran to cover. I was away. I owe—"

"Well—well?"

"Four to five millions more than I can pay," he said, looking down.

Her hand went to her throat, and an involuntary cry escaped her.

"Daddy, Daddy, were you mad?"

"Yes, mad!" he said with a shudder.

"After all we went through!" she cried, aghast at the extent of his loss. "How could you again?"

He looked up at her with again that queer feeble smile.

"Don't. Rita. It's bad enough. You don't think I'd have done it if I didn't have to!"

"You're right, Daddy," she said with a long breath. "Wait a moment." She walked to the window and stood staring

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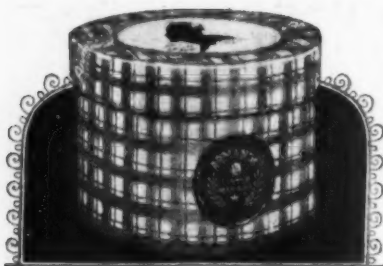
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WHY NOT LOOK PROSPEROUS

down. At that moment the car drew up, and her mother and sister came down the steps. She was on the point of stopping them, but reflecting that an hour's difference would be unimportant, she refrained. Another thought came into her mind. Better not to invite a discussion. Now that a sacrifice must be made, it would be better to present it as an accomplished fact. She would arrange the loan and enforce their acquiescence—she would brook no wavering in such a crisis.

"There. What's over is over," she said quietly. "It's no time to talk of that. The thing now is how to meet this." She came to him, laid her hand on his shoulder and said: "Look at me, Daddy."

UNWILLINGLY he raised his glance to her confident smile.

"This is going to be met! Understand that. Some way—somehow!"

"Not this time, dear," he said for the second time.

"Just what is the situation in International Motors?"

"I am ten thousand shares short at one hundred fifty," he said. "Tomorrow I shall have to settle at between five and six hundred. That is around four millions."

"Very well; we'll raise it. I have already laid my plans. I am going to put up what I have." Suddenly she shrank back, divining the truth. "Father—you've used it? And—and Cora's? Not Cora's too?"

His head sank suddenly into his hands. She stifled the exclamation on her lips.

"No, no—listen, Daddy. I'm not going to blame you—no matter what has happened. It's the family. It's the name. We are going to save that—do you understand?" she said, clenching her fists. "Steady now—pull yourself together!" She glanced at the clock, which marked ten minutes of nine. "Finish that glass. Better? Now—quickly. I want to know all. How long has this been going on?"

"I've lived on the ragged edge for months," he said, straightening up a little and talking rapidly in an effort to justify himself. "My God, you don't know what this has been, this period of deflation! I've felt the ground slipping from under me day by day. Everything cut in half, dropping, dropping! Ten months ago I was a very rich man. And now! And then—there were friends."

"What do you mean by friends?"

"I gave endorsements to pull them through. Men who are sound as a rock came to me for help. I carried them at the bank. I personally am responsible."

"But then they must help you."

"Not in twenty-four hours," he said with a shake of his head. "I didn't want to speculate. I kept from it as long as I could. I had to. There was no way out—I was desperate! And now, bankruptcy!"

"Then we shall meet it. In the first place, there is this house, and the Newport place and the house at Southampton. Mother must be told at once. I've prepared for all that. I'll have her here in an hour."

He raised his hand feebly.

"Don't, dear—not that."

"You've already tried? She refused? Oh, Daddy!"

"She will always refuse," he said heavily.

"Not when it's a question of honor!" she said indignantly.

He shook his head incredulously.

"Besides, it wouldn't save me in time!"

"But your friends," she said hurriedly. "Kennedy?"

"No."

"Forsheim and Marx?"

"I have seen them. They have made up their minds to sacrifice me. There was a conference yesterday, a conference of my friends! The situation needs a victim. I am to be the scapegoat."

"But Gunther? Surely Gunther. I'll go to him myself!"

He waved toward the telephone.

"My friend Gunther has conveniently left town!"

"But why—why all this? Everyone is being carried! Why not you? And then the Fidelity?" Suddenly the feeling came to her that he was withholding something, that beyond all she knew was something lurking, grim and frightful. "Daddy, you have not told me the worst! What is it?"

"Tomorrow at ten o'clock the Fidelity will close its doors."

"Why?"

He did not answer.

She came nearer, frightened, and dreading to hear what now she saw staring her in the face.

"If the Fidelity must close its doors—" she began slowly. "But great heavens! That means a panic, a terrible panic! Why do they permit that? Daddy, you haven't done anything—anything wrong!"

"Yes," he said in a whisper.

"Dishonor? Arrest?"

He had no need to answer. She knew at last. At last what her instinct had warned her of stood stark before her. She understood now all that had oppressed her these last weak hours. Not poverty, but dishonor! A Majendie dragged before the bar of justice, pilloried in the public print—the first stain upon the name! She knew now why his quest of the afternoon had been in vain, as all at once she comprehended to what depths of humiliation he must have descended.

"He will never face it," she thought with a sudden chill. "There is only one thing left for him to do—if I fail."

At this moment, from the clock on the mantel the hour rang.

"Nine o'clock. . . . Haggerty!" came mechanically into her mind. Then she realized that all this while she had been struggling against the inevitable, against the thing which she had divined from the first, but against which she had obstinately set her will. Haggerty or—

SHE went to her father and knelt at his side; and when she spoke, it was with the great gentleness of one who no longer struggles.

"Better tell me, Daddy. I know you never meant anything wrong, that you were mad when you did it. I'm not going to blame you. I love you always. Tell me—what have you done that is wrong?"

"I borrowed funds that I can't replace," he said, staring out beyond her. "I can make them good, but not now."

not immediately. That, in the eyes of the law, is a crime."

She rose, satisfied that she knew the worst, and stood considering.

"Daddy—think carefully. Is there no way out? Is there no one—no friend in the world who will help you?" she said; but already she knew that there was but one way left.

"Christiansen has tried every way. Rita, there is no escape," he said, drawing a long breath.

"What would save you?"

"To save the Fidelity? A loan of five millions, at the least."

"It is solvent?"

"Of course."

"And you?"

He looked at her, dazed. She repeated the question sharply.

"If I could settle at—at one hundred and fifty a share."

"That would pull you through? That is the truth, the whole truth?"

"Absolutely."

"You are holding back nothing?"

"On my word of honor."

"Very well. The rest concerns me."

Suddenly he jerked up in his chair at the sound of a knock on the door.

"Hold on to yourself. Steady!" she said, frowning. "Get your nerves together, Daddy. All right?" She watched him a moment, and then, satisfied, turned to the door. "Come!"

Phillips appeared.

She glanced again at the clock.

"It's Mr. Haggerty, isn't it?"

"Yes, madam."

"When I ring, show him up."

Majendie had started to his feet.

"Haggerty! What does this mean?"

"This concerns me," she said frigidly.

"Yes, but—good God, Rita!"

"No questions—now or hereafter," she said sternly.

"Haggerty, never!" he said, drawing himself up. "Not that!"

"You forget, Father," she said, meeting his glance with one of equal determination. "This is not simply a question of bankruptcy. It is now the honor of the family. That is now in my hands alone." She waited until his glance dropped before her accusing look, and then added quietly: "And now, give me the pistol that is in your pocket."

As he started back, she said quickly: "If I fail—but I shall not fail! Put it in the drawer." He obeyed mechanically, completely dominated.

"Now listen," she pursued. "Once before I saved the day. Don't forget that. That sacrifice is not going to be in vain! Now I have a right to make my terms. No questions. Let that be understood between us. It is? Very well. Now wait in the little room."

He stood a long moment, torn by conflicting passions; but in the end he yielded and went slowly out. She crossed to the door and assured herself that he was not listening. Then closing it, she returned and rang.

Chapter Nine

RITA had waited a moment before ringing. For the last hour she had foreseen this meeting, and steeled herself

for the interview. Whatever happened, she determined that she would not add to Haggerty's satisfaction by any display of weakness. She remained standing, erect and her head thrown proudly back, a smile of scorn on her lips, as he came in.

"I must apologize for not being dressed," he said. He was in street-clothes. "I've been on the jump since I saw you."

"Yes. I can understand that you have been quite busy," she said with intention. "My congratulations!"

"What do you mean?" he asked, stopping short in the act of offering his hand.

"I underrated you," she replied quietly. "I was very stupid. You are a terrible antagonist, Dan Haggerty."

"Well?" he said carefully.

"You see, I didn't know the cards you held. How you must have enjoyed it!"

"Enjoyed what?"

"My fatuous egotism," she explained, smiling.

"Um-m—" he said, still watching her. "You did rub it in a little."

He turned, seeking a chair.

"Shall we sit down?" he said grimly.

"No," she replied decisively. "Hardly necessary. This is a business matter. I sha'n't detain you more than a moment."

HE understood the frigid rebuff of her attitude, and his lips straightened out into that stubborn rigidity which spelled danger for those who knew him.

"I'm not going to beat about the bush," she went on, throwing back her head.

"I told you that all my life I've said that what has to be done shall be done!"

"I believe I remarked that first."

"Yes, you appreciated that in me. Well, Mr. Haggerty, you've won!"

"What's that mean?"

"Come—be as frank as I am," she said disdainfully. "My father is on the verge of ruin. I have just learned it. And I know now that you knew it."

"Yes, I did!"

"Thanks for your honesty, at least. That is what I meant when I referred to the enjoyment you must have derived from our last meeting."

"I see."

"There is no use in concealing anything," she said slowly. "It is not only ruin; it is disgrace—dishonor in the worst form. . . . What, you didn't know that?" she exclaimed at a movement of surprise she observed in him.

"No," he said, frowning. "No, I did not."

"More!" Involuntarily she glanced toward the door, sinking her voice. "It may be a question of my father's life. That is what I am faced with, Mr. Haggerty," she added with a look of accusation and hatred. "You see I recognize that there is no other way out."

"Why do you tell me this?" he asked slowly.

"To acknowledge that you have won what you set out to do!" she said abruptly. "Don't let's waste words. You've won. I acknowledge it. I've called you here to make a bargain with you."

"A bargain?"

"Save him, and I am yours whenever you wish it."

The directness and arrogance of her



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Huge Dope Deal Bared

With the capture of C. J. Larpen and the confiscation of a large consignment of drugs which he was bringing to New York from Europe, Federal officials believe they have caught the ringleader of the gang which of late has flooded the country with habit-forming narcotics. According to Frank Parker Stockbridge, who obtained the story, the smugglers threw overboard buoyed drums of drugs to which were attached lights invisible to ordinary vision but easily seen by means of a scientist's "fluoroscope." How a group of government scientists known as The Buried Alive Club detected the scheme, and the dramatic episodes of the smugglers' capture are graphically described in the current October number of *The Blue Book Magazine*.

The same issue contains many other stories of equal if wholly different interest—among them Courtney Ryley Cooper's novel of Western adventure "The Last Frontier;" Warren H. Miller's account of an astonishing Malayan adventure, "The Antelope Kriss;" Austin Hall's appealing story of the noted prize-winning California sheep-dog Rex who, when the herder was injured, brought the flock unaided through a mountain snowstorm and then led rescuers to his master—these and many other captivating stories by noted writers are all to be found in this memorable October issue of *The Blue Book Magazine*, now on sale at all news-stands.

method staggered him. His face showed plainly his amazement.

"I wonder if you realize just what you're saying," he said sternly.

"I shall belong to you whenever you call me," she said scornfully. "I prefer not to use another word. That is what you have plotted for. Does it need to be plainer?"

"No, no," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Quite sufficient."

To her surprise, he stood staring at her, so intently and so long that all at once a dreadful thought came to her. What if he should refuse!

"You have strange ways of asking assistance," he said grimly.

"Assistance—oh, please!" she retorted with a sudden flare-up.

"There are even ways of being gracious—in bargains!" he continued, flushing under her look.

"I suppose you would prefer supplications—tears!"

"You rate yourself very high."

"Yes, very high!"

He shook his head. "What pride!"

"Well?" she said coldly.

"And you even disdain to ask me to be seated?"

She did not turn her glance from him, but something cold took hold of her.

"Well?" she said almost inaudibly.

All at once he drew back, and she saw that he had made his decision.

"You have made the terms yourself. Remember that!"

"I have."

"Very well, I accept them," he said suddenly.

"I knew you would."

SHE closed her eyes, fighting off a sudden weakness.

"You may sleep quietly tonight, Mrs. Kilblaine," he said, taking pity on her.

"There is no longer any danger. You may inform your father that the corner in International Motors is over. I shall permit him to settle for the ten thousand shares he has to deliver—at the price he sold. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes—but the Fidelity Trust?"

"What do you need?"

"Five millions," she said faintly. "Five millions tomorrow morning."

"I understand." He pulled out a check-book and went to the table. "Have I now your permission to sit down?" he said ironically.

She nodded, dominated by his mastery of the scene.

"Thank you," he said punctiliously; and as he wrote, he continued: "I am making out a check. As president of the Sea Line Trust, I shall open an account with the Fidelity Trust for five million dollars. If that is not enough, I'll double it!" He blotted the check carefully. "However, when I get through telephoning, that will not be necessary." He rose, and approaching her, said: "Here is your check. Give it to your father. He will sleep quieter."

She allowed him to put the check in her hands, so utterly taken aback at the largeness of his gesture that for a moment she could find nothing to say. She gazed at the little slip of paper in her fingers, that meant life and security—five million dollars! And then she stared at him.

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"What!" she said involuntarily. "You give me this—now—like this!"

"Not as a friend," he said pointedly, "but like this."

"You are going to trust me?" she said slowly.

"I trust you," he said quickly. "There is a great deal of pride in your family, Rita Kilblaine, and pride is easily analyzed. We've each got our code. There is always some one thing a person won't do. Now, a Majendie may conceivably do a lot of things, misappropriate funds, ruin innocent people, default—but you won't break your word! Your word is sufficient. When I want you, I'll call for you, as you have expressed it. Now, since you no longer need anything out of me—good night."

WHEN Mr. Majendie came in a long moment afterward, he found her still standing, the check in her hand, gazing at the door through which Haggerty had gone, and over her set eyes, a furrow.

"Here is the check," she said, and then as he glanced at it with a cry and turned toward her, dreadful questions in his eyes, she came to him, and taking his head in her hands, kissed him on the forehead.

"It's over," she said wearily. "We shall go on."

Will Haggerty send for Rita? The forthcoming chapters bring about an even more extraordinary situation. Don't fail to read them in the next, the November, issue.

HERE COMES THE BRIDEGROOM

(Continued from page 35)

faced his reflection, and his eyes seemed to look at it; yet he had no practical perception of it. It suggested nothing as to his hair or the use of the brushes.

"My goodness!" he murmured, and turning to the window nearest him, began to stare fixedly at Muriel's house across the street. Closed cars in a high state of polish stood at the curb; a gay awning, in spite of the fair day, gave shelter all the way between curb and front door; jars of flowers were hinted in the lower windows; small groups of people, mainly colored people, waited cheerily along the sidewalk: and everywhere an intimation of festival was in the air. Evidently this was a Wedding Day for somebody.

"My goodness!" Renfrew said again, with but faint realization that this Wedding Day was the day when he would wed his Muriel. What occupied his mind might be likened somewhat to the vague horror he had felt upon another nervous morning, a few years before, as he approached the moment when he had to deliver an "oration" in school. What he felt now was incomparably more upsetting, though alleviated by a kind of dreaminess that prevented it from being precisely sinister; and yet this day, so strange, seemed to contain nothing definite pertaining to his actually changing into a Married Man: it appeared to be concerned only with his enacting before a silently critical multitude, all fine clothes and glittering eyes, a rôle most imperfectly rehearsed, for which he felt himself, both by nature and inclination, absolutely unfitted.

For Renfrew was of a natively modest habit, and inclined to the apologetic attitude of mind; he was, as people say, a young man of a painfully shy and retiring disposition. Yet brides and brides' mothers, year in and year out, do take even such a young man into their own hands, and turn a dismaying multitudinous attention upon him, as a Leading Man of the supporting company while the Star comes down the aisle. And the unjust part of this is that the Star, who doesn't need it, is supplied with a veil, while the stricken Leading Man must make his Grand Entrance with pallid face all naked and undefended. Here is indeed a wrong that needs righting. Our

country has great leagues and societies—new ones are formed hourly—for the reform of every wrong and right thing under heaven; and yet we have no organization (at least, no national one) with the animating purpose of placing the wedding-veil where it properly belongs. Renfrew might have felt better, and might more sensibly have conducted himself this morning, if he had known that he was to pass through the approaching crisis under a veil—preferably one of opaque material.

It is true that he did brush his hair, after turning back from the window to his mirror; but he subsequently tossed one of the brushes upon the bed and put the other in the right-hand pocket of his trousers. His wallet, full of money and railroad tickets, lay upon the dressing-table before him; and probably some half-impulse toward it accounts for this singular choice of a receptacle for a hair-brush.

HIS mother appeared at his door, a glistening silk hat in her hand. "Don't worry any more, dear," she said, and came to give him the hat and to kiss him. "Your father and I are going to the church now; and your Best Man's waiting for you downstairs."

"Charley?" Renfrew asked, in genuine surprise. "What on earth is he doing downstairs?"

"He's come to drive to the church with you."

"But what for?"

"Because you and he arranged it that way, didn't you?"

"Did we?" said Renfrew. "Then perhaps that's why he's waiting for me."

"I think, perhaps," she agreed gently, and kissed him with more agitation than she let him see. "Good-by, dear. Be sure to hold your shoulders back and don't be nervous, Renfrew."

"Nervous? Why, of course not!" he said vehemently. "I'm no more nervous than I would be if I were just sitting down to breakfast with you and Father and Daisy. I'm as calm as if I were just going to take an ordinary drive with old Charley Jones. I am as calm—I am as calm—why, Mother, I am as calm as—why, I'm absolutely calm!"

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WHO shall I call	or WHOM shall I call
It's just AS I said	or It's just LIKE I said
The river has OVERFLOWED its banks	or The river has OVERFLOWN its banks
I WOULD like to go	or I SHOULD like to go
I LAID down to rest	or I LAY down to rest
Divide it AMONG the three	or Divide it BETWEEN the three
The wind blows COLD	or The wind blows COLDLY
You will FIND ONLY one	or You will ONLY FIND one
Between you and I	or Between you and ME

2. How do you say—

evening	EV-en-ing	or EVE-ning
ascertain	as-cer-TAIN	or as-CER-tain
hospitable	HO-spi-ta-ble	or hos-PIT-a-ble
abdomen	AB-do-men	or ab-DO-men
majority	MAY-or-al-ty	or may-OR-al-ty
amenable	a-ME-na-ble	or a-MEN-a-ble
acquaint	AC-quaint	or ac-CL-I-mate
profound	PRO-found	or pro-FOUND
beneficiary	ben-e-fi-SHEE-ary	or ben-e-FISH-ary
culinary	CUL-i-na-ry	or CU-li-na-ry

3. Do you spell it—

calendar	or calendar	or reptition
reclive	or reclive	or sepEnte
repreive	or repreive	or aCoMModate
donkIES	or donkIES	or traffCKing
factorIES	or factorYS	or acCesSible

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Answers

1
I have done it already
Whom shall I call
It's just as I said
The river has overflowed
its banks
I should like to go
I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one
Between you and me

2
EVE-ning
as-cer-TAIN
HO-spi-ta-ble
ab-DO-men
MAY-or-al-ty
a-ME-na-ble
ac-CL-I-mate
pro-FOUND
ben-e-FISH-ary
CU-li-na-ry

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"Yes, dear," she said; and, her husband's voice being heard in a reiterated appeal from downstairs, she kissed Renfrew once more and left him. He stood looking earnestly at his hat for some moments, then placed it, back forward, upon his head, and descended to Charley Jones in the library.

"Charley," he proclaimed, to that rather pallid, but glossily massaged and manicured Best Man, "Charley, I am as calm as—as stone! I'm absolutely as calm as a stone statue!"

"I'm not," Mr. Jones said ruefully. "I'd like to know what was in that salad last night. I think I ate too many hors-d'œuvres, too. I'm not calm at all."

"But I am, Charley," the bridegroom assured him. "I am as calm—why, I'm as calm—as calm—as calm—"

"We better be getting into that car," Charley reminded him. "You can tell me how calm you are all the way to the church."

RENFREW seemed to wish to take advantage of this permission. "I am," he said, when they were seated in the car. "I am, Charley."

"You are what?"
"Calm," said Renfrew. "I am as calm—well, I never felt any calmer than I do now since the day I was born."

"How calm were you then?" the Best Man inquired.

"When?"
"The day you were born."

"Why, perfectly," said Renfrew. "Perfectly."

"That's good," said Mr. Jones. "I was afraid you might have been a little upset, or something."

"No, no," the bridegroom protested. "I practically never get upset, Charley. There's only one thing disturbs me."

"What's that?"
"The ring. I'm disturbed about the ring, Charley."

"You are? Here it is, perfectly safe." He exhibited it reassuringly. "What disturbs you about it?"

"I'm afraid you might drop it."

"All right," said the Best Man. "I'll put it back in my pocket." And he did.

"No, no! I mean I'm afraid you might drop it when you hand it to me. Suppose you did, Charley. Suppose you did drop it and it lit on its side and began to roll, and went on rolling. You know, yourself, how any round piece of metal will roll, sometimes, when it lights on its side."

"Yes, I do," his friend assented warmly. "Many's the round piece of metal that's rolled far, far away from me, no matter which side it lit on!"

"Well, suppose," Renfrew continued, "—suppose when you're handing me the ring, you happen to drop it."

"But I won't. What on earth would I drop it for?"

"I don't say you will," said Renfrew, "but you might. Now, suppose you do, and suppose the ring lights on its side and starts rolling—"

"Then I'll run after it," Charley interrupted. "I'll dart after it like a flash!"

"But what on earth will I do while you're running after it?"

"You just stand still with Muriel and the Bishop," said Charley. "You stay



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and try to quiet them while I'm running after the ring."

"But suppose it rolls all the way down among the pews and under people's feet and—"

"It won't," Charley assured him earnestly. "I'll run after it till I get right alongside of it, and then if it tries to get into somebody's pew, I'll jump way up in the air like a tiger and I'll come down on it and absolutely crush it under me. 'There, you fat rascal!' I'll say. 'Just one more roll from you, and I'll throttle you as I would a varmint!'"

"Oh, my!" Renfrew said, and looked upon him pallidly. "You're not taking this thing seriously."

"You accuse me?" Charley asked reproachfully. "When I'm doing my best to show you I know exactly how to act if that mean old ring tries to get away from us?"

"Can't you put your mind on it?" Renfrew urged him. "I'm seriously trying to get you to think what we could do if you dropped the ring."

"Quit your worrying. I'm not going to drop it."

"Well, then," said Renfrew promptly, "what would I do if right in the middle of the ceremony I had to sneeze?"

"You wouldn't. It isn't done."

"But suppose I had to."

"Oh, if you had to," said Charley, "then you would. Yes, I didn't realize."

"But it'd be just horrible!"

"You're right. It would!"

THE Best Man spoke unsympathetically, and Renfrew's expression became the more distressed. "But what would I do?" he asked imploringly. "What would I do if I did?"

"If you sneezed? It's customary," said Charley, "—that is, it's customary at weddings for the bridegroom to make some little demonstration if he sneezes. I'm mighty glad you've consulted me about this, Renfrew, because I like my grooms to be a credit to me, and without instructions you might have done the wrong thing. Will you promise to remember what I'm going to tell you, in case you sneeze at the altar?"

"I will," said Renfrew anxiously. "I will, Charley."

"In case you sneeze," Mr. Jones began his instructions, "you must turn laughingly to the congregation and give them a s. icy wave of your handkerchief. Then you tap the Bishop three times on his chasuble and say, 'How's that for a sneeze, old cleric? Have you got a sneeze like that? If you think so enough to back it, I'll be glad to sneeze you at any time and place you'll name for five hundred dollars a side.'"

"Oh, murder!" Renfrew groaned. "You're just wasting my time with nonsense!"

"Well, I can't waste any more of it," Mr. Jones informed him cheerfully, as the car stopped. "We're here."

"We're where?"

"At the church," said the Best Man. "Your time's come, Gerald Castleton."

"Oh, murder!" the bridegroom groaned again, and followed his friend through an open doorway at the rear of the church to a vacant room behind the altar. There Renfrew immediately began to pace

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up and down, while the Best Man went to a door leading into the body of the church and opened it just far enough to permit him to peer through a crack. "Your ushers are still doing their duty by families and friends," he told Renfrew.

"See here," Renfrew said in a desperate tone, "I don't know if I know all that by heart. I don't know if I know what to say!"

"What to say when?"

"At the altar."

"Then you might improvise something," Mr. Jones suggested brightly. "When the Bishop says, 'Wilt thou, Renfrew, take this woman' and so forth, if you can't remember the lines, why, just come back at him with any witty little thing you may have in your head at the time."

"Oh, heavens!" Renfrew moaned. "I told you—"

"Wait," Mr. Jones interrupted. "I know something better than improvising, especially as you seem afraid to depend on the inspiration of the moment, and this would be mighty appropriate too."

"What would?"

"What I'm going to tell you," Mr. Jones replied. "When the Bishop puts it up to you if you will take this woman or not, just you look up at the rafters in a resigned way and say: 'It is a far, far better thing that I do now, than I have ever done. It is a far, far nobler end that I am making now than I had any right to expect. It is a far, far braver thing that I do now than any of my friends ever thought—'"

"Oh, murder!" the pacing Renfrew groaned once more. "You can't put your mind on it!"

"Listen!" the Best Man said, his ear to the crack in the door. "It's the overture."

THE air became tremulous with vibration from the profound basses of the great organ pipes, and Renfrew was like the air; he became tremulous too—and visibly.

"Oh, my goodness!" he said. "Is it time?"

"What 'time'?"

"Time for us to go out there."

"No," said Mr. Jones. "But it's time for you to quit that shaking. Do you want this whole town to think you're afraid to marry Muriel?"

"What?"

"It looks like it," the Best Man said severely. "When a man steps out to marry a girl, and a large and intelligent audience observes that he's shaking like an invalid in a blizzard, the natural conclusion is that he's afraid of the bride."

"What?" Renfrew cried. "Why, you know, yourself, I tried for months and months to persuade Muriel to be engaged to me. Everybody in town knows it. I'd have been an absolute wreck if she hadn't said she would!"

"I can't seem to make out the difference," the heartless Mr. Jones responded. "Everybody'll think you're one, anyway."

"Everybody'll think I'm one what?"

"One wreck," the Best Man explained, speaking distinctly. "They will if you parade in there shaking like that."

"Shaking? Am I? So you could notice it?"

"Yes. Maybe not at a mile, but at a hundred yards, absolutely!"

"I think it must be the music," said Renfrew. "I wish they didn't have to have it. It makes the cold chills go up and down your spine. I'll probably be all right when it stops, Charley."

"It isn't going to stop," said Charley. "Not till after you're married."

"Not till when?"

"When that music stops, you'll be on your way to the subsequent festivities at your father-in-law's, so you might as well get used to it."

"At my father-in-law's?" Renfrew repeated huskily. "At my father-in-law's?"

"Yes," said Charley. "Name of Elliott. Nice old man, but got an eccentric daughter."

"You charge Muriel with being eccentric?"

"Well, look who she's marrying!"

Renfrew bent upon him a searching though haggard stare. "Charley," he said piteously, "I believe you're joking."

BUT Charley had turned again to the crack in the door, and he made a warning gesture. "Steady now!" he whispered. "Brace up! Try to be a man! Get ready!"

The voluminous and chanting voices of the organ began to hint the change to a theme new and startling to those most nearly concerned, yet old and familiar to everyone; the beating harmonies of the chords conveyed the warning that an ancient melody was about to thrill out from among them; that most articulate of melodies; and Renfrew's breathing was suspended, for the time being. When he heard "Here Comes the Bride," he was far less articulate than the melody, but uttered sounds.

"Quit that gulping and come on!" the Best Man said in a harsh, low voice. "You've got to!"

"Oh, murder!" Renfrew gasped, his last vocal exclamation as a bachelor; and by the imperious direction of his subconsciousness he took his place at his Best Man's side. Charley gently opened the door, and the two walked slowly out into full view of five hundred decorous people. To Renfrew, the faces of the five hundred seemed to beat upon him like a suffocating wave; his head felt inaccurately seated upon his shoulders, and all his limbs preëminently detachable. He had no confidence that he would reach the altar; yet his untrustworthy legs, startlingly limpid at the knees, did somehow continue to make progress thither—at least as far as the foot of the aisle where the bride was to debouch. There, automatically, he halted, as in the rehearsal, and waited, finding Charley of no help at all in this crisis, and very poor company.

RENFREW had consciousness of no individual eye in all the ocean of eyes that seemed to beat upon him; the whole world had become eyes that searched him and thought inscrutable thoughts about him. At the precise focus of the searchlight eye of the universe he stood helpless, exposed to the vast intolerable glare. Yet, as a matter of fact, not a person in the church was looking at him just then, not even his own father or his own mother, who were within a yard



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World Crises Elsewhere

All England has also been agog over the theft of the wealthy Mrs. Opalsen's famous pearl necklace, and the excitement has now reached its climax with the employment of the distinguished Belgian detective Hercule Poirot and his ready success in locating the pearls and apprehending the criminals. Agatha Christie has prepared a fascinating narrative of the whole strange episode, which you may read—along with many other fascinating stories of romance and adventure in various parts of the world, by such noted writers as Courtney Ryley Cooper, H. Bedford-Jones, Lemuel L. De Bra and the like—in the current October Blue Book Magazine.

of him, if he had known it. The bride, in all her loveliness and attended by an interesting procession, was more than halfway down the aisle.

The bridegroom had no realization of her as his ladylove, his Muriel, whom he hoped to marry, when she appeared (unexpectedly) at his side and gently took his arm. His perception of her was as of a highly decorated and elaborate white Bundle, of some odd sort, strangely claiming him, strangely moving beside him as if permanently, and impelling him strangely to move toward the Bishop. This latter was a dreadful figure with a dreadful composure, and out of the figure and the composure there presently came unintelligible sounds faintly resembling passages in the English language.

Then out of Renfrew's own mouth, upon some unrecognizable prompting, a little later, came automatic faint murmurs, he knew not how or why; and he heard himself meaninglessly muttering, "I, Renfrew, take thee, Muriel," swallowing dryly but heavily the while. And then came the ring into his hands, placed there demurely and without any dropping by a black coat-sleeve and a white cuff that emerged from an unknown region, gave him the ring and withdrew magically.

The Bishop took the ring, gave it back to him, and Renfrew turned to place it upon a finger of the pretty little hand projecting from the decorated Bundle (with its strangely persistent air of permanency) beside him. Beyond the Bundle, at a little distance, he saw two pink-faced solemn children laden with beautiful flowers, and a definite anxiety penetrated his numbed intelligence. Daisy had predicted catastrophe to follow her marching down the aisle with Robert. Evidently and inevitably she had marched down the aisle with him: Where was the catastrophe? When would it begin? What would be its nature? Robert stood flushed and solemn; and Daisy, beside him, had a sweet if superior aspect; naught appeared amiss between them. Catastrophe was at least postponed until they should be beyond sanctuary.

COMPREHENDING this much, the bridegroom vaguely caught a drift of words from the Bishop, who had just said something apparently indefinite about "Man and Wife." Renfrew's mind did not go so far as to take in these words as important, or as bearing upon himself, particularly, in any significant way; but he knew a slight relief as he heard them, because the tone in which they were pronounced seemed to indicate that things were drawing perceptibly toward a conclusion. This exposure to the universal eye would not continue forever.

He had no more than grasped this than the white Bundle was conducting him up the aisle, though it dexterously seemed to be conducted by him. He had the feeling that something important was lacking. He had come to the church to get married, and nothing much seemed to have been done about that; he was no more married than he had always been. Besides, he was having serious trouble with his face. He knew that his face ought to express pride and joy, and at the same time dignity; but he was unable to believe that it did actually express these

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things. Moreover, his efforts to force it to express them seemed to have had an unfortunate effect upon his features, which had slipped out of his control and were acting independently, each for itself, apparently in the spirit of *saute qui peut*!

BUT hope and sunshine suddenly came once more into his staggered life; at the church door the light of open noonday filtered through a brave awning, and beyond the awning waited a haven and shelter, a closed car. This closed car, so beneficent in its offers of privacy, he looked upon as some terrorized Hermit Crab might look upon the home shell of which it had been deprived; and it were not going far wrong to say that Renfrew, beneath the awning, fairly scuttled to the car, the persistent white Bundle always accompanying him. By an effort of will, and with genuine presence of mind, he put the Bundle into the car before he got in himself.

Then miraculously appeared the Best Man at the open window of the car, offering Renfrew's hat.

"Your hat," he said, as Renfrew gave him a stare containing only a wan relief and no human comprehension at all. "Take it!"

Renfrew feebly took it.

"And look here," the Best Man added hurriedly, in a lowered voice; "—there's something we forgot. I'm supposed to fee the Bishop for you, and I ought to do it now, I guess, while he's taking off his vestments in that little room back there, because I leave town at three myself. We forgot all about arranging—"

"No," Renfrew interrupted, "I didn't forget it. I've got it all arranged. You take my pocketbook, and in the back flap you'll find an envelope with the Bishop's name on it and a hundred-dollar bill in it. You give that to the Bishop, and bring the pocketbook up to the house with you. Be careful of it, Charley: it's got all my money for the trip in it, and all the railroad tickets and everything. Don't lose it, Charley."

"I won't," said Charley. "Are you still as calm as you were, Renfrew?"

"Absolutely. I've been calm every minute of the whole thing. I am as calm as—"

"Well, then," Mr. Jones suggested, "perhaps you'd better turn over that pocketbook to me."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Renfrew, and having felt in his pocket, hastily placed in the Best Man's hands a small hair-brush, one of a pair, and of elegant design. "There, Charley," he said with finality, and addressed the chauffeur: "For goodness' sake, why don't you get started? Everybody's looking!" The chauffeur was obedient; the car glided rapidly out of hearing, and the Best Man was left staring glassily at the hair-brush and deciding to avoid the Bishop until somewhat later in the day.

"You are as calm," said the Best Man, staring at the shining back of the bridegroom's car, "you are as calm—as calm—well, you'll probably get a little calmer after Muriel's had you in training for a year or so!"

But Renfrew was already calmer. He had suddenly discovered that the persistent white Bundle was the Bride, and that the Bride was Muriel!



Forget that this is an advertisement. Read carefully—reading costs you nothing. Get right down to thinking now and reason as you read. You may be going down the other side of the hill in your span of life. You may be getting too far along to feel comfortable about your future. You may be at that point where you realize that you are not making progress. You may be disgusted generally or confused because you see others finding the success that you are missing and you cannot understand why. What is the reason?

What Is the Difference Between You and the Men Who Are Making Successes?

Be open minded now with yourself—make no excuses. See yourself as others see you. Other men get to the top quickly. You are standing still. There is some difference somewhere. Find out just what this difference is. Do this and it won't take you very long to be a success too. Many a man floundered along until he was in his thirties and forties and then became a startling success. You can do it too. Probably now, that you are really trying to reason out why you are not a success, you will be ready, after you have overcome your difficulties, to give yourself the wealth, respect, influence and happiness that others enjoy.

Good Intent Alone Is Worthless—You Must First Have or Get Ability and Knowledge

Perhaps you are just waiting for something to happen. If you are depending upon that for your success you will wait in vain. You must make things happen for yourself. Nobody can wait. Most people do. But those who get to the top get there because they push themselves up, up, up. It takes sincere determination, sacrifice, work, and study to succeed.

You Can Be Just as Smart as Any Other Man

Look around you at others who have succeeded. Talk to them. They aren't any different than you are, except that they know. That is the answer. It isn't luck, pull, conditions, circumstances, or pleasing personality—it is knowing how to do well what you best want to do and like to do. Don't think you are born with this knowledge because you aren't. All knowledge and ability must be acquired. The more you know, the more successful you will become, the greater will be your desire to study. Don't read another word unless you absolutely believe what you have read because unless you do believe you will keep on being a failure without knowing why. The years will slip by and when realization comes to you it will be too late.

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THE JAZZ JESSALYNS

(Continued from page 71)

country, even by report, to pay for this joint."

His voice drawled a little. There was something almost like the relaxation of a cat or a hound in his physical reaction. He drove slowly.

"Must have stripped a marble-mine," snapped Jane.

"All that's white isn't marble, Jane. Some of it's mere stone. But we couldn't even buy a back porch of this kind of stone."

"What's that beside the turn? Group of weeping Willies?"

"Early Grecian slave group," he said unwittingly.

"You've been out here before?" inquired Jane sweetly.

"Forgot to tell you. Crowd of us one afternoon while you had a fitting at Lulith's. Harry Semp"—he smiled faintly, for all his regret at his slip—"motored us."

Business of one Jessalyn, her eyes dark, staring over at a green cascade of hand-trained shrubbery. Business of the other Jessalyn, slightly constrained of manner, ostentatiously keeping his good-looking eyes fixed straight ahead on the road unwinding before the big ash-colored car like a smooth brown ribbon.

JANE spoke presently, as if unwillingly, but not wishing the silence to prolong itself into something serious.

"You should have gone in for railroads, Jarv." There was the touch of a sneer.

"Ye-ah."

"But old Morgan didn't do all this with his heels," said she sweetly. "It took a head."

"Glad you got that off your chest, Jane?"

She bit her lip. Then: "Didn't know you knew Harry Semp?"

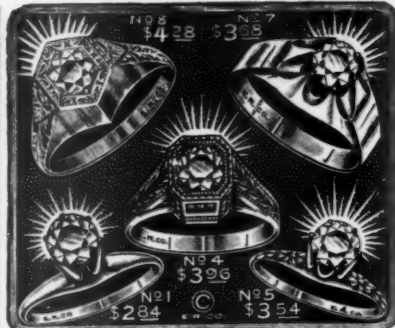
"Lost eighty dollars to him one night on a four of diamonds. That's all. He's lucky—at cards." Very faintly, face straight ahead, Jarvis seemed to smile to himself.

A green-banked turn, and they drew up at a huge stone porch, cool-roofed and massive-pillared, whereon were noisily and confusedly mingled many guests, many glasses, many servants and one tall, shrieking young hostess in an orange-silk sport-suit.

With inward cynicism Jane noted the guests, one by one. In the brief months since emerging from her fashionable school, Helena Bloke had picked friends fast and promiscuously.

There was Tilla Sloane, the film beauty; De Frère, a pastily plump idler of doubtful antecedents and light-blue eyes; the swift Tucker sisters; Willis, honestly successful in his own line, but rodent-eyed; Gabriella Dunn, six times divorcée; and a scattering of wives and husbands who did not belong to each other.

From under her white chiffon veil folds, Jane smiled carelessly at the crowd, at individuals. She smiled up gracefully at her hostess, whose hands were extended hospitably, while a footman came for orders. Neither by twitch nor overcom-



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posure did Jane betray her inmost feelings over Helena's divided greetings.

Careless single shake: "Hullo, Mrs. Jessalyn—glad you came." Quick, eager, outflung two hands: "Ah, ducky boy got here after all, didn't he!"

It rippled—the mirthful, sharp laughter. The younger Tucker shouted:

"Heard you called lots of names, Jarv! But never ducky boy till now."

Dan Willis began to hum, "But she once was a pal of mine, to-o-o!" accenting the last word with a wave of a thin hand.

And twenty minutes later, in what was known as the daffodil suite and which did not suit Jane's pink-and-white charm, Jane confronted her husband wrathfully:

"Flattered! Leone Tucker—"

"Now, Jane—"

"Listen, Jarv! I don't pretend to be finicky. I never made my living by dancing for censor boards. But left to myself, I wouldn't pick the Tuckers and that De Frère for seat-mates at the same dinner-table."

"I'll admit that Helena's taste needs pruning."

It was not so much what he said, but the way he spoke, thoughtfully, with a little inflection of intimacy.

Against the feelings that threatened to take possession of her, Jane fought mechanically. Professional wisdom and professional training were strong. Facial lines mustn't be created; temper mustn't be permitted—not this week-end. Ah, not now! A curious mist formed in her eyes—she willed it away and pressed a button for her maid; a frightened little twist took her lips—she forced it off by the time the maid appeared.

But she aged in the next few hours—and knew it.

THIS is an unreticent age, and privacy grows rarer (so the older Tucker once wittily shrieked) with each act of Congress. Glass houses are the careless rule, and few stones are thrown, but saved, instead, to prop the home foundation.

Even at the beginning, Jane was aware that under the cocktails-and-laughter surface of the great stone porch there rippled amused knowledge of her situation. They guessed—even as she perfectly guessed that Tilla Sloane was foolishly infatuated with an absent playwright who would have none of her; that Gabriella Dunn viciously envied all hostesses, having a poor roof of her own; that the younger Tucker was soon to tumble clear off even the muddy lower rungs of the social ladder; that the pasty De Frère, given the chance, would pilfer a hip flask or forge a check.

The crowd was openly interested in watching Jarvis and Helena. This did not seem to annoy young Miss Bloke, however.

Nineteen was the girl, no more—even in the broad glare of afternoon. Her face was firm of flesh, like an apricot hardly ripe. Her heavy bright hair was young and rampant in the afternoon breeze. Her incessant laughter and movements had the rush of pure vitality. But, grimly conceded Jane, the girl also had the makings of a dowager and a strategist.

At dinner, Jane had a partner whose name she did not know. After dinner,

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the better clubs, the fine hotels, appeal to you—and would you like to increase your earnings within the next few years—quite possibly within the next few months—to a point where you could tell the architects to go ahead with those plans for a "home of your own," could step into an automobile sales room and put down the money for that better car you would like to drive—in short, could begin to realize those dreams for a prosperous future which up to now you have hardly dared to entertain?

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when the moonlight became a white shawl for Bloke shrubbery and a white torch for Henrik's noble stream, Jane sat at a card-table with De Frère. Somewhere out of doors were Jarvis and Helena. For all her fortitude, during the game a mist came twice to Jane's perky blue eyes.

Once she played the seven for the nine of clubs, thereby losing a trick. Once during the hour the younger Tucker tittered at nothing, and Gabriella Dunn smiled over nothing.

Later there was dancing—Jarvis and Helena still out of doors. Against De Frère's too plump arm, Jane danced mechanically. She did not talk much.

It was in their second turn together that De Frère murmured to her:

"If you ever need a professional partner, I'm ready."

Partner! That pasty, plump adventurer! In Jarv's place, in Jarv's white satin ruffs, in Jarv's spotlight! The thought was sickening, horrible.

"You'll bear me in mind?" he murmured.

"You flatter me," she mocked.

"Fellow-feeling!" He was clever enough to make the words almost inaudible.

THE following morning Jane Jessalyn lay on her pillow and stonily watched the yellow sunshine filter through daffodil silk hangings. Two more days! She ticked the hours off on bitter white fingers. Intolerable meals, laughter, cocktails, bathing, dressing, golf, cards, swimming, tennis, flirting, cocktails, laughter—two more long days!

From somewhere out of doors Helena's laughter sounded. To Jane, that laughter sounded as callow as an alphabet block, and as annoying as a schoolboy's whistle. And Jarvis was awake and dressed—Jarvis, who held twelve-thirty to be the ideal breakfast-hour!

Helena, Jarvis and two or three others were in the swimming-pool when Jane presently descended. Jarvis and Helena were splashing each other. Only the younger Tucker took time to shriek an invitation to Jane. "Come on in! Perfectly good excuse, water is, for two drinks: before and after."

Jane replied briefly that she took her day's requisite of cold water and calisthenics in a bathroom. But she was annoyed at finding that Gabriella Dunn and the pasty De Frère were her only companions outside the huge luxurious marble inclosure which the Bokes called a pool.

Gabriella and the younger Tucker later enlivened the day and broke the unwritten law of salt by dissecting their hostess, and were idly unmoved by the fact that

Jane was within earshot and might be overly interested. This was early in the afternoon while Helena was teaching Jarvis how to play tennis with hobbled feet. "I feel old," yawned Gabriella. "At least, I'm past the strenuous hoyden period when I care to gambol hobbled."

"She rushed that young Semp the same intensive way," shrugged Celly Tucker. "She seems to want the world to stop and take notice of whomever her fancy's fixed on. You'd think she asked the rest of us here chiefly to watch her and tell other folks what she's doing."

"She didn't have to ask us here. It was going the rounds in town before we got away."

"Like smoke and a cough, love cannot be hidden," mocked Gabriella.

"Love!" But the younger Tucker was plain-spoken. "She's a fool. She could have so much more fun if she'd keep her affairs more quiet."

"What do you mean, affairs?" The other laughed. "She's the kind to go off at a tangent and marry most anybody."

"Well,"—grumbling,—"you really couldn't blame any man. Think—simply think of the income tax she'll hand him."

The two apologized in concert a few moments later.

"Jane! That stone balustrade is so huge—and your hair is so nearly the color of Tilla's!"

"Don't get excited," murmured Jane with a fair assumption of indifference.

After that, however, Helena's affair with young Semp was rehearsed to its last telephone-call and bunch of violets. Gabriella related spicily how Helena's father appeared unexpectedly from Florida and laid down the law. The younger Tucker idly retold how the same unexpected father had expurgated De Frère and Willis previously.

"Helena giggled over De Frère and said he was hardly worth any parent getting excited over—even on a desert island."

Jane wished, as she had wished before, that one of the three had proved a better Lochinvar. With each hour it grew harder to mask the small deadly fear that, like a snake's small cold tongue, threatened almost actual death to her. "You couldn't really blame any man!" That Macchiavellian Tucker mouth! She couldn't really blame Jarvis—Jarvis, who was past first youth, and who so loved luxury and beauty.

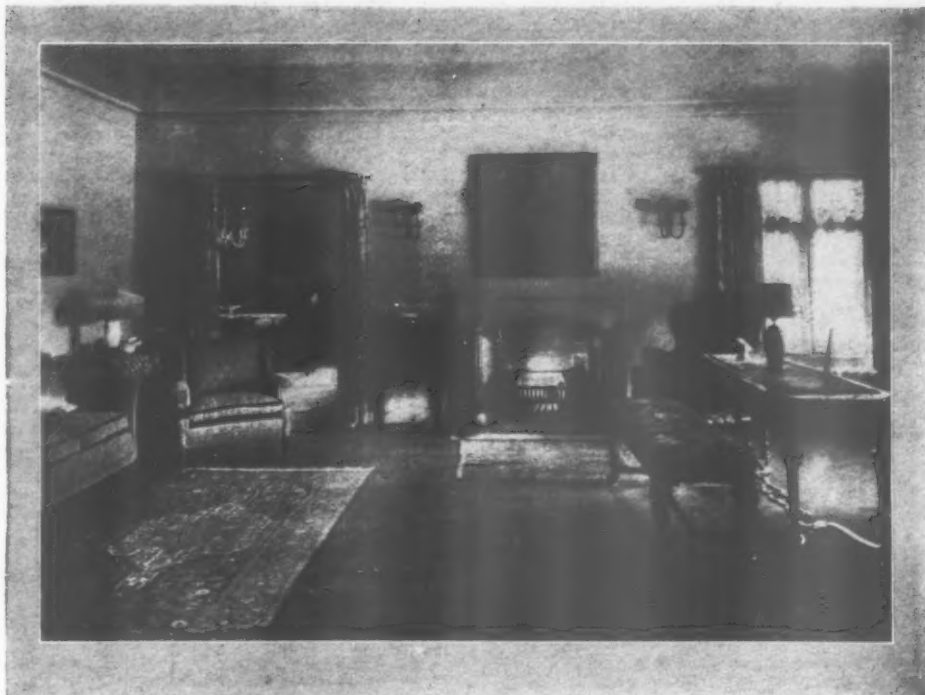
Rapidly Jane winked her fringy black lashes. Heavens—what if Gabriella saw her wet eyes?

PRESENTLY the afternoon was enlivened by the appearance of fresh guests—among them Harry Semp, a tall

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sandy-haired young man in goggles, brown cap and huge brown car.

The makings of a strategist in Helena? She gave Harry two limp white fingers to shake, and turned with a hostess' entreaty to De Frère. "Take 'em in and give 'em something to drink, like an obliging boy?" To the lovely light head in the chair nearest: "Tilla, you've looked bored for forty minutes. Do you miss your megaphone? Here's a substitute."

Neither Tilla nor De Frère were particularly pleased. And half an hour later Tilla repaid Helena's little attention, which perhaps had rankled, by motoring back to town with Harry Semp. But Jarvis, Jane noted, was faintly smiling with his eyes, a way he had when pleased with himself and events.

DRESSING for dinner, the Jessalyns exchanged their first full five minutes' conversation of thirty hours.

"Did you phone Duzy Crane of the Weekly *Revue* that we'd be here over Sunday, Jane?"

"Forgot. *Revue* doesn't go to press till Tuesday, anyway."

"Don't see my pearl studs."

"Surely they were in the gray case?"

"Ye-ah. They're here."

Not much inclined to small talk, was Jane. In silence she finished dressing, keeping Nadine at hand until Jarvis had gone downstairs.

He did not offer to wait for her. Well, there was no reason why he should. She went down later—a small, lovely woman who smiled easily, as a guest should.

Dinner—more laughter and cocktails. Another white flood of moonlight. More generalship from Helena. De Frère again at Jane's white elbow. The younger Tucker shamelessly amused and alternately sending malicious shafts of wit at Jarvis, and whispering to one of the other men.

It was perhaps nine-thirty when there came a curious attitude of expectancy on the part of two or three servants. Perhaps Helena saw this, for a daughter's ears may be uncannily sharp. The phonograph, a gold and rosewood affair, was tinkling out one of the Jessalyns' own numbers, when Helena in Jarvis' arms whirled to a tentative pause in front of a doorway in time to confront her entering father.

He was a little dusty as if from a hurried trip. He was a large man with a dominant nose and full face.

Helena blew him a daughterly kiss, and then, resuming her whirling progress, shook a white finger at him.

"Naughty, naughty! You said you wouldn't be home, Dads, for ten days."

Said Morgan Bloke, grimly: "I got a

telephone message last night and decided to change my plans. Your mother asks you to excuse her to your guests, as she has gone to her rooms with a headache."

"They didn't expect Mums, so they'll excuse her," called Helena gayly. By that time she was half across the room.

It was Gabriella Dunn, wise and experienced, who first guessed the dangerous angle of the situation. Jane was somberly aware. Jarvis' fault! Were they to be ordered out?

Morgan Bloke withdrew. But immediately a maid entered the room and murmured something in Helena's ear.

Helena laughed. "Tell him after a while, Marie." And with undisguised indifference to the paternal message, she continued to dance.

Somberly, Jane tried to watch Jarvis' movements without too plainly laying her heart bare to the crowd. She saw that once Helena whispered something to him, although the girl's lips seemed scarcely to move. Jarvis smiled faintly, and almost imperceptibly inclined his head in assent. Five minutes later Helena was missed from the room. Two minutes after that, Jarvis was gone.

Morgan Bloke appeared again, but it was the less directly concerned Gabriella whose wits were quickest and whose incautious eager confidence to the younger Tucker, a tone too audible, reached Jane's strained ears past De Frère's black shoulder:

"Quick, Celly! They'll meet out there, past the tennis-court and the Grecian slave group. And Father's roaring at a maid to tell him in which direction Helena went. Let's not miss the fun."

Delighted, Celly Tucker nodded.

Skillfully the two managed their exit. Jane finished the turn with De Frère and then murmured that she was tired of dancing. His back turned, she herself slipped out an open window. Past the great stone porch that terraced halfway to the Hudson, she sped, past shrubs and fountains, hurrying—whither? She sobbed to herself that she was hurrying to hope's end.

The moonlight was a white sheet. She skirted the main driveway, and then was aware that she had been too swift. A murmur was just ahead—the Tucker shrillness of whisper. A flash of white that was not of the moon—shoulders above gray chiffon, Gabriella's, and above jade, Celly's. Another swift step, and she would have been in their company. They turned to the left, themselves warily hugging shadowy places. Once they paused and suspiciously looked back. "Hear anything?"—in a shrill whisper.

In the shadow of the Grecian slave group, Jane hastily hid herself.

ACROSS the illuminated driveway Helena came alone. Jane and the other two eavesdroppers saw the slim form of Jarvis advancing over a wide space of velvet sod at the right of the driveway. But before Jarvis got within fifty feet of Helena, who apparently did not see him, Morgan Bloke came crunching heavily down the driveway toward his daughter.

He was bareheaded, and the moon shone down on his passionately purple face. Jane, flattened between the torso of one slave boy and the fagots of an-

other, saw Jarvis pause precipitately and then slip into the black shadow of a huge shrub.

Morgan Bloke ignored the possibility of listeners, or was too wrathful to care if there were any. The night air bore his furious voice as a placid river bears the bulk of a hippopotamus.

"Helena, I'll give you just one hour to clear this riffraff out of the house. Or I'll clear."

EVEN then Jane was shaken by helpless jealousy of the girl's aplomb. It was the inimitable aplomb of youth, strong in its own rights and not to be abashed.

"Not all are riffraff," she explained gently to her father. "Some of them are awfully amusing, Dads—and rather nice."

"I'll give you one hour—and that dancing fool goes first!"

"He isn't a fool, Dads. He's sweet!"

"Sweet!" Business of a father partially choking to death. "This is the limit from you, Helena! A married man—"

"Dads, you're so old-fashioned! Doesn't a man ever seek a divorce?"

"Helena!"

"And don't threaten to disinherit me," she went on. "Because I've learned there's money in heels as well as in rails. Jarv says I'd create a sensation on the New Centurion Roof. He says I've got the looks and the grace."

Numbly Jane listened. Had Jarvis gone so far in faithlessness to her? After all their years together?

Numbed for a moment, she missed some of Morgan Bloke's rejoinder. But she caught the last words: "—what you are doing, Helena! A married man—you with the whole world to choose from!"

She cut in swiftly, sweetly:

"Ah! But I chose once, Dads—the only unmarried man I'll ever really want! And you didn't like him, either. I'll take this opportunity of letting you know, Dads, that it wasn't because I was an obedient daughter, but because Harry is stubborn, that it didn't come off. Harry's waiting for your welcome before he comes into the family."

Like a hippopotamus rushing into a huge log hidden under a river's placid surface, Morgan Bloke came up gasping into sentience.

"That Texan oiler!"

"The only unmarried man for me, Dads! And if I can't have him, I'll play around with the married ones. Jarvis Jessalyn isn't Harry, but he happens to be the best substitute I've found so far. And possibly in time—"

"In other words, you're threatening—"

"Not just that, Dads! Call it—call it using hook or crook. Harry said by the one or the other he'd have to be given a bona-fide invitation into the Bloke family."

"I see, my daughter." Quiet, like snow, seemed to fall from a waiting sky.

"I hope you see, Dads!" And she added in a little whimper: "Harry's all right—if you only knew."

A sharp and lucid brain had Morgan Bloke.

"If I get," he began rumblingly, "a marriage license for you and this Texan before tomorrow noon, will you promise—"

Bubbled Helena, waiting not for him to

JOHN RUSSELL

Everyone who has read Mr. Russell's remarkable book, "Where the Pavement Ends," will be glad to know that a new story by him will shortly appear in The Red Book Magazine.



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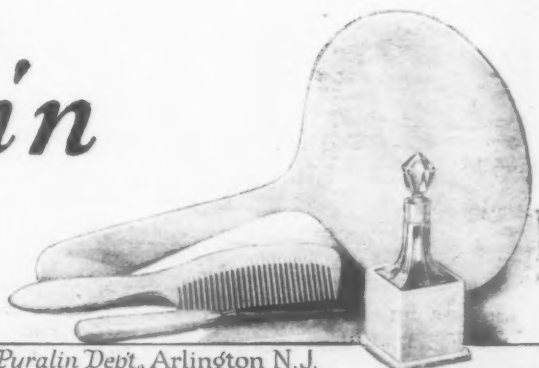
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The Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Co.
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finish: "I promise you'll never have to worry over anything the rest of your life but golf, grapefruit and grandchildren!"

SOMEHOW Jane made the house and daffodil suite ahead of Jarvis.

But she had only twenty seconds to spare. Apparently as imperturbable as usual, he entered the room. But he was breathing rather hard. Their years together—she remembered them, and she had no desire to hurt him. He looked about for her maid.

"Want to pack and get back to town tonight, Jane?" Jarvis asked.

"Welcome worn out here?" No need to shame him. Flippancy was the best note.

Surprisingly enough, he said laconically: "Ye-ah."

Within the hour they were in the ash-colored car which all Broadway and Fifth Avenue knew too well.

Behind them the Tuckers and De Frère were tumbling into Gabriella Dunn's low black car. A cool young person, Helena!

Jarvis sat silently at the wheel, his eyes fixed straight ahead on the road. The road unwound itself like a strip of plush ribbon. Jane huddled in her seat, turning the tan silken collar of her motor-coat high to hide her chin. A treacherous feature, the chin. It will wobble and betray. Her cheeks were wet. She drew a silk collar higher.

Silence—silence heavy as the thick white moonlight, silence thin as the falling dew that was in the air, although one could not touch it.

The miles wound themselves back under the wheels. And then Jarvis laid a hand over her two.

"Got a piece of news for you, Jane."

"Yes?" She spoke listlessly.

"Like to have your own theater—our theater, *The Jessalyn*—onyx-walled foyer,

blue velvet hangings, drops by Durban?"

"We're not apt to have it, Jarv," she said languidly.

"We are, Jane. Friend of mine's promised to build it for us. Fifty-fifty—his dollars and our name. He's got lots of the dollars. Made 'em in oil."

Jane forgot that her life was wreckage now. Above the silk coat-collar she peered with wet, wondering eyes.

"What friend, Jarv?"

"Harry Semp."

"Jarv! You knew—you knew all along? You weren't tricked?"

"Know what?" he said blandly. "I don't know what you're talking about, Jane—except that Harry said one good turn certainly deserved another, and his worst enemies had never accused him of ingratitude or breaking his word."

"You knew! Oh, Jarv,"—voice breaking,—"why didn't you tell me? I thought my heart was broken—you might have given me a hint."

"You see," he explained, "as an actress, Jane, you're such a good dancer."

He confided presently, hand attentively on wheel:

"I saw you in that statuary group, Jane."

"I don't care." Voice quavered. "She—she's young. And I'm not—very."

His free hand tightened on her two.

"Don't believe all you read, Jane."

"All I read, Jarv?"

"Bout marriage being a weak animal this century."

"I didn't, Jarv,"—a small sob,—"until lately."

And presently, with anger: "How dare he call us riffraff!"

"Don't remind me of that, Jane," said Jarvis with a faint grin. "I said 'Ouch' at the time. But"—voice was somewhat wistful—"all of us can't be in ralls. Make the world too raily a place."

THE MOOSE YARD

(Continued from page 65)

wounded to the death, picked himself up, scrambled dazedly forth upon the snow and staggered off. His three companions, taken aback at this evidence of a moose's fighting powers, sprang discreetly out of reach. They paused for a moment to glare at their hoped-for victims, then galloped after their wounded fellow, threw themselves upon him and tore him to pieces. A wounded wolf, in their eyes, was of no use whatever except to afford his kinsmen a meal. Having finished their cannibalistic repast, they turned their tails upon the moose-yard and loped away through the gathering dusk to look for hunting less perilous and more profitable.

WHEN spring drew nearer, heralded by melting rains and swift thaws and ardent noonday suns, the deep snow shrank with amazing speed. The air grew musical with the sound of myriad unseen rivulets, mining their tunnels beneath the vast white overlay. The buds on poplar, willow and birch grew succulent and aromatic, waiting the hour to burst into a film of green. The moose became restless, breaking new paths ever wider afield to sample the freshening provender.

Presently their impudent little pensioners, the moose-birds, forsook them, pair by pair, intent on new enterprise in the reawakening world. Soon afterward, when the gray, decaying snow was no longer more than foot-deep anywhere on the levels, the tall bull, suddenly tiring of the charges whom he had so valiantly protected the winter through, strode off without so much as a grunt of farewell, and disappeared in the fir woods. The cow and her two-year-old daughter lingered on in the yard, food being abundant, for yet another couple of weeks. Then the cow also was seized with the wandering fever. And as she was not going to have a calf that spring,—having borne one for three seasons in succession,—she lazily permitted the anxious two-year-old to accompany her.

Through the wet, earth-scented, swiftly greening world they wandered on, aimlessly, till they came to a little secluded lake, with dense coverts and good browsing about its shores, and the promise of abundant water-lilies along its oozy brink. And here, well content with the comfortable solitude, they took up their dwelling for the summer.

CHIROPRACTIC and Smallpox

By JAMES G. GREGGERSON

National Lecturer for the Universal Chiropractors' Association

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TWENTY years ago compulsory vaccination was taken for granted, but in recent years the movement to abolish it has gone by leaps and bounds in every state in the Union. England, after testing the vaccination theory for more than a century, entirely abandoned it. Dr. Walter Hadwen, M. D., M. R. C. S. of Gloucester, England, speaking on the question at a public meeting in Los Angeles, Calif., June 16, 1922, said:

"Now, my friends, the whole of this wretched vaccination and inoculation system is based upon superstition! Thank God, we have carried a law in my country that no one need be vaccinated, and 75 per cent of the children born in the United Kingdom remain unvaccinated. We never had so little smallpox in all our history. It is practically non-existent."

This vaccination idea was tested in Kansas City, Missouri, during 1921, and here are the facts as published by the Advertisers' Protective Bureau of the Kansas City Advertising Club, George M. Husser, Sec'y, 801 Graphic Arts Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

"It is the policy of this bureau to deal only in facts. This policy underlies the bureau's work as a quasi-public institution in its mission of suppressing for the benefit of the public fraudulent and misleading advertising or publicity. . . .

"The facts seem to be that health conditions just before the epidemic were favorable, from the less than 50 per cent hospital attendance, the small list of contagious cases on record at the health office (see list) and the fact that E. H. Bulloch, health officer, felt the time opportune to take his annual vacation. We learned also that medical practitioners had fewer cases, and were not over-run with calls. . . .

"The sudden calling of the epidemic and the attendant publicity changed all this. Every medical practitioner in the city found his hands full with vaccinating patients, both at the office and in the homes. Unofficial estimates place the number of paid vaccinations (as distinguished from free vaccinations of school children and at health centers) at 200,000, for which it is alleged fees ranging from 25 cents to \$5 each were charged. An estimated average fee of \$2.50 would yield an aggregate of one-half million dollars expended by the public of Kansas City during this period for vaccination alone. Besides the vaccination expenditure many people suffered from the after-effects of vaccination, some of them severely. For these, medical attention was required, in some instances over a period of months, with added expenditure. Besides, there were numbers who, from reading of the epidemic, imagined they had the symptoms of smallpox and desired medical advice, which added to the cost. This phase need not be entered into at length,

the above outline being, we believe, sufficient to emphasize our point."

The vaccination theory was also put to the test in the Philippine Islands for seventeen years, with the following results as given by the Masonic Observer of Minneapolis, Minn., issues of Dec. 17th, 1921, and of Jan. 14th, 1922.

"Sixty thousand, six hundred and twelve cases of smallpox, and 43,294 deaths from smallpox in the Philippines in 1919. . . .

"We were unable to secure a 1919 report of the Philippine health service, and this is not surprising in view of a discovery made in the report of that organization for 1920, tucked away in one small paragraph on page 24 of the report, which discloses that the smallpox epidemic of 1918 continued during 1919 with a total of 60,612 additional cases and 43,294 deaths for 1919. . . .

"The Philippines have experienced three smallpox epidemics since the U. S. first took over the islands, the first in 1905-1906, the second in 1907-1908, and the third, and worst of all, the recent epidemic of 1918-1919. Before 1905 (with no systematic general vaccination) the case mortality was about 10 per cent. In the 1905-1906 epidemic, with vaccination well started, the case mortality increased to over 16 per cent. In the epidemic of 1907-1908, with general systematic vaccination going strong, the case mortality ranged from 25 to 50 per cent in different parts of the islands. During the epidemic of 1918-1919, with the Philippine Islands, supposedly, almost universally immunized against smallpox by vaccination, the case mortality averaged over 65 per cent. These figures can be verified by reference to the report of the Philippine health service for 1919, see page 78. These figures are accompanied by the statement that the 'MORTALITY IS HARDLY EXPLAINABLE.' To anyone but a Philippine medical health commissioner it is plainly the result of vaccination."

Not only has smallpox become more deadly in the Philippines, but in addition,

"The statistics of the Philippine health service show that there has been a steady increase in recent years in the number of preventable diseases, especially typhoid, malaria and tuberculosis."

(Quoted from the 1921 Report of the special mission on investigation to the Philippine Islands, of which commission General Leonard Wood was the head.)

Just as a sort of condiment to this mass of facts, let us quote from Physical Culture of June, 1922. It places the facts very briefly as follows:

"IS THERE METHOD IN VACCINATION MADNESS?"

"Most vaccinated country, Philippine Islands, population 10,350,640, smallpox deaths, 1919, 44,408. Least vaccinated country, England and Wales, population 37,855,242, smallpox deaths, 1919, 28."

These facts admit of no contradiction. Kansas City can be reached with a one-cent postal card, the report of the surgeon-general of the Philippines is public property, and the authorities from which Physical Culture quotes are accessible to everyone. It is an established fact that the public has been victimized for over a hundred years by those whose science consisted of getting the cash by frightening the people with repulsive pictures. The injection into your body of the rotten tissue from the sores of a cow with cowpox to prevent smallpox, was a superstition when performed by those who knew no better. Its continuance with the facts established is a crime against humanity.

Chiropractic teaches that smallpox is the result of poisons accumulating in the body because the organs of elimination are not functioning properly. The poisons that ordinarily pass out through the kidneys, bowels, etc., are retained in the body and the "power within," that throws these poisons out, starts to expel them through the pores of the skin. These pores being closed permit the poisons to accumulate until they produce the eruption peculiar to smallpox.

We teach that the reason the bowels and kidneys do not work right, is because the functional impulse does not reach these organs, due to the fact that a vertebra in the spine is misaligned, thereby impinging the nerve and interrupting the normal flow of these functional impulses to bowels, kidneys, etc.

This adjustment of the vertebrae is the chiropractor's work, and this practice of ascertaining which vertebrae are misaligned by palpation, and adjusting them to normal alignment by hand, is all the chiropractor does. It is upon this simple practice of the palpation and adjustment of the vertebrae of the spinal column with the hands for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse, that Chiropractic has made the most astonishing growth of any profession in the history of the world.

Of course, Chiropractic is not the practice of medicine, and of course the real chiropractor is but a demonstrator of an idea. He is not a jack

of all trades. Those who do

other things beside palpating and adjusting the spine, in the name of Chiropractic, simply adopt the name chiropractor for business reasons. The denser the ignorance of these gentlemen,

the more contraptions they use to conceal their ignorance. Those who wish to try Chiropractic should see that they secure a competent practitioner, and the service of directing you to the office of a competent practitioner will be performed by the



Universal Chiropractors' Association of Davenport, Ia.



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